

THE  
HISTORY  
Of the RENOWNED  
DON QUIXOTE  
De la MANCHA.

Written in SPANISH by  
*Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.*

TRANSLATED by Several HANDS:  
And PUBLISHED by  
PETER MOTTEUX.

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*Adorn'd with New SCULPTURES.*

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The SIXTH EDITION,  
*Carefully Revised, and Compared with the Best Edition  
of the Original, Printed at MADRID.*  
By J. OZELL.

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To the Honourable

*Edward Coke, Esq;*

S I R,



T was the Practice of most Authors in the last Age, to prefix their own Pictures to their Books; but our present Writers, much happier in their Politicks, have chosen to set off their Productions with nobler Frontispieces, prefixing the Effigies of Persons of Quality and Merit to recommend their Works to the World. This Practice, Sir, though very prudent, is, in many

## *The DEDICATION.*

Cases, very presumptuous. To draw in the Wit and Perfections of a fine Gentleman, to patronize the Impertinence and Folly of some insipid Piece, may bring the Patron's Merit, and the Author's Modesty, very much in Question. But here, Sir, I make bold to say, that I have suited my Book to my Patron. The great *Cervantes* begs the Protection of the Noble Mr. *Coke*. The finest Flowers, principally those of Foreign Growth, require the highest Shelter and the warmest Sun. Then where should Wit fly in these tempestuous Times, but where the Nobility and Greatness of a House may protect it from the Storm; where a generous Hospitality emboldens it to intrude, and the Warmth of Fortune may cherish and



## *The* DEDICATION.

and enliven it? The Blessing of a plentiful Estate sets you above all Anxieties in this Life, and the Riches of your Mind secure your Happiness in the future. To double your Fortune, you have a charming and virtuous Partner to share it: She makes your Life truly happy, for your Desires are at home. There *Cervantes* expects a candid Reception; he knows that where the Mind is easy, the Sentiments will be mild; he chooses to be entertain'd where he shall find no Diversions but what are innocent and ingenious, like his own.

Your youthful Thoughts have been so improv'd by conversing with the best Authors, that what is the Study of others, is now your Recreation; and those Years, which,

## *The DEDICATION.*

among many, are thrown away in superficial Vanities, were by you employ'd in admiring the authentick Worthies of History, and in modelling your Life by their great Examples. Among other Observations that you have made on this Subject, you found, that the greatest Men have still been the greatest Patrons. Hence flows your Candour and indulgent Favour to Wit and Learning; and from hence the declining Stage finds the Benefit of your generous Support. Your Judgment in Dramatick Poetry can separate the Improvement and Morality of the Scene from the Viciousness of an Expos'd Character; and you can receive the true Diversion of a well-wrought Play; for wherever Virtue is rewarded, your Merit is justly complimented. On



## *The DEDICATION.*

On this Consideration Don *Quixote*, being, in a manner, a Dramatick Piece, lays a Claim to your Protection; and those who have the Honour of your Conversation, must draw this Remark from your nice Taste, and judicious Sentiments on that Subject, and other polite Studies, That the Beauties of *Cervantes* are properly your own; Instruction without Severity, Learning without Pedantry, and the Sense of Philosophy in the Words of a Gentleman.

These Motives, Sir, were sufficient of themselves to make me beg your Acceptance of this Work, sure of the Approbation of those ingenious Gentlemen who have done me the Favour to join with me in the Translation of this Volume. But I

*The DEDICATION.*

had still a further Engagement to this Address, my own private Ambition of owning to the World how much I have been oblig'd to your Generosity. And I cannot forbear complimenting my self upon the Countenance of a Person of your Merit, for whom I have so great a Respect. This Occasion, Sir, might engage me to make you an Author's Acknowledgment, were not your Virtues so far above the Reach of my Pen. Yet, as long as this Work shall endure, your Favours shall be found upon Record, and that I am,

S I R,

*Your most Humble*

*and most Obliged Servant,*



P. MOTTEUX.



THE  
Life *and* Atchievements

Of the Renowned

Don *Quixote de la Mancha*.

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PART I. BOOK IV.

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CHAP. I.

*The pleasant new Adventure which the Curate  
and the Barber met in Sierra Morena.*



MOST fortunate and happy was the Age that usher'd into the World that most daring Knight Don *Quixote de la Mancha* ! For from his generous Resolution to revive and restore the ancient Order of Knight-Errantry, that was not only wholly neglected, but almost

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almost lost and abolish'd, our Age, barren in it self of pleasant Recreations, derives the Pleasure we reap from his true History, and the various Tales and Novels with which 'tis intermix'd, in some Respects, as entertaining, as artful, and authentick. We told you that as the Curate was preparing to give *Cardenio* some seasonable Consolation, he was prevented by a Voice, whose doleful Complaints reach'd his Ears. O Heavens, cry'd the unseen Mourner, is it possible I have at last found out a Place that will afford a private Grave to this miserable Body, whose Load I so repine to bear? Yes, if the Silence and Solitude of these Desarts do not deceive me, here I may die conceal'd from Human Eyes. Ah me! Ah wretched Creature! To what Extremity has Affliction driven me, reduc'd to think these hideous Woods and Rocks a kind Retreat! 'Tis true indeed, I may here freely complain to Heaven, and beg for that Relief which I might ask in vain of false Mankind: For 'tis vain, I find, to seek below either Counsel, Ease, or Remedy. The Curate and his Company, who heard all this distinctly, justly conjectur'd they were very near the Person who thus express'd his Grief, and therefore rose to find him out. They had not gone above twenty Paces, before they spy'd a Youth in a Country Habit, sitting at the Foot of a Rock behind an Ash-tree; but they cou'd not well see his Face, being bow'd almost upon his Knees, as he sat washing his Feet in a Rivulet that glided by. They approach'd him so softly that he did not perceive 'em: And, as he was gently padding in the clear Water, they had time to discern that his Legs were as white as Alabaster, and so taper, so curiously proportion'd, and so fine, that nothing of the kind could appear more beautiful. Our Observers were amaz'd at  
this

this Discovery, rightly imagining that such tender Feet were not us'd to trudge in rugged ways, or measure the Steps of Oxen at the Plough, the common Employments of People in such Apparel; and therefore the Curate, who went before the rest, whose Curiosity was heighten'd by this sight, beckon'd to 'em to step aside, and hide themselves behind some of the little Rocks that were by; which they did, and from thence making a stricter Observation, they found he had on a short Jerkin of coarse russet Cloth ty'd about his Waste, with a kind of Linen Scarf, and a pair of Breeches of the same, together with a Thrum-cap, under which his Hair was turn'd up. After he had wash'd his Feet, to dry 'em he pull'd out from under his Cap a Handkerchief that partly hid his Cheeks; and with that looking up, he discover'd so charming a Face, so accomplish'd a Beauty, that *Cardenio* could not forbear saying to the Curate, that since this was not *Lucinda*, 'twas certainly no human Form, but an Angel. And then the Youth taking off his Cap, and shaking his Head, an incredible quantity of lovely Hair flow'd down upon his Shoulders, and not only cover'd 'em, but almost all his Body; by which they were now convinc'd, that what they at first took to be a Country Lad, was a young Woman, and one of the most beautiful Creatures in the World. *Cardenio* was not less surpriz'd than the other two, and once more declar'd, that no Face could vie with hers but *Lucinda's*. To part her dishevel'd Tresses, she only us'd her slender Fingers, and at the same time discover'd so fine a pair of Arms and Hands, so white and lovely, that our three admiring Gazers grew more impatient to know who she was, and mov'd forwards to accost her. At the Noise they made, the pretty

Creature



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Creature started; and peeping thro' her Hair, which she hastily remov'd from before her Eyes with both her Hands, she no sooner saw three Men coming towards her, but in a mighty fright she snatch'd up a little Bundle that lay by her, and fled as fast as she cou'd, without so much as staying to put on her Shoes, or do up her Hair. But alas! scarce had she gone six Steps, when her tender Feet not being able to endure the rough encounter of the Stones, the poor affrighted Fair fell on the hard Ground; so that those from whom she fled, hast'ning to help her; Stay, Madam, cry'd the Curate, whoever you be, you have no reason to fly; We have no other Design but to do you Service. With that, approaching her, he took her by the Hand, and perceiving she was so disorder'd with Fear and Confusion, that she cou'd not answer a Word; he strove to compose her Mind with kind Expressions. Be not afraid, Madam, continu'd he; tho' your Hair has betray'd what your Disguise conceal'd from us, we are but the more dispos'd to assist you, and do you all manner of Service. Then pray tell us how we may best do it. I imagine it was no slight occasion that made you obscure your singular Beauty under so unworthy a Disguise, and venture into this Desert, where it was the greatest Chance in the World that e'er you met with us. However, we hope it is not impossible to find a Remedy for your Misfortunes; since there are none which Reason and Time will not at last surmount: And therefore, Madam, if you have not absolutely renounc'd all human Comfort, I beseech you tell us the Cause of your Affliction, and assure your self we do not ask this out of meer Curiosity, but a real Desire to serve you, and either to condole or assuage your Grief.

While

*of the Renown'd Don Quixote.* 5

While the Curate endeavour'd thus to remove the trembling Fair one's Apprehension, she stood amaz'd, staring, without speaking a Word, sometimes upon one, sometimes upon another, like one scarce well awake, or like an ignorant Clown who happens to see some strange Sight. But at last the Curate having given her time to recollect herself, and persisting in his earnest and civil Intreaties, she fetch'd a deep Sigh, and then unclosing her Lips, broke Silence in this manner. Since this Desart has not been able to conceal me, and my Hair has betray'd me, 'twou'd be needless now for me to dissemble with you; and since you desire to hear the Story of my Misfortunes, I cannot in Civility deny you, after all the obliging Offers you have been pleas'd to make me: But yet, Gentlemen, I am much afraid, what I have to say will but make you sad, and afford you little Satisfaction; for you will find my Disasters are not to be remedy'd. There's one thing that troubles me yet more; it shocks my Nature to think I must be forc'd to reveal to you some Secrets which I had design'd to have bury'd in my Grave: But yet considering the Garb and the Place you've found me in, I fancy 'twill be better for me to tell you all, than to give you occasion to doubt of my past Conduct and my present Designs by an affected Reservedness. The disguis'd Lady having made this Answer, with a modest Blush and extraordinary Discretion, the Curate and his Company, who now admir'd her the more for her Sense, renew'd their kind Offers and pressing Solicitations; and then they modestly let her retire a Moment to some distance to put herself in decent Order. Which done, she return'd, and being all seated on the Grass, after she had us'd no small Violence to smother her Tears, she thus began her Story.

I was

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I was born in a certain Town of *Andaluzia*, from which a Duke takes his Title, that makes him a Grandee of *Spain*. This Duke has two Sons, the Eldest Heir to his Estate and Virtues, the Youngest Heir to nothing I know of, but the Deceit and Perfidiousness of the greatest Traitors that ever liv'd. My Father, who is one of his Vassals, is but of low degree; but so very rich, that, had Fortune equall'd his Birth to his Estate, he cou'd have wanted nothing more, and I, perhaps, had never been so miserable; for I verily believe, my not being of noble blood is the chief occasion of my Ruin. And yet my Parents are not so meanly born neither, as to have any cause to be asham'd of their Original. 'Tis true, they have been Farmers from Father to Son, yet without any Mixture or Stain of infamous or scandalous Blood. They are good old Christians (as we call our true primitive *Spaniards*) and the Antiquity of their Family, together with their large Possessions, and the Port they live in, raises 'em much above their Profession, and has by little and little almost universally gain'd them the Name of Gentlemen, setting 'em, in a manner, equal to many such in the World's Esteem. As I am their only Child, they ever lov'd me with all the Tendernefs of indulgent Parents; and their great Affliction made 'em esteem themselves happier in their Daughter, than in the peaceable Enjoyment of their large Estate. Now as it was my good Fortune to be possessed of their Love, they were pleas'd to intrust me with their Wealth. The whole House was left to my Management, and I took such care not to abuse the Trust they repos'd in me, that I never forfeited their good Opinion of my Discretion. The time I had to spare from the Care of the Family, I commonly employ'd in  
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the usual Exercises of young Women, sometimes making Lace, or at my Needle, and now and then reading some good Book, or playing on the *Spanish* Harp; having experienc'd that Musick was very proper to recreate the wearied Mind: And this was the Innocent Life I led. I have not descended to these Particulars out of vain Ostentation, but meerly that when I come to relate my Misfortunes, you may observe I do not owe 'em to my ill Conduct. While I thus liv'd the Life of a Nun, unseen, as I thought, by any Body but our own Family, and never leaving the House but to go to Church, which was commonly betimes in the Morning, and always with my Mother, and so close hid in a Veil that I cou'd scarce find my way; notwithstanding all the Care that was taken to keep me from being seen, 'twas unhappily rumour'd abroad that I was handsome, and to my eternal Disquiet, Love intruded into my peaceful Retirement. Don *Ferdinand*, second Son to the Duke I've mention'd, had a sight of me — Scarce had *Cardenio* heard Don *Ferdinand* nam'd, but he chang'd Colour, and betray'd such a Disorder of Body and Mind, that the Curate and the Barber were afraid he wou'd have fallen into one of those frantick Fits that often us'd to take him; but by good Fortune it did not come to that, and he only set himself to look stedfastly on the Country Maid, presently guessing who she was; while she continu'd her Story, without taking any notice of the Alteration of his Countenance.

No sooner had he seen me, said she, but, as he since told me, he felt in his Breast that violent Passion of which he afterwards gave me so many Proofs. But not to tire you with a needless Relation of every Particular, I will pass over all the Means



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Means he us'd to inform me of his Love: He purchas'd the Good-will of all our Servants with private Gifts: He made my Father a thousand kind Offers of Service: Every Day seem'd a Day of Rejoicing in our Neighbourhood, every Evening usher'd in some Serenade, and the continual Musick was even a Disturbance in the Night. He got an infinite number of Love-Letters transmitted to me, I don't know by what means, every one full of the tenderest Expressions, Promises, Vows, and Protections. But all this assiduous Courtship was so far from inclining my Heart to a kind Return, that it rather mov'd my Indignation; insomuch that I look'd upon Don *Ferdinand* as my greatest Enemy, and one wholly bent on my Ruin: Not but that I was well enough pleas'd with his Gallantry, and took a secret Delight in seeing myself thus courted by a Person of his Quality. Such Demonstrations of Love are never altogether displeasing to Women, and the most disdainful, in spite of all their Coyness, reserve a little Complaisance in their Hearts for their Admirers. But the Disproportion between our Qualities was too great to suffer me to entertain any reasonable Hopes, and his Gallantry too singular not to offend me. Besides, my Father, who soon made a right Construction of Don *Ferdinand's* Pretensions, with his prudent Admonitions concur'd with the Sense I ever had of my Honour, and banish'd from my Mind all favourable Thoughts of his Addressers. However, like a kind Parent, perceiving I was somewhat uneasy, and imagining the flattering Prospect of so advantageous a Match might still amuse me, he told me one Day he repos'd the utmost Trust in my Virtue, esteeming it the strongest Obstacle he could oppose to Don *Ferdinand's* dis-

honourable



of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 9

honourable Designs; yet if I wou'd Marry, to rid me at once of his unjust Pursuit, and prevent the ruin of my Reputation, I shou'd have liberty to make my own choice of a suitable Match, either in our own Town or the Neighbourhood; and that he wou'd do for me whatever cou'd be expected from a loving Father. I humbly thank'd him for his Kindness, and told him, that as I had never yet had any Thoughts of Marriage, I wou'd try to rid my self of Don *Ferdinand* some other way. Accordingly I resolv'd to shun him with so much Precaution, that he shou'd never have the Opportunity to speak to me: But all my Reservedness, far from tiring out his Passion, strengthened it the more. In short, Don *Ferdinand*, either hearing or suspecting I was to be marry'd, thought of a Contrivance to cross a Design that was likely to cut off all his Hopes. One Night therefore, when I was in my Chamber, no Body with me but my Maid, and the Door double-lock'd and bolted, that I might be secur'd against the Attempts of Don *Ferdinand*, whom I took to be a Man who wou'd stick at nothing to compass his Designs, unexpectedly I saw him just before me; which amazing sight so surpriz'd me, that I was struck dumb, and fainted away with Fear. So I had not power to call for help, nor do I believe he wou'd have given me time to have done it, had I attempted it; for he presently ran to me, and taking me in his Arms, while I was sinking with the Fright, he spoke to me in such endearing Terms, and with so much Address, and pretended Tenderness and Sincerity, that I did not dare to cry out when I came to my self. His Sighs, and yet more his Tears, seem'd to me undeniable Proofs of his vow'd Integrity; and I being but young, bred up in perpetual Retirement, from  
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all Society but my virtuous Parents, and unexperienc'd in those Affairs, in which even the most knowing are apt to be mistaken, my Reluctancy abated by Degrees, and I began to have some sense of Compassion, yet none but what was consistent with my Honour. However, when I was pretty well recover'd from my first Fright, my former Resolution return'd; and then, with more Courage than I thought I shou'd have had, My Lord, said I, if at the same time that you offer me your Love, and give me such strange Demonstrations of it, you wou'd also offer me Poison, and leave to take my Choice, I wou'd soon resolve which to accept, and convince you by my Death, that my Honour is dearer to me than my Life. To be plain, I can have no good Opinion of a Presumption that endangers my Reputation; and unless you leave me this Moment, I will so effectually make you know how much you are mistaken in me, that if you have but the least sense of Honour left, you'll repent the driving me to that Extremity as long as you live. I was born your Vassal, but not your Slave; nor does the Greatness of your Birth privilege you to injure your Inferiors, or exact from me more than the Duties which all Vassals pay: That excepted, I do not esteem my self less in my low Degree, than you have reason to value your self in your high Rank. Do not then think to awe or dazzle me with your Grandeur, or fright or force me into a base Compliance; I am not to be tempted with Titles, Pomp, and Equipage; nor weak enough to be moved with vain Sighs and false Tears. In short, my Will is wholly at my Father's Disposal, and I will not entertain any Man as a Lover, but by his Appointment. Therefore, my Lord, if you wou'd have me believe  
you

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 11

you so sincerely love me, give over your vain and injurious Pursuit; suffer me peaceably to enjoy the Benefits of Life in the free possession of my Honour, the loss of which for ever imbitters all Life's Sweets; and since you cannot be my Husband, do not expect from me that Affection which I cannot pay to any other. What do you mean, charming *Dorothea*? cry'd the perfidious Lord. Cannot I be yours by the sacred Title of Husband? Who can hinder me, if you'll but consent to bless me on those Terms? Too happy if I have no other Obstacle to surmount. I am yours this Moment, beautiful *Dorothea*; see, I give you here my Hand to be yours, and yours alone for ever: And let all-seeing Heaven, and this Holy Image here on your Oratory, witness the solemn Truth.

*Cardenio* hearing her call herself *Dorothea*, was now fully satisfy'd she was the Person whom he took her to be: However, he wou'd not interrupt her Story, being impatient to hear the End of it; only addressing himself to her, Is then your Name *Dorothea*, Madam, cry'd he? I have heard of a Lady of that Name, whose Misfortunes have a great Resemblance with yours. But proceed I beseech you, and when you have done, I may, perhaps, surprize you with an Account of things that have some Affinity with those you relate. With that *Dorothea* made a stop to study *Cardenio*'s Face, and his wretched Attire; and then earnestly desir'd him, if he knew any thing that concern'd her, to let her know it presently; telling him, that all the Happiness she had left, was only the Courage to bear with Resignation all the Disasters that might befall her, well assur'd that no new one cou'd make her more unfortunate than she was already. Truly, Madam, reply'd

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ply'd *Cardenio*, I would tell you all I know, were I sure my Conjectures were true; but so far as I may judge by what I have heard hitherto, I don't think it material to tell it you yet, and I shall find a more proper time to do it. Then *Dorothea* resuming her Discourse, *Don Ferdinand*, said she, repeated his Vows of Marriage in the most serious manner; and giving me his Hand, plighted me his Faith with the most binding Words, and sacred Oaths. But before I wou'd let him engage himself thus, I advis'd him to have a Care how he suffer'd an unruly Passion to get the Ascendant over his Reason, to the endangering of his future Happiness. My Lord, said I, let not a few transitory and imaginary Charms, which cou'd never excuse such an excess of Love, hurry you to your Ruin: Spare your noble Father the Shame and Displeasure of seeing you marry'd to a Person so much below your Birth; and do not rashly do a thing of which you may repent, and that may make my Life uncomfortable. I added several other Reasons to dissuade him from that hasty Match, but they were all unregarded. *Don Ferdinand*, deaf to every thing but to his Desires, engag'd and bound himself like an inconsiderate Lover, who sacrifices all things to his Passion, or rather like a Cheat, who does not value a Breach of Vows. When I saw him so obstinate, I began to consider what I had to do. I am not the first, thought I to my self, whom Marriage has rais'd to unhop'd-for Greatness, and whose Beauty alone has supply'd her want of Birth and Merit: Thousands besides *Don Ferdinand* have marry'd meerly for Love, without any regard to the inequality of Wealth or Birth. The Opportunity was fair and tempting; and as Fortune is not always favourable, I thought it an impru-



imprudent thing to let it slip. Thought I to myself, while she kindly offers me a Husband who assures me of an inviolable Affection, why should I by an unreasonable Denial make my self an Enemy of such a Friend? and then there was one thing more; I apprehended it would be dangerous to drive him to despair by an ill-tim'd Refusal: Nor could I think my self safe alone in his Hands, lest he should resolve to satisfy his Passion by Force; which done, he might think himself free from performing a Promise which I wou'd not accept, and then I shou'd be left without either Honour or an Excuse; for it wou'd be no easy matter to perswade my Father, and the censorious World, that this Nobleman was admitted into my Chamber without my Consent. All these Reasons, which in a Moment offer'd themselves in my Mind, shook my former Resolves; and Don *Ferdinand's* Sighs, his Tears, his Vows and the sacred Witnesses by which he swore, together with his graceful Mien, his extraordinary Accomplishments, and the Love which I fancy'd I read in all his Actions, help'd to bring on my Ruin, as I believe they would have prevail'd with any one's Heart as free and as well guarded as was mine. Then I call'd my Maid to be witness of Don *Ferdinand's* Vows and sacred Engagements, which he reiterated to me, and confirm'd with new Oaths and solemn Promises; he call'd again on Heaven, and on many particular Saints, to witness his Sincerity, wishing a thousand Curses might fall on him, in case he ever violated his Word. Again he sigh'd, again he wept, and mov'd me more and more with fresh Marks of Affection; and the treacherous Maid having left the Room, the perfidious Lord presuming on my Weakness, compleated his pernicious Design.

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The Day which succeeded that unhappy Night had not yet begun to dawn, when Don *Ferdinand*, impatient to be gone, made all the haste he cou'd to leave me. For after the Gratifications of Brutish Appetite are past, the greatest Pleasure then is, to get rid of that which entertain'd it. He told me, though not with so great a show of Affection, nor so warmly as before, that I might rely on his Honour and on the Sincerity of his Vows and Promises; and as a further Pledge, he pull'd off a Ring of great Value from his Finger, and put it upon mine. In short he went away; and my Maid, who, as she confess'd it to me, had let him in privately, took care to let him out into the Street by Break of Day, while I remain'd so strangely concern'd at the Thoughts of all these Passages, that I cannot well tell whether I was sorry or pleased. I was in a manner quite distracted, and either forgot or had not the Heart to chide my Maid for her Treachery, not knowing yet whether she had done me Good or Harm. I had told Don *Ferdinand* before he went, that seeing I was now his own, he might make use of the same means to come again to see me, till he found it convenient to do me the Honour of owning me publickly for his Wife: But he came to me only the next Night, and from that time I never cou'd see him more, neither at Church nor in the Street, though for a whole Month together I tir'd my self endeavouring to find him out; being credibly inform'd he was still near us, and went a Hunting almost every Day. I leave you to think with what Uneasiness I pass'd those tedious Hours, when I perceiv'd his Neglect, and had reason to suspect his Breach of Faith. So unexpected a Slight, which I look'd upon as the most sensible Affliction that cou'd be-

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fal me, had like to have quite overwhelm'd me.  
 Then it was that I found my Maid had betray'd  
 me; I broke out into severe Complaints of her  
 Presumption, which I had smother'd till that  
 time. I exclaim'd against Don *Ferdinand*, and ex-  
 hausted my Sighs and Tears without asswaging  
 my Sorrow. What was worse, I found my self  
 oblig'd to set a guard upon my very Looks, for  
 fear my Father and Mother shou'd inquire into the  
 cause of my Discontent, and so occasion my being  
 guilty of shameful Lies and Evasions to conceal  
 my more shameful Disaster. But at last I perceiv'd  
 'twas in vain to dissemble, and I gave a loose to my  
 Resentments; for I could no longer hold when I  
 heard that Don *Ferdinand* was marry'd in a neigh-  
 bouring Town to a young Lady of rich and noble  
 Parentage, and extremely handsom, whose Name  
 is *Lucinda*. *Cardenio* hearing *Lucinda* nam'd, felt  
 his former Disorder, but by good Fortune it was  
 not so violent as it us'd to be, and he only shrug'd  
 up his Shoulders, bit his Lips, knit his Brows,  
 and a little while after let fall a shower of Tears,  
 which did not hinder *Dorothea* from going on.  
 This News, continu'd she, instead of freezing up  
 my Blood with Grief and Astonishment, fill'd me  
 with burning Rage. Despair took possession of my  
 Soul, and in the Transports of my Fury I was ready  
 to run raving thro' the Streets, and publish Don  
*Ferdinand's* Disloyalty, tho' at the expence of my  
 Reputation. I don't know whether a remainder  
 of Reason stop'd these violent Motions, but I  
 found my self mightily eas'd as soon as I had  
 pitch'd upon a Design that presently came into my  
 Head. I discover'd the Cause of my Grief to a  
 young Country Fellow that serv'd my Father, and  
 desir'd him to lend me a Suit of Man's Apparel,  
 and to go along with me to the Town where I  
 heard



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heard Don *Ferdinand* was. The Fellow us'd the best Arguments he had to hinder me from so strange an Undertaking; but finding I was inflexible in my Resolution, he assur'd me he was ready to serve me. Thereupon I put on this Habit which you see, and taking with me some of my own Cloaths, together with some Gold and Jewels, not knowing but I might have occasion for 'em, I set out that very Night, attended with that Servant and many anxious Thoughts, without so much as acquainting my Maid with my Design. To tell you the truth, I did not well know my self what I went about; for as there could be no Remedy, Don *Ferdinand* being actually marry'd to another, what could I hope to get by seeing him, unless it were the wretched Satisfaction of upbraiding him with his Infidelity? In two Days and a half we got to the Town; where the first thing I did was to inquire where *Lucinda's* Father liv'd. That single Question produc'd a great deal more than I desir'd to hear; for the first Man I address'd my self to, shew'd me the House, and inform'd me of all that happen'd at *Lucinda's* Marriage; which it seems was grown so publick, that it was the Talk of the whole Town. He told me how *Lucinda* swoon'd away as soon as she had answer'd the Priest, that she was contented to be Don *Ferdinand's* Wife; and how after he had approach'd to open her Stays to give her more room to breathe, he found a Letter under her own Hand, wherein she declar'd she could not be Don *Ferdinand's* Wife, because she was already contracted to a considerable Gentleman of the same Town, whose Name was *Cardenio*; and that she had only consented to that Marriage in obedience to her Father. He also told me, that it appear'd by the Letter, and a Dagger which was found about her, that she design'd



sign'd to have kill'd herself after the Ceremony was over; and that Don *Ferdinand*, inrag'd to see himself thus deluded, would have kill'd her himself with that very Dagger, had he not been prevented by those that were present. He added, 'twas reported, that upon this Don *Ferdinand* immediately left the Town: and that *Lucinda* did not come to herself till the next Day; and then she told her Parents, that she was really *Cardenio's* Wife, and that he and she were contracted before she had seen Don *Ferdinand*. I heard also that this *Cardenio* was present at the Wedding; and that as soon as he saw her married, which was a Thing he never could have believed, he left the Town in despair, leaving a Letter behind him full of Complaints of *Lucinda's* Breach of Faith, and to inform his Friends of his Resolution to go to some place where they should never hear of him more, This was all the Discourse of the Town when I came thither, and soon after we heard that *Lucinda* also was missing, and that her Father and Mother were grieving almost to Distraction, not being able to learn what was become of her. For my part, this News revived my Hopes, having Reason to be pleas'd to find Don *Ferdinand* unmarried. I flatter'd my self that Heaven had perhaps prevented his second Marriage to make him sensible of his violating the first, and to touch his Conscience, in order to his acquitting himself of his Duty like a Christian, and a Man of Honour. So I strove to beguile my Cares with an imaginary Prospect of a far distant Change of Fortune, amusing my self with vain hopes that I might not sink under the load of Affliction, but prolong my Life; tho' this was only a lengthning of my Sorrows, since I have now but the more Reason to wish to be eas'd of the Trouble of living. But while I staid in that

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Town, not knowing what I had best to do, seeing I cou'd not find Don *Ferdinand*, I heard a Crier publicly describe my Person, my Cloaths, and my Age, in the open Street, promising a considerable Reward to any that cou'd bring Tidings of *Dorothea*. I also heard that 'twas rumour'd I was run away from my Father's House with the Servant who attended me; and that Report touch'd my Soul as much as Don *Ferdinand's* Perfidiousness; for thus I saw my Reputation wholly lost, and that too for a Subject so base and so unworthy of my nobler Thoughts. Thereupon I made all the haste I could to get out of the Town with my Servant, who even then, to my thinking, began by some Tokens to betray his faltering in the Fidelity he had promised me. Dreading to be discover'd, we reach'd the most desert part of this Mountain that Night: But, as 'tis a common saying, that Misfortunes seldom come alone, and the End of one Disaster is often the Beginning of a greater, I was no sooner got to that Place, where I thought my self safe, but the Fellow, whom I had hitherto found to be modest and respectful, now rather incited by his own Villany, than my Beauty, and the Opportunity which that Place offered, than by any Thing else, had the Impudence to talk to me of Love; and seeing I answer'd him with Anger and Contempt, he would no longer lose Time in clownish Courtship, but resolv'd to use Violence to compass his wicked Design. But just Heaven, with a happy presence of Mind, assisted me in that Distress; and his brutish Passion so blinded him, that not perceiving he was on the Brink of a steep Rock, I easily push'd him down; and then without looking to see what was become of him, I ran as fast as I could into the thickest part of the Desert to secure my self. The next Day I met a Country-

man

man, who took me to his House amidst these Mountains, and employed me ever since in the nature of his Shepherd. There I have continu'd some Months, making it my Business to be as much as possible in the Fields, the better to conceal my Sex: But notwithstanding all my Care and Industry, he at last discover'd I was a Woman; which made him presume to importune me with beastly Offers: So that Fortune not favouring me with the former Opportunity of freeing my self, I left his House, and chose to seek a Sanctuary among these Woods and Rocks, there with Sighs and Tears to beseech Heaven to pity me, and to direct and relieve me in this forlorn Condition; or at least to put an end to my miserable Life, and bury in this Desert the very Memory of an unhappy Creature, who, more thro' ill Fortune than ill Intent, has given the idle World occasion to be too busy with her Fame.

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C H A P. II.

*An Account of the beautiful Dorothea's Discretion, with other pleasant Passages.*

**T**HIS, Gentlemen, continued *Dorothea*, is the true Story of my tragical Adventures; and now be you Judges whether I had Reason to make the Complaint you overheard, and whether so unfortunate and hopeless a Creature be in a Condition to admit of Comfort. I have only one Favour to beg of you; be pleas'd to direct me to some Place where I may pass the rest of my Life secure from the Search and Inquiry of my Parents; not but their former Affection is a sufficient Warrant for my kind Reception, could the Sense I have of the Thoughts they must have of my past

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Conduct permit me to return to 'em; but when I think they must believe me guilty, and can now have nothing but my bare Word to assure them of my Innocence, I can never resolve to stand their Sight. Here *Dorothea* stopt, and the Blushes that overspread her Cheeks were certain Signs of the Discomposure of her Thoughts, and the unfeigned Modesty of her Soul. Those who had heard her Story were deeply mov'd with Compassion for her hard Fate, and the Curate would not delay any longer to give her some charitable Comfort and Advice. But scarce had he begun to speak, when *Cardenio* addressing himself to her, interrupted him; How, Madam, said he, taking her by the Hand, are you then the beautiful *Dorothea*, the only Daughter of the rich *Cleonardo*? *Dorothea* was strangely surprized to hear her Father nam'd, and by one in so tatter'd a Garb. And pray who are you Friend, said she to him, that know so well my Father's Name? for I think I did not mention it once throughout the whole Relation of my Afflictions. I am *Cardenio*, reply'd the other, that unfortunate Gentleman, whom *Lucinda*, as you told us, declar'd to be her Husband: I am that miserable *Cardenio*, whom the Perfidiousness of the Man who has reduc'd you to this deplorable Condition, has also brought to this wretched State, to Rags, to Nakedness, to Despair, nay to Madness itself, and all Hardships and Want of human Comforts; only enjoying the Privilege of Reason by short Intervals, to feel and bemoan my Miseries the more. I am the Man, fair *Dorothea*, who was the unhappy Eye-witness of Don *Ferdinand's* unjust Nuptials, and who heard my *Lucinda* give her Consent to be his Wife; that heartless Wretch, who, unable to bear so strange a Disappointment, lost in Amazement and Trouble, flung out of the House, without staying to know what  
would



would follow her Trance, and what the Paper that was taken out of her Bosom would produce. I abandon'd my self to Despair, and having left a Letter with a Person whom I charg'd to deliver it into *Lucinda's* own Hands, I hasten'd to hide myself from the World in this Desert, resolv'd to end there a Life, which from that Moment I abhorr'd as my greatest Enemy. But Fortune has preserv'd me, I see, that I may venture it upon a better Cause; for from what you have told us now, which I have no Reason to doubt, I am embolden'd to hope that Providence may yet reserve us both to a better Fate than we durst have expected; Heaven will restore you *Don Ferdinand*, who cannot be *Lucinda's*, and to me *Lucinda*, who cannot be *Don Ferdinand's*. For my part, tho' my Interests were not link'd with yours, as they are, I have so deep a Sense of your Misfortunes, that I would expose my self to any Dangers to see you righted by *Don Ferdinand*: And here, on the Word of a Gentlemen and a Christian, I vow and promise not to forsake you till he has done you Justice, and to oblige him to do it at the Hazard of my Life, should Reason and Generosity prove ineffectual to force him to be blest with you. *Dorothea*, ravish'd with Joy, and not knowing how to express a due Sense of *Cardenio's* obliging Offers, would have thrown herself at his Feet, had he not civilly hinder'd it. At the same Time the Curate discreetly speaking for 'em both, highly applauded *Cardenio* for his generous Resolution, and comforted *Dorothea*. He also very heartily invited 'em to his House, where they might furnish themselves with Necessaries, and consult together how to find out *Don Ferdinand*, and bring *Dorothea* home to her Father; which kind Offer they thankfully accepted. Then the Barber, who had been silent all this while, put in



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for a Share, and handsomly assur'd them, he would be very ready to do 'em all the Service that might lie in his Power. After these Civilities, he acquainted 'em with the Design that had brought the Curate and him to that Place; and gave 'em an Account of *Don Quixote's* strange kind of Madness, and of their staying there for his Squire. *Cardenio* hearing him mention'd, remember'd something of the Scuffle he had with them both, but only as if it had been a Dream; so that tho' he told the Company of it, he could not let them know the Occasion. By this Time they heard some Body call, and by the Voice they knew it was *Sancho Panza*, who not finding 'em where he had left 'em, tore his very Lungs with hollowing. With that they all went to meet him; which done, they ask'd him what was become of *Don Quixote*? Alas, answer'd *Sancho*, I left him yonder in an ill Plight: I found him in his Shirt, lean, pale, and almost starv'd, sighing and whining for his Lady *Dulcinea*. I told him, how that she'd have him come to her presently to *Toboso*, where she look'd for him out of Hand; yet for all this he would not budge a Foot, but e'en told me he was resolv'd he wou'd ne'er set Eyes on her sweet Face again, till he had done some Feats that might make him worthy of her Goodness: So that, added *Sancho*, if he leads this Life any longer, I fear me my poor Master is never like to be an Emperor, as he is bound in Honour to be, nay not so much as an Archbishop, which is the least Thing he can come off with; therefore, good Sir, see and get him away by all Means I beseech you. The Curate bid him be of good Cheer, for they would take care to make him leave that Place whether he would or not; and then turning to *Cardenio* and *Dorothea*, he inform'd 'em of the Design which he and the Barber had

had laid in order to his Cure, or at least to get him home to his House. *Dorothea*, whose Mind was much eas'd with the Prospect of better Fortune, kindly undertook to act the distressed Lady herself, which she said she thought wou'd become her better than the Barber, having a Dress very proper for that Purpose; besides she had read many Books of Chivalry, and knew how the distress'd Ladies us'd to express themselves when they came to beg some Knight-Errant's Assistance. This is obliging, Madam, said the Curate, and we want nothing more: So let's to work as fast as we can; we may now hope to succeed, since you thus happily facilitate the Design. Presently *Dorothea* took out of her Bundle a Petticoat of very rich Stuff, and a Gown of very fine green Silk; also a Necklace, and several other Jewels out of a Box; and with these in an Instant she so adorned herself, and appear'd so beautiful and glorious, that they all stood in Admiration that Don *Ferdinand* should be so injudicious to slight so accomplished a Beauty. But he that admir'd her most was *Sancho Panza*; for he thought he had ne'er set Eyes on so fine a Creature, and perhaps he thought right: Which made him earnestly ask the Curate, who that fine Dame was, and what Wind had blown her thither among the Woods and Rocks? Who that fine Lady *Sancho*? answer'd the Curate; she's the only Heiress in a direct Line to the vast Kingdom of *Micomicon*: Mov'd by the Fame of your Master's great Exploits, that spreads it self over all *Guinea*, she comes to seek him out, and beg a Boon of him; that is, to redress a Wrong which a wicked Giant has done her. Why that's well, quoth *Sancho*: a happy Seeking and a happy Finding. Now if my Master be but so lucky as to right that Wrong, by killing that Son of a Whore of a Giant you tell

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me of, I'm a made Man: Yes he will kill him, that he will, if he can but come at him, and he ben't a Hobgoblin; for my Master can do no good with Hobgoblins. But Mr. Curate, an't please you, I have a Favour to ask of you, I beseech you put my Master out of Conceit with all Archbishopricks, for that's what I dread; and therefore to rid me of my Fears, put it into his Head to clap up a Match with this same Princess; for by that Means 'twill be past his Power to make himself Archbishop, and he'll come to be Emperor, and I a great Man as sure as a Gun. I have thought well of the Matter, and I find it is not at all fitting he should be an Archbishop for my Good; for what should I get by it? I an't fit for Church Preferment, I am a married Man; and now for me to go to trouble my Head with getting a License to hold Church-Livings, 'twould be an endless Piece of Business: Therefore 'twill be better for him to marry out of hand this same Princess, whose Name I can't tell, for I never heard it. They call her the Princess *Micomicona*, said the Curate; for her Kingdom being call'd *Micomicon*, 'tis a clear Case she must be call'd so. Like enough, quoth *Sancho*; for I have known several Men in my Time go by the Names of the Places where they were born, as *Pedro de Alcala*, *Juan de Ubeda*, *Diego de Valladolid*; and mayhap the like is done in *Guinea*, and the Queens go by the Name of their Kingdoms. 'Tis well observ'd, reply'd the Curate: As for the Match, I'll promote it to the utmost of my Power. *Sancho* was heartily pleas'd with this Promise; and on the other Side, the Curate was amaz'd to find the poor Fellow so strangely infected with his Master's mad Notions, as to rely on his becoming an Emperor. By this Time *Dorothea* being mounted on the Curate's Mule,

Mule, and the Barber having clapp'd on his Ox-tail Beard, nothing remain'd but to order *Sancho* to shew 'em the Way, and to renew their Admonitions to him, lest he shou'd seem to know 'em, and to spoil the Plot, which if he did, they told him 'twould be the Ruin of all his Hopes and his Master's Empire. As for *Cardenio*, he did not think fit to go with 'em, having no Business there; besides, he could not tell but that *Don Quixote* might remember their late Fray. The Curate likewise not thinking his Presence necessary, resolv'd to stay to keep *Cardenio* Company; so after he had once more given *Dorothea* her Cue, she and the Barber went before with *Sancho*, while the two others followed on foot at a Distance.

Thus they went on for about three Quarters of a League, and then among the Rocks they spy'd *Don Quixote*, who had by this Time put on his Clothes, tho' not his Armour. Immediately *Dorothea*, understanding he was the Person, whip'd her Palfry, and when she drew near *Don Quixote*, her Squire alighted and took her from her Saddle. When she was upon her Feet, she gracefully advanc'd towards the Knight, and with her Squire, falling on her Knees before him, in spite of his Endeavours to the contrary; Thrice valorous and invincible Knight, said she, never will I rise from this Place till your Generosity has granted me a Boon, which shall redound to your Honour, and the Relief of the most disconsolate and most injur'd Damsel that the Sun ever saw: And indeed if your Valour and the Strength of your formidable Arm be answerable to the Extent of your immortal Renown, you are bound by the Laws of Honour, and the Knighthood which you profess, to succour a distress'd Princess, who, led by the resounding Fame of your marvellous and redoubted



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Feats of Arms, comes from the remotest Regions, to implore your Protection. I cannot, said Don *Quixote*, make you any Answer, most beautiful Lady, nor will I hear a Word more, unless you vouchsafe to rise. Pardon me, noble Knight, reply'd the petitioning Damsel; my Knees shall first be rooted here, unless you will courteously condescend to grant me the Boon which I humbly request. I grant it then, Lady, said Don *Quixote*, provided it be nothing to the Disservice of my King, my Country, and that Beauty who keeps the Key of my Heart and Liberty. It shall not tend to the Prejudice or Detriment of any of these, cry'd the Lady. With that *Sancho* closing up to his Master, and whispering him in the Ear, Grant it, Sir, quoth he, grant it, I tell ye; 'tis but a Trifle next to nothing, only to kill a great Looby of a Giant; and she that asks this, is the high and mighty Princess *Micomicona*, Queen of the huge Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Ethiopia*. Let her be what she will, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I will discharge my Duty, and obey the Dictates of my Conscience, according to the Rules of my Profession. With that turning to the Damsel, Rise Lady, I beseech you, cry'd he; I grant you the Boon which your singular Beauty demands. Sir, said the Lady, the Boon I have to beg of your magnanimous Valour, is, that you will be pleas'd to go with me instantly whither I shall conduct you, and promise me not to engage in any other Adventure, till you have reveng'd me on a Traitor who usurps my Kingdom, contrary to the Laws both Human and Divine. I grant you all this, Lady, quoth Don *Quixote*; and therefore from this Moment shake off all desponding Thoughts that sit heavy upon your Mind, and study to revive your drooping Hopes; for by the Assistance of Heaven, and my strenuous Arm, you shall



shall see your self restor'd to your Kingdom, and seated on the Throne of your Ancestors, in spite of all the Traitors that dare oppose your Right. Let us then hasten our Performance; Delay always breeds Danger; and to protract a great Design is often to ruin it. The thankful Princess, to speak her grateful Sense of his Generosity, strove to kiss the Knight's Hand; however, he who was, in every Thing, the most gallant and courteous of all Knights, would, by no Means, admit of such a Submission; but having gently rais'd her up, he embrac'd her with an awful Grace and Civility, and then call'd to *Sancho* for his Arms. *Sancho* went immediately, and having fetch'd 'em from a Tree, where they hung like Trophies, arm'd his Master in a Moment. And now the Champion being compleatly accoutred, Come on, said he, let us go and vindicate the Rights of this dispossessed Princess. The Barber was all this while upon his Knees, and had enough to do to keep himself from Laughing, and his Beard from falling, which, if it had dropp'd off, as it threatn'd, wou'd have betrayed his Face and their whole Plot at once. But being reliev'd by Don *Quixote's* haste to put on his Armour, he rose up, and taking the Princess by the Hand, they both together set her upon her Mule. Then the Knight mounted his *Rozinante*, and the Barber got on his Beast. Only poor *Sancho* was forc'd to foot it, which made him fetch many a heavy Sigh for the loss of his dear Dapple: However, he bore his Crosses patiently, seeing his Master in so fair a way of being next door to an Emperor; for he did not question but he wou'd marry that Princess, and so be, at least, King of *Micomicon*. But yet it griev'd him, to think his Master's Dominions were to be in the Land of the Negroes, and that, consequently, the  
People,

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People, over whom he was to be Governor, were all to be Black. But he presently bethought himself of a good Remedy for that: What care I, quoth he, tho' they be Blacks? Best of all; 'tis but loading a Ship with them, and having 'em into *Spain*, where I shall find Chapinen enow to take 'em off my Hands, and pay me ready Money for 'em; and so I'll raise a good round Sum, and buy me a Title or an Office to live upon frank and easy all the Days of my Life. Hang him that has no Shifts, say I; 'tis a sorry Goose that will not baste herself. Why what if I am not so Book-learn'd as other Folks, sure I've a Head-piece good enough to know how to sell ten, twenty, or thirty thousand Slaves. 'Tis as easy as jumping over a Straw. Let 'em e'en go higgledy-piggledy, little and great. What tho' they be as black as the Devil in Hell, let me alone to turn 'em into white and yellow Boys: I think I know how to lick my own Fingers. Big with these Imaginations, *Sancho* trudg'd along so pleas'd and light-hearted, that he forgot his Pain of travelling afoot. *Cardenio* and the Curate had beheld the pleasant Scene thro' the Bushes, and were at a loss what they should do to join Companies: But the Curate, who had a contriving Head, at last bethought himself of an Expedient; and pulling out a pair of Scissars, which he us'd to carry in his Pocket, he snipp'd off *Cardenio's* Beard in a Trice; and having pull'd off his black Cloak and a sad-colour'd Riding-hood which he had on, he equip'd *Cardenio* with 'em, while he himself remained in his Doublet and Breeches. In which new Garb *Cardenio* was so strangely alter'd, that he wou'd not have known himself in a Looking-glass. This done, they made to the High-way, and there stay'd till Don *Quixote* and his Company were got clear

of

of the Rocks and bad ways, which did not permit Horsemen to go so fast as those on foot. When they came near, the Curate look'd very earnestly upon Don *Quixote*, as one that was in a Study whether he might not know him; and then, like one that had made a Discovery, he ran towards the Knight with open Arms, crying out, Mirrour of Chivalry, my noble Countryman Don *Quixote de la Mancha*! the Cream and Flower of Gentility! the Shelter and Relief of the Afflicted, and Quintessence of Knight-Errantry! How overjoy'd am I to have found you! At the same time he embrac'd his left Leg. Don *Quixote* admiring what Adorer of his heroick Worth this should be, look'd on him earnestly; and at last calling him to mind, would have alighted to have paid him his Respects, not a little amaz'd to meet him there. But the Curate hindring him, Reverend Sir, cry'd the Knight, I beseech you let me not be so rude as to sit on Horse-back, while a Person of your Worth and Character is on foot. Sir, reply'd the Curate, you shall by no means alight: Let your Excellency be pleas'd to keep your Saddle, since thus mounted you every Day atchieve the most stupendious Feats of Arms and Adventures that were ever seen in our Age. 'Twill be Honour enough for an unworthy Priest, like me, to get up behind some of your Company, if they will permit me; and I will esteem it as great a Happiness as to be mounted upon *Pegasus*, or the *Zebra*, or Elephant, of the famous Moor *Musaraque*, who to this Hour lies enchanted in the dreary Cavern of *Zulema*, not far distant from the great *Compluto*. Truly, good Sir, I did not think of this, answer'd Don *Quixote*; but I suppose my Lady the Princess will be so kind as to command her Squire to lend you his Saddle, and to ride behind himself, if his  
Mule

Mule be us'd to carry double. I believe it will, cry'd the Princess; and my Squire, I suppose, will not stay for my Commands to offer his Saddle, for he is too courteous and well-bred to suffer an Ecclesiastical Person to go afoot, when we may help him to a Mule. Most certainly, cry'd the Barber; and with that dismounting, he offer'd the Curate his Saddle, which was accepted without much Intreaty. By ill Fortune the Mule was a hir'd Beast, and consequently unlucky; so as the Barber was getting up behind the Curate, the resty Jade gave two or three Jerks with her hinder Legs, that had they met with Master *Nicholas's* Scull or Ribs, he would have bequeath'd his Rambling after Don *Quixote* to the Devil. However, he flung himself nimbly off, and was more afraid than hurt; but yet as he fell his Beard drop'd off, and being presently sensible of that Accident, he cou'd not think of any better Shift than to clap both his Hands before his Cheeks, and cry out he had broken his Jaw-bone. Don *Quixote* was amaz'd to see such an overgrown Bush of Beard lie on the Ground without Jaws and bloodless. Bless me, cry'd he, what an amazing Miracle is this! Here's a Beard as cleverly taken off by Accident, as if a Barber had mow'd it. The Curate perceiving the Danger they were in of being discover'd, hastily caught up the Beard, and running to the Barber, who lay all the while roaring and complaining, he pull'd his Head close to his own Breast, and then muttering certain Words, which he said were a Charm appropriated to the fastning on of fal'n Beards, he fix'd it on again so handsomely, that the Squire was presently as bearded and as well as ever he was before; which rais'd Don *Quixote's* Admiration, and made him engage the Curate to teach him the Charm at his Leisure, not doubting but its Virtue extended further than

to



to the fastning on of Beards, since 'twas impossible that such a one cou'd be torn off without fetching away Flesh and all; and consequently such a sudden Cure might be beneficial to him upon Ocession. And now every thing being set to rights, they agreed that the Curate shou'd ride first by himself, and then the other two by turns relieving one another, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, till they came to their Inn, which was about two Leagues off. So Don *Quixote*, the Princess and the Curate being mounted, and *Cardenio*, the Barber, and *Sancho* ready to move forwards on foot, the Knight addressing himself to the distress'd Damsel, Now, Lady, said he, let me intreat your Greatness to tell me which Way we must go to do you Service. The Curate before she cou'd answer, thought fit to ask her a Question, that might the better enable her to make a proper Reply. Pray, Madam, said he, towards what Country is it your Pleasure to take your Progress? Is it not towards the Kingdom of *Micomicon*? I am very much mistaken if that be not the Part of the World whither you desire to go. The Lady having her Cue, presently understood the Curate, and answer'd that he was in the right. Then, said the Curate, your Way lies directly through the Village where I live, from whence we have a strait Road to *Carthagera*, where you may conveniently take Shipping; and if you have a fair Wind and good Weather, you may in something less than nine Years reach the vast Lake *Meona*, I mean the *Palus Maotis*, which lies somewhat more than a hundred Days Journey from your Kingdom. Surely, Sir, reply'd the Lady, you are under a Mistake; for 'tis not quite two Years since I left the Place; and besides, we have had very little fair Weather all the while, and yet I am already got hither, and have so far succeeded in my Designs,



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signs, as to have obtain'd the Sight of the Renowned Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Fame of whose Atchievements reach'd my Ears as soon as I landed in *Spain*, and mov'd me to find him out, to throw my self under his Protection, and commit the Justice of my Cause to his invincible Valour. No more, Madam, I beseech you, cry'd Don *Quixote*; spare me the Trouble of hearing my self prais'd, for I mortally hate whatever may look like Adulation; and tho' your Compliments may deserve a better Name, my Ears are too modest to be pleas'd with any such Discourse; 'tis my Study to deserve and to avoid Applause. All I will venture to say, is, that whether I have any Valour or no, I am wholly at your Service, even at the Expence of the last drop of my Blood; and therefore waving all these Matters till a fit Opportunity, I would gladly know of this Reverend Clergyman what brought him hither, unattended by any of his Servants alone, and so slenderly cloath'd, for I must confess I am not a little surpriz'd to meet him in this Condition. To tell you the Reason in few Words, answer'd the Curate, you must know, that Mr. *Nicholas*, our Friend and Barber, went with me to *Sevil*, to receive some Money which a Relation of mine sent me from the *Indies*, where he has been settled these many Years; neither was it a small Sum, for 'twas no less than seventy thousand Pieces of Eight, and all of due Weight, which is no common thing, you may well judge: But upon the Road hereabouts we met four Highwaymen that robb'd us of all we had, even to our very Beards, so that the poor Barber was forc'd to get him a Chin-Periwig. And for that young Gentleman whom you see there (continu'd he, pointing to *Cardenio*) after they had strip'd him to his Shirt, they transfigur'd him as you see. Now  
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*of the Renown'd Don Quixote.* 33

every Body hereabouts says, that those who robb'd us were certainly a Pack of Rogues condemn'd to the Gallies, who as they were going to Punishment, were rescu'd by a single Man, not far from this Place, and that with so much Courage, that in spite of the King's Officer and his Guards he alone set 'em all at Liberty. Certainly that Man was either mad, or as great a Rogue as any of 'em; for wou'd any one that had a Grain of Sense or Honesty, have let loose a Company of Wolves among Sheep, Foxes among innocent Poultry, and Wasps among the Honey-pots? He has hinder'd publick Justice from taking its Course, broke his Allegiance to his lawful Sovereign, disabl'd the Strength of his Gallies, rebelled against him, and oppos'd his Officers in Contempt of the Law, and alarm'd the holy Brotherhood, that had lain quiet so long; nay, what is yet worse, he has endangered his Life upon Earth, and his Salvation hereafter. *Sancho* had given the Curate an Account of the Adventure of the Gally-Slaves, and this made him inveigh against it so severely, to try how *Don Quixote* would bear it. The Knight chang'd Colour at every Word, not daring to confess he was the pious Knight-Errant who had deliver'd those worthy Gentlemen out of Bondage. These, said the Curate, by way of Conclusion, were the Men that reduc'd us to this Condition; and may Heaven in Mercy forgive him that freed 'em from the Punishment they so well deserv'd.

## C H A P. III.

*The pleasant Stratagems us'd to free the enamour'd Knight from the rigorous Penance which he had undertaken.*

SCARCE had the Curate made an end, when *Sancho* addressing himself to him, Faith and Troth quoth he, Master Curate, he that did that rare Job was my Master his nown self, and that not for want of fair Warning; for I bid him have a care what he did, and told him over and over, 'twould be a grievous Sin to put such a Gang of wicked Wretches out of Durance, and that they all went to the Gallies for their Roguery. You buffle-headed Clown, cry'd *Don Quixote*, Is it for a Knight-Errant when he meets with People laden with Chains, and under Oppression, to examine whether they are in those Circumstances for their Crimes, or only thro' Misfortune? We are only to relieve the Afflicted, to look on their Distress, and not on their Crimes. I met a Company of poor Wretches, who went along sorrowful, dejected, and link'd together like the Beads of a Rosary; thereupon I did what my Conscience and my Profession oblig'd me to. And what has any Man to say to this? If any one dares say otherwise, saving this reverend Clergyman's Presence and the holy Character he bears, I say, he knows little of Knight-Errantry, and lies like a Son of a Whore, and a base-born Villain; and this I will make him know more effectually, with the convincing Edge of my Sword! This said with a grim Look, he fix'd himself in his Stirrups, and pull'd this Heelm over his Brows; for the Bason, which

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of the Renew'd Don Quixote. 35

he took to be *Mambrino's* Helmet, hung at his Saddle-bow, in order to have the Damage repair'd which it had receiv'd from the Gally-Slaves. Thereupon *Dorothea*, by this Time well acquainted with his Temper, seeing him in such a Passion, and that every Body, except *Sancho Panza*, made a Jest of him, resolv'd with her Native Sprightliness and Address, to carry on the Humour. I beseech you, Sir, cry'd she, remember the Promise you have made me, and that you cannot engage in any Adventure whatsoever, till you have perform'd that we are going about. Therefore pray assuage your Anger; for had Master Curate known the Gally-Slaves were rescu'd by your invincible Arm, I'm sure he wou'd rather have stitch'd up his Lips, or bit off his Tongue, than have spoken a Word, that should make him incur your Displeasure. Nay, I assure you, cry'd the Curate, I wou'd sooner have twitch'd off one of my Mustachoes into the Bargain. I am satisfy'd, Madam, cry'd Don Quixote, and for your Sake the Flame of my just Indignation is quench'd; nor will I be induc'd to engage in any Quarrel, till I have fulfill'd my Promise to your Highness. Only in recompence of my good Intentions, I beg you will give us the Story of your Misfortunes, if this will not be too great a Trouble to you; and let me know who and what, and how many are the Persons of whom I must have due and full Satisfaction on your behalf. I am very willing to do it, reply'd *Dorothea*; but yet I fear a Story like mine, consisting wholly of Afflictions and Disasters, will prove but a tedious Entertainment. Never fear that, Madam, cry'd Don Quixote. Since then it must be so, said *Dorothea*, be pleas'd to lend me your Attention. With that *Cardenio* and the Barber gather'd up to her, to hear what kind of Story she had provided so soon;  
*Sancho*



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*Sancho* also hung his Ears upon her Side-Saddle, being no less deceived in her than his Master; and the Lady having seated herself well on her Mule, after coughing once or twice, and other Preparations, very gracefully began her Story.

First, Gentlemen, said she, you must know my Name is — here she stopp'd, and cou'd not call to mind the Name the Curate had given her; where-upon finding her at a Nonplus, he made haste to help her out. 'Tis not at all strange, said he, Madam, that you shou'd be so discomposed by your Disasters, as to stumble at the very beginning of the Account you are going to give of them; extreme Affliction often distracts the Mind to that degree, and so deprives us of Memory, that sometimes we for a while can scarce think on our very Names: No wonder then, that the Princess *Micomicona*, Lawful Heiress to the vast Kingdom of *Micomicon*, disorder'd with so many Misfortunes and perplexed with so many various Thoughts for the Recovery of her Crown, should have her Imagination and Memory so incumber'd; but I hope you will now recollect yourself, and be able to proceed. I hope so too, said the Lady, and I will try to go thro' with my Story, without any further Hesitation. Know, then Gentlemen, that the King my Father, who was call'd *Tinacrio* the Sage, having great Skill in the Magic Art, understood by his profound Knowledge in that Science, that Queen *Xaramilla*, my Mother, should die before him, that he himself should not survive her long, and I should be left an Orphan. But he often said, that this did not so much trouble him, as the foresight he had by his Speculations, of my being threaten'd with great Misfortunes, which wou'd be occasion'd by a certain Giant, Lord of a great Island near the Confines of my Kingdom; his

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*of the Renown'd Don Quixote.* 37

Name *Pandaflando*, surnam'd *of the gloomy Sight*; because tho' his Eye-balls are seated in their due Place, yet he affects to squint and look askew on purpose to fright those on whom he stares. My Father, I say, knew that this Giant, hearing of his Death, wou'd one Day invade my Kingdom with a powerful Army, and drive me out of my Territories, without leaving me so much as the least Village for a Retreat; tho' he knew withal that I might avoid that Extremity, if I wou'd but consent to marry him; but as he found out by his Art, he had Reason to think I never wou'd incline to such a Match. And indeed I never had any Thoughts of marrying this Giant, nor really any other Giant in the World, how unmeasurably Great and Mighty soever he were. My Father therefore charg'd me patiently to bear my Misfortunes, and abandon my Kingdom to *Pandaflando* for a Time, without offering to keep him out by Force of Arms, since this wou'd be the best means to prevent my own Death and the ruin of my Subjects, considering the Impossibility of withstanding the devilish Force of the Giant. But withal, he order'd me to direct my Course towards *Spain*, where I shou'd be sure to meet with a powerful Champion, in the Person of a Knight-Errant, whose Fame shou'd at that Time be spread over all the Kingdom; and his Name, my Father said, should be, if I forget not, *Don Azote*, or *Don Gigote*. An't please you, Forsooth, quoth *Sancho*, you wou'd say *Don Quixote*, otherwise call'd the Knight of the *woful Figure*. You are right, answer'd *Dorothea*, and my Father also describ'd him, and said he should be a tall thin-fac'd Man, and that on his right Side, under the left Shoulder, or somewhere thereabouts, he shou'd have a tawny Mole overgrown with a Tuft of Hair, not much  
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unlike that of a Horse's Main. With that Don *Quixote* calling for his Squire to come to him; Here, said he, *Sancho*, help me off with my Clothes, for I'm resolv'd to see whether I be the Knight of whom the Negromantick King has prophesy'd. Pray Sir, why wou'd you pull off your Clothes, cry'd *Dorothea*? To see whether I have such a Mole about me as your Father mention'd, reply'd the Knight. Your Worship need not strip to know that, quoth *Sancho*; for to my Knowledge, you've just such a Mark as my Lady says, on the Small of your Back, which betokens you to be a strong-body'd Man. That's enough, said *Dorothea*; Friends may believe one another without such a strict Examination; and whether it be on the Shoulder or on the Back-bone, 'tis not very material. In short, I find my Father aim'd right in all his Predictions, and so do I in recommending my self to Don *Quixote*, whose Stature and Appearance so well agree with my Father's Description, and whose Renown is so far spread, not only in *Spain*, but over all *La Mancha*, that I had no sooner landed at *Ossuna*, but the Fame of his Prowess reach'd my Ears; so that I was satisfy'd in my self he was the Person in quest of whom I came. But pray, Madam, cry'd Don *Quixote*, how did you do to land at *Ossuna*, since 'tis no Sea-port Town? Doubtless, Sir, (said the Curate, before *Dorothea* cou'd answer for her self) the Princess wou'd say, that after she landed at *Malaga*, the first place where she heard of your Feats of Arms, was *Ossuna*. That's what I wou'd have said, reply'd *Dorothea*. 'Tis easily understood, said the Curate; then pray let your Majesty be pleas'd to go on with your Story. I've nothing more to add, answer'd *Dorothea*, but that Fortune has at last so far favour'd me, as to make me find the noble

Don

Don Quixote, by whose Valour I look upon myself as already restor'd to the Throne of my Ancestors; since he has so courteously, and magnanimously vouchsaf'd to grant me the Boon I begg'd, to go with me wheresoever I shall guide him. For all I have to do is, to shew him this *Pandafilando of the gloomy Sight*, that he may slay him, and restore that to me of which he has so unjustly depriv'd me. For all this will certainly be done with the greatest ease in the World, since 'twas foretold by *Tinacrio* the Sage, my good and Royal Father, who has also left a Prediction written either in *Chaldaean* or *Greek* Characters (for I cannot read 'em) which denotes, that after the Knight of the Prophecy has cut off the Giant's Head, and restor'd me to the Possession of my Kingdom, if he shou'd ask me to marry him, I shou'd by no means refuse him, but instantly put him in Possession of my Person and Kingdom. Well Friend *Sancho* (said Don Quixote hearing this, and turning to the Squire) what think'st thou now? Dost thou not hear how Matters go? Did not I tell thee as much before? See now, whether we have not a Kingdom which we may command, and a Queen whom we may espouse. Ay marry have you, reply'd *Sancho*, and a pox take the Son of a Whore, I say, that will not wed and bed her Majesty's Grace as soon as Master *Pandafilando's* Wind-pipes are slit. Look what a dainty Bit she is! ha! wou'd I never had a worse Flea in my Bed! With that to shew his Joy, he gave two or three frisks in the Air; and turning to *Dorothea*, laid hold on her Mule by the Bridle, and flinging himself down on his knees, begg'd she would be graciously pleas'd to let him kiss her Hand, in token of his owning her for his Sovereign Lady. There was none of the Beholders, but was ready to burst for Laughter,



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Laughter, having a Sight of the Master's Madneſs, and the Servant's Simplicity. In ſhort, *Dorothea* was obliged to comply with his Intreaties, and promis'd to make him a Grandee, when Fortune ſhould favour her with the Recovery of her loſt Kingdom. Whereupon *Sancho* gave her his Thanks, in ſuch a Manner as oblig'd the Company to a freſh Laughter. Then going on with her Relation, Gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, this is my Hiſtory; and among all my Miſfortunes, this only has eſcap'd a Recital, That not one of the numerous Attendants I brought from my Kingdom has ſurviv'd the Ruins of my Fortune, but this good Squire with the long Beard: The reſt ended their Days in a great Storm, which daſh'd our Ship to pieces in the very Sight of the Harbour; and he and I had been Sharers in their Deſtiny, had we not laid hold of two Planks, by whoſe Aſſiſtance we were driven to Land, in a Manner altogether miraculous, and agreeable to the whole Series of my Life, which ſeems, indeed, but one continued Miracle. And if in any part of my Relation I have been tedious, and not ſo exact as I ſhould have been, you muſt impute it to what Maſter Curate obſerv'd to you, in the beginning of my Story, that continual Troubles oppreſs the Senſes, and weaken the Memory. Thoſe Pains and Afflictions, be they ever ſo intense and difficult, ſaid Don *Quixote*, ſhall never deter me (moſt virtuous and high-born Lady) from adventuring for your Service, and enduring whatever I ſhall ſuffer in it: And therefore I again ratify the Aſſurances I've given you, and ſwear that I will bear you Company, tho' to the end of the World, in ſearch of this implacable Enemy of yours, till I ſhall find him; whoſe inſulting Head, by the help of Heaven, and my own invincible Arm, I am reſolv'd to cut off, with

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the Edge of this (I will not say good) Sword; a Curse on *Gines de Passamonte*, who took away my own! This he spoke murmuring to himself, and then prosecuted his Discourse in this Manner: And after I have divided it from the Body, and left you quietly possess'd of your Throne, it shall be left at your own Choice to dispose of your Person, as you shall think convenient: For as long as I shall have my Memory full of her Image, my Will captivated, and my Understanding wholly subjected to Her, whom I now forbear to name, 'tis impossible I should in the least deviate from the Affection I bear to her, or be induc'd to think of marrying another, tho' she were a Phoenix in her kind.

The Close of Don *Quixote's* Speech, which related to his not marrying, touch'd *Sancho* so to the quick, that he cou'd not forbear bawling out his Resentments: Body o' me, Sir Don *Quixote*, cry'd he, you are certainly out of your Wits, or how is it possible you shou'd stick at striking a Bargain with so great a Lady as this is? D' you think, Sir, Fortune will put such dainty Bits in your Way at every Corner? Is my Lady *Dulcinea* handsomer, d' you think? No marry is she not half so handsom: I cou'd almost say she's not worthy to tie this Woman's Shoes. I am likely indeed, to get the Earldom I have fed my self with hopes of, if you spend your Time in fishing for Mushrooms in the bottom of the Sea. Marry, marry out of hand, or *Old Nick* take you for me; Lay hold of the Kingdom which is ready to leap into your Hands; and as soon as you are a King, e'en make me a Marquis, or a Peer of the Land, and afterwards let Things go at Sixes and Sevens 'twill be all a Case to *Sancho*. Don *Quixote*, quite divested of all Patience, at the Blasphemies which

were spoken against his Lady *Dulcinea*, cou'd bear with him no longer; and therefore, without so much as a Word to give him notice of his Displeasure, gave him two such Blows with his Lance, that poor *Sancho* measur'd his length on the Ground, and had certainly there breath'd his last, had not the Knight desisted, through the Persuasions of *Dorothea*. Think'st thou (said he, after a considerable Pause) most infamous Peasant, that I shall always have leisure and disposition to put up thy Affronts; and that thy whole Business shall be to study new Offences, and mine to give thee new Pardons? Dost thou not know, excommunicated Traitor (for certainly Excommunication is the least Punishment can fall upon thee, after such Profanations of the peerless *Dulcinea's* Name) and art thou not assur'd, vile Slave and ignominious Vagabond, that I shou'd not have Strength sufficient to kill a Flea, did not she give Strength to my Nerves, and infuse Vigour into my Sinews? Speak, thou Villain, with the Viper's Tongue; who do'st thou imagine has restor'd the Queen to her Kingdom, cut off the Head of the Giant, and made thee a Marquis (for I count all this as done already) but the Power of *Dulcinea*, who makes use of my Arm, as the Instrument of her Act in me? She fights and overcomes in me; and I live and breathe in her, holding Life and Being from her. Thou base-born Wretch! art thou not possess'd of the utmost Ingratitude, thou who see'st thy self exalted from the very Dregs of the Earth, to Nobility and Honour, and yet dost repay so great a Benefit with Obloquies against the Person of thy Benefactress.

*Sancho* was not so mightily hurt, but he cou'd hear what his Master said well enough; wherefore getting upon his Legs in all haste, he ran for shelter

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shelter behind *Dorothea's* Palfry, and being got thither, Hark you, Sir, cry'd he to him, if you have no Thoughts of marrying this same Lady, 'tis a clear Case that the Kingdom will never be yours; and if it be not, what good can you be able to do me! Then let any one judge whether I have not cause to complain. Therefore, good your Worship, marry her once for all, now we have her here rain'd down, as it were, from Heaven to us, and you may after keep Company with my Lady *Dulcinea*; for I guess you'll not be the only King in the World, that has kept a Miss or two in a Corner. As for Beauty, d' you see, I'll not meddle nor make; for (if I must say the Truth) I like both the Gentlewomen well enough in Conscience; tho' now I think on't, I have never seen the Lady *Dulcinea*. How, not seen her, blasphemous Traitor, reply'd Don *Quixote*, when just now thou brought'st me a Message from her! I say, answer'd *Sancho*, I have not seen her so leisurely as to take notice of her Features and good Parts one by one; but yet, as I saw 'em at a Blush, and all at once, methought I had no reason to find fault with 'em. Well, I pardon thee now, quoth Don *Quixote*, and thou must excuse me for what I have done to thee; for the first Motions are not in our Power. I perceive that well enough, said *Sancho*, and that's the reason my first Motions are always in my Tongue; and I can't for my Life help speaking what comes uppermost. However, Friend *Sancho*, said Don *Quixote*, thou had'st best think before thou speakest; for the Pitcher never goes so oft to the Well—— I need say no more. Well, what must be must be, answer'd *Sancho*, there's somebody above who sees all, and will one Day judge which has most to answer for, whether I for speaking amiss, or you for doing



so. No more of this, *Sancho*, said *Dorothea*, but run, and kiss your Lord's Hands, and beg his Pardon; and for the Time to come, be more advis'd and cautious how you run into the Praise or Dispraise of any Person; but especially take care you do not speak ill of that Lady of *Toboso*, whom I do not know, tho' I am ready to do her any Service; and for your own Part, trust in Heaven; for you shall infallibly have a Lordship, which shall enable you to live like a Prince. *Sancho* shrug'd up his Shoulders, and in a sneaking Posture went and ask'd his Master for his Hand, which he held out to him with a grave Countenance; and after the Squire had kiss'd the back of it, the Knight gave him his Blessing, and told him he had a Word or two with him, bidding him come nearer, that he might have the better convenience of speaking to him. *Sancho* did as his Master commanded, and going a little from the Company with him; Since thy Return, said *Don Quixote*, addressing himself to him, I have neither had Time nor Opportunity to enquire into the Particulars of thy Embassy, and the Answer thou hast brought; and therefore since Fortune has now befriended us with Convenience and Leisure, deny me not the Satisfaction thou may'st give me by the Rehearsal of thy News. Ask what you will, cry'd *Sancho*, and you shall not want for an Answer; but good your Worship, for the Time to come, I beseech you don't be too hasty. What Occasion hast thou, *Sancho*, to make this Request, reply'd *Don Quixote*? Reason good enough truly, said *Sancho*; for the Blows you gave me e'en now, were rather given me on Account of the Quarrel which the Devil stir'd up between your Worship and me t'other Night, than for your Dislike of any Thing which was spoken against my Lady *Dulcinea*. Pr'ythee,  
*Sancho,*

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 45

*Sancho*, cry'd Don *Quixote*, be careful of falling again into such irreverent Expressions; for they provoke me to anger, and are highly offensive. I pardon'd thee then for being a Delinquent, but thou art sensible that a new Offence must be attended with a new Punishment. As they were going on in such Discourse as this, they saw, at a distance, a Person riding up to 'em on an Ass, who, as he came near enough to be distinguish'd, seem'd to be a Gipsy by his Habit. But *Sancho Pança*, who, whenever he got Sight of any Asses, follow'd them with his Eyes and his Heart, as one whose Thoughts were ever fix'd on his own, had scarce given him half an Eye, but he knew him to be *Gines de Passamonte*, and by the Looks of the Gipsy found out the Visage of his Ass; as really it was the very same which *Gines* had got under him; who, to conceal himself from the Knowledge of the Publick, and have the better Opportunity of making a good Market of his Beast, had cloth'd himself like a Gipsy; the Cant of that sort of People, as well as the Languages of other Countries, being as natural and familiar to them as their own. *Sancho* saw him and knew him; and scarce had he seen and taken notice of him, when he cried out as loud as his Tongue would permit him: Ah! thou Thief *Genesillo*, leave my Goods and Chattels behind thee; get off from the Back of my own dear Life: Thou hast nothing to do with my poor Beast, without whom I can't enjoy a Moment's Ease: Away from my Dapple, away from my Comfort; take to thy Heels thou Villain; hence thou Hedge-bird, leave what is none of thine. He had no Occasion to use so many Words; for *Gines* dismounted as soon as he heard him speak, and taking to his Heels, got from 'em, and was out of Sight in an Instant. *Sancho* ran imme-

diately to his Ass, and embrac'd him: How hast thou done, cry'd he, since I saw thee, my Darling and Treasure, my dear Dapple, the Delight of my Eyes, and my dearest Companion? And then he stroak'd and flabber'd him with Kisses, as if the Beast had been a rational Creature. The Ass, for his part, was as silent as could be, and gave *Sancho* the Liberty of as many Kisses as he pleas'd, without the Return of so much as one Word to the many Questions he had put to him. At sight of this the rest of the Company came up with him, and paid their Compliments of Congratulation to *Sancho* for the Recovery of his Ass, especially *Don Quixote*, who told him, that tho' he had found his Ass again, yet would not he revoke the Warrant he had giv'n him for the three Asses; for which Favour *Sancho* return'd him a Multitude of Thanks.

While they were travelling together, and discouraging after this Manner, the Curate address'd himself to *Dorothea*, and gave her to understand, that she had excellently discharg'd herself of what she had undertaken, as well in the Management of the History itself, as in her Brevity, and adapting her Stile to the particular Terms made use of in Books of Knight-Errantry. She return'd for answer, that she had frequently convers'd with such Romances, but that she was ignorant of the Situation of the Provinces, and the Sea-Ports, which occasion'd the Blunder she had made, by saying that she landed at *Offuna*. I perceiv'd it, reply'd the Curate, and therefore I put in what you heard, which brought Matters to rights again. But is it not an amazing Thing, to see how ready this unfortunate Gentleman is to give Credit to these fictitious Reports, only because they have the Air of the extravagant Stories in Books of Knight-Errantry? *Cardenio* said, that he thought this so  
strange

strange a Madness, that he did not believe the Wit of Man could devise any Thing like it, shou'd any one ever start the Thought of such another. The Gentleman, reply'd the Curate, has some Qualities in him, ev'n as surprizing in a Madman, as his unparallel'd Frenzy: For, take him but off from his romantick Humour, to discourse with him of any other Subject, you will find him to handle it with a great deal of Reason, and shew himself, by his Conversation, to have very clear and entertaining Conceptions: Infomuch, that if Knight-Errantry bears no relation to his Discourse, there is no Man but will esteem him for his Vivacity of Wit, and Strength of Judgment. While they were thus discoursing, Don *Quixote*, prosecuting his Converse with his Squire, *Sancho*, said he, let us lay aside all Manner of Animosity, and tell me as speedily as thou can'st, without any remains of thy last Displeasure, how, when, and where didst thou find my Lady *Dulcinea*? What was she doing when thou first pay'dst thy respects to her? How didst thou express thy self to her? What Answer was she pleas'd to make thee? What Countenance did she put on at the perusal of my Letter? Who transcrib'd it fairly for thee? and every Thing else which has any relation to this Affair, without Addition, Lies or Flattery. On the other side, take care thou losest not a Tittle of the whole Matter, by abbreviating it, lest thou rob me of part of that Delight which I propose to my self from it. Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, if I must speak the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, no body copy'd out the Letter for me; for I carry'd none at all. That's right, cry'd Don *Quixote*, for I found the Pocket-Book, in which it was written, two Days after thy Departure, which occasion'd exceeding Grief in me, because I knew not what



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thou could'st do, when thou found'st thy self without the Letter; and I could not but be induc'd to believe that thou would'st have return'd, in order to take it with thee. I had certainly done so, reply'd *Sancho*, were it not for this Head of mine, which kept it in Remembrance ever since your Worship read it to me, and help'd me to say it over to a Parish-Clerk, who writ it out for me Word for Word so purely, that he swore, tho' he had written out many a Letter of Excommunication in his Time, he never in all the Days of his Life had read or seen any Thing so well spoken as it was. And dost thou still retain the Memory of it, my dear *Sancho*, cry'd *Don Quixote*? Not I, quoth *Sancho*; for as soon as I had giv'n it her, and your Turn was serv'd, I was very willing to forget it. But if I remember any thing, 'tis what was on the Top; and it was thus; *High and Subterrene*, I would say, *Sovereign Lady*; and at the Bottom, *Yours until Death, the Knight of the woful Figure*; and I put between these two Things, three hundred *Souls and Lives and Pigsnyes*.

### C H A P. IV.

*The pleasant Dialogue between Don Quixote and his Squire continu'd, with other Adventures.*

ALL this is mighty well, said *Don Quixote*, proceed therefore: You arriv'd, and how was that Queen of Beauty then employ'd? On my Conscience thou found'st her stringing of Orient Pearls, or embroidering some curious Device in Gold for me her Captive Knight; was it not so, my *Sancho*? No faith, answer'd the Squire, I found

found her winnowing a Parcel of Wheat very seriously in the Back-yard. Then said the Don, you may rest assur'd, that every Corn of that Wheat was a Grain of Pearl, since she did it the Honour of touching it with her divine Hand. Didst thou observe the Quality of the Wheat, was it not of the finest Sort? Very indifferent, I thought, said the Squire. Well, this, at least, you must allow; it must make the finest whitest Bread, if sifted by her white Hands: But go on; when you deliver'd my Letter, did she kiss it? Did she treasure it in her Bosom, or what Ceremony did she use worthy such a Letter? How did she behave herself? Why truly, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, when I offer'd her the Letter, she was very busy handling her Sieve; and, pr'ythee honest Friend, said she, do so much as lay that Letter down upon the Sack there; I can't read it till I have winnow'd out what's in my Hands. O unparallel'd Discretion! cry'd Don *Quixote*, she knew that a Perusal requir'd Leisure, and therefore deferr'd it for her more pleasing and private Hours. But oh! my Squire; while she was thus employ'd, what Conferences pass'd? What did she ask about her Knight, and what did you reply? Say all, say all, my dearest *Sancho*, let not the smallest Circumstance scape thy Tongue; speak all that Thought can frame, or Pen describe. Her Questions were easily answer'd, Sir, said *Sancho*, for she ask'd me none at all: I told her indeed, in what a sad Pickle I had left you for her Sake, naked to the Waste; that you eat and slept like the brute Beasts; that you wou'd let a Razor as soon touch your Throat as your Beard; that you were still blabbering and crying, or swearing and cursing your Fortune. There you mistook, reply'd Don *Quixote*, I rather bless my Fortune, and always shall, while Life

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affords me Breath, since I am thought to merit the Esteem of so high a Lady as *Dulcinea del Toboso*. There you hit it, said *Sancho*, she is a high Lady indeed Sir, for she's taller than I am by a Foot and a half. Why, how now, *Sancho*, said the Knight, hast thou measured thy Length with her! Ay marry did I, Sir, said the Squire; for you must know that she desir'd me to lend her a hand in lifting a Sack of Wheat on an Ass; so we buckl'd about it, and I came so close to her, that I found she was taller than I by a full Span at least. Right, answer'd Don *Quixote*, but thou art also conscious that the uncommon Stature of her Person is adorn'd with innumerable Graces and Endowments of Soul! but *Sancho*, when you approach'd the charming She, did not an Aromatick Smell strike thy Sense, a Scent so odoriferous, pleasing and sweet, as I want a Name for it; sweet as — you understand me, as the richest Fragrancy diffus'd around a Perfumer's Magazine of Odours? this, at least, you must grant me. I did indeed feel a sort of Scent a little unfavoury, said *Sancho*, somewhat vigorous or so; for I suppose she had wrought hard, and sweat somewhat plentifully. 'Tis false, answer'd the Knight, thy smelling has been debauch'd by thy own Scent, or some Canker in thy Nose; if thou could'st tell the Scent of opening Roses, fragrant Lilies, or the choicest Amber, then thou might'st guess at her's. Cry Mercy, Sir, said *Sancho*, it may be so indeed, for I remember that I my self have smelt very oft just as Madam *Dulcinea* did then, and that she shou'd smell like me, is no such wondrous Thing neither, since there's never a Barrel the better Herring of us. But now, said the Knight, supposing the Corn winnow'd and dispatch'd to the Mill; what did she after she had read my Letter? Your Letter, Sir!

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*of the Renown'd Don Quixote.* 51

Sir! answer'd *Sancho*, your Letter was not read at all, Sir; as for her part, she said, she cou'd neither read nor write, and she would trust no Body else, lest they should tell Tales, and so she cunningly tore your Letter. She said, that what I told her by word of Mouth of your Love and Penance was enough: To make short now, she gave her Service to you, and said she had rather see you than hear from you; and she pray'd you, if ever you lov'd her, upon Sight of me, forthwith to leave your Madness among the Bushes here, and come straight to *Toboso* (if you be at leisure) for she has something to say to you, and has a huge Mind to see you: She had like to burst with laughing, when I call'd you the Knight of the *Woful Figure*. She told me the *Biscayan* whom you maul'd so was there, and that he was a very honest Fellow; but that she heard no News at all of the Gally-Slaves.

Thus far all goes well, said Don *Quixote*; but tell me pray, what Jewel did she present you at your Departure, as a Reward for the News you brought? For 'tis a Custom of ancient standing among Knights and Ladies-Errant, to bestow on Squires, Dwarfs, or Damsels, who bring them good News of their Ladies or Servants, some precious Jewel as a grateful Reward of their welcome Tidings. Ay, Sir, said *Sancho*, that was the Fashion in the Days of yore; and a very good Fashion I take it: But all the Jewels *Sancho* got, was a Luncheon of Bread and a Piece of Cheese, which she handed to me over the Wall, when I was taking my Leave, by the same Token (I hope there's no ill Luck in't) the Cheese was made of Sheep's Milk. 'Tis strange, said Don *Quixote*, for she is liberal, even to Profuseness; and if she presented thee not a Jewel, she certainly had none about



about her at that Time; but what is deferr'd is not lost, I shall see her, and Matters shall be accommodated. Know'st thou, *Sancho*, what raises my Astonishment? 'tis thy sudden Return; for proportioning thy short Absence to the length of thy Journey, *Toboso* being, at least, thirty Leagues distant, thou must have ridden on the Wind; certainly the sagacious Enchanter, who is my Guardian and Friend (for doubtless such a one there is and ought to be, or I shou'd not be a true Knight-Errant) certainly, I say, that wise Magician has further'd thee on thy Journey unawares; for there are Sages of such incredible Power, as to take up a Knight-Errant sleeping in his Bed, and waken him next Morning a thousand Leagues from the Place where he fell asleep. By this Power Knight-Errants succour one another in their most dangerous Exigents, when and where they please; for Instance, suppose me fighting in the Mountains of *Armenia* with some hellish Monster, some dreadful Spright, or fierce Gigantick Knight, where perhaps I am like to be worsted (such a Thing may happen) when just in the very Crisis of my Fate, when I least expect it, behold on the Top of a flying Cloud, or riding in a flaming Chariot, another Knight, my Friend, who but a Minute before was in *England* perhaps; he sustains me, delivers me from Death, and returns that Night to his own Lodging, where he sups with a very good Appetite after his Journey, having rid you two or three thousand Leagues that Day: And all this perform'd by the Industry and Wisdom of these knowing Magicians, whose only Business and Charge is glorious Knight-Errantry. Some such expeditious Power, I believe, *Sancho*, though hidden from you, has promoted so great a Dispatch in your late Journey. I believe, indeed,

(answer'd

(answer'd *Sancho*) that there was Witchcraft in the Case, for *Rozinante* went without a Spur all the Way, and was as mettlesom as though he had been a Gipsy's Ass with Quicksilver in his Ears. Quicksilver! You Coxcomb, said the Knight, ay, and a Troop of Devils besides; and they are the best Horse-courfers in Nature, you must know, for they must needs go whom the Devil drives; but no more of that. What is thy Advice as to my Lady's Commands to visit her? I know her Power should regulate my Will; but then my Honour, *Sancho*, my solemn Promise has engag'd me to the Princess's Service that comes with us, and the Law of Arms confines me to my Word: Love draws me one, and Glory t'other way; on this side *Dulcinea's* strict Commands, on the other my promis'd Faith; but——'tis resolv'd. I'll travel Night and Day, cut off this Giant's Head, and having settl'd the Princess in her Dominions, will presently return to see that Sun which enlightens my Senses: She will easily condescend to excuse my Absence, when I convince her 'twas for her Fame and Glory; since the past, present, and future Success of my victorious Arms depends wholly on the gracious Influences of her Favour, and the Honour of being her Knight. Oh sad, oh sad! said *Sancho*, I doubt your Worship's Head is much the worse for wearing: Are you mad, Sir, to take so long a Voyage for nothing? Why don't you catch at this Preferment that now offers, where a fine Kingdom is the Portion, twenty thousand Leagues round, they say; nay, bigger than *Portugal* and *Castile* both together——Good your Worship! hold your Tongue, I wonder you are not asham'd——take a Fool's Counsel for once, Marry her by the first Priest you meet, here's our own Curate can do the Job most curiously: Come

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Come Master, I have Hair enough in my Beard to make a Counsellor, and my Advice is as fit for you, as your Shoe for your Foot ; a Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush; and

*He that will not when he may,  
When he wou'd, he shall have nay.*

Thou advisest me thus, answer'd *Don Quixote*, that I may be able to promote thee according to my Promise; but that I can do without marrying this Lady: For I shall make this the Condition of entring into Battle: That after my Victory, without marrying the Princess, she shall leave part of her Kingdom at my Disposol, to gratify whom I please; and who can claim any such Gratuity but thy self? That's plain, answer'd *Sancho*, but pray Sir, take care that you reserve some part near the Sea-side for me; that if the Air does not agree with me, I may transport my black Slaves, make my Profit of them, and go live somewhere else; so that I would have you resolve upon it presently, leave the Lady *Dulcinea* for the present, and go kill this same Giant, and make an end of that Business first; for I dare swear 'twill yield you a good Market. I am fix'd in thy Opinion (said *Don Quixote*) but I admonish thee not to whisper to any Person the least hint of our Conference; for since *Dulcinea* is so cautious and secret, 'tis proper that I and mine should follow her Example. Why the Devil then, said *Sancho*, should you send every Body you overcome packing to Madam *Dulcinea*, to fall down before her, and tell her they came from you to pay their Obedience, when this tells all the World that she's your Mistress as much as if they had it under your own Hand? How dull of Apprehension and stupid thou art, said the Knight; hast.

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hast thou not Sense to find that all this redounds to her greater Glory? Know, that in Proceedings of Chivalry, a Lady's Honour is calculated from the Number of her Servants, whose Services must not tend to any Reward, but the Favour of her Acceptance, and the pure Honour of performing them for her Sake, and being call'd her Servants. I have heard our Curate, answer'd *Sancho*, preach up this Doctrine of loving for Love's Sake, and that we ought to love our Maker so for his own Sake, without either Hope of Good, or Fear of Pain; though for my part I would love and serve him for what I could get. Thou art an unaccountable Fellow, cry'd Don *Quixote*: thou talk'st sometimes with so much Sense, that one would imagine thee to be something of a Scholar. A Scholar, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, lack-a-day, I don't know, as I'm an honest Man, a Letter in the Book. Master *Nicholas* seeing them so deep in Discourse, call'd to them to stop and drink at a little Fountain by the Road: Don *Quixote* halted, and *Sancho* was very glad of the Interruption, his Stock of Lies being almost spent, and he stood in Danger besides of being trapp'd in his Words, for he had never seen *Dulcinea*, though he knew she liv'd at *Toboso*. *Cardenio* by this had chang'd his Clothes for those *Dorothea* wore, when they found her in the Mountains; and though they made but an ordinary Figure, they look'd much better than his own. They all stopp'd at the Fountain, and fell aboard the Curate's Provision, which was but a Snap among so many, for they were all very hungry. While they sat refreshing themselves, a young Lad travelling that way, observ'd them, and looking earnestly on the whole Company, ran suddenly and fell down before Don *Quixote*, addressing him in a very doleful Manner. Alas, good Sir, said he,



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he, don't you know me? don't you remember poor *Andrew* whom you caus'd to be unty'd from the Tree? With that the Knight knew him; and raising him up, turn'd to the Company, That you may all know, said he, of how great Importance, to the redressing of Injuries, punishing Vice, and the universal Benefit of Mankind, the Business of Knight-Errantry may be, you must understand, that riding through a Desert some Days ago, I heard certain lamentable Screeks and Out-cries: Prompted by the Misery of the Afflicted, and born away by the Zeal of my Profession. I follow'd the Voice, and found this Boy, whom you all see, bound to a great Oak; I'm glad he's present, because he can attest the Truth of my Relation. I found him as I told you, bound to an Oak, naked from the Waste upwards, and a bloody-minded Peasant scourging his Back unmercifully with the Reins of a Bridle. I presently demanded the Cause of his severe Chastisement? The rude Fellow answer'd, that he had Liberty to punish his own Servant, whom he thus us'd for some Faults that argu'd him more Knave than Fool. Good Sir, said the Boy, he can lay nothing to my Charge, but demanding my Wages. His Master made some Reply, which I would not allow as a just Excuse, and order'd him immediately to unbind the Youth, and took his Oath that he would take him home and pay him all his Wages upon the Nail, in good and lawful Coin. Is not this literally true, *Andrew*? Did you not mark besides, with what Face of Authority I commanded, and with how much Humility he promis'd to obey all I impos'd, commanded and desir'd? Answer me, Boy, and tell boldly all that pass'd to this worthy Company, that it may appear

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pear how necessary the Vocation of Knight-Errants is upon the Road.

All you have said is true enough, answer'd *Andrew*, but the Business did not end after that manner you and I hop'd it would. How? said the Knight, has not the Peasant paid you? Ay, he has paid me with a Vengeance, said the Boy, for no sooner was your Back turn'd, but he ty'd me again to the same Tree, and lash'd me so cursedly, that I look'd like St. *Bartholomew* flea'd alive; and at every Blow he had some Joke or another to laugh at you; and had he not laid me on as he did, I fancy I could not have help'd laughing my self. At last he left me in so pitiful Case, that I was forc'd to crawl to an Hospital, where I have lain ever since to get cur'd, so wofully the Tyrant had lash'd me. And now I may thank you for this, for had you rid on your Journey, and neither meddl'd nor made, seeing no Body sent for you, and 'twas none of your Business, my Master, perhaps, had been satisfy'd with giving me ten or twenty Lashes, and after that would have paid me what he ow'd me; but you was so huffy, and call'd him so many Names, that it made him mad, and so he vented all his Spite against you upon my poor Back, as soon as yours was turn'd, insomuch that I fear I shall never be my own Man again. The Miscarriage, answer'd the Knight, is only chargeable on my Departure before I saw my Orders executed; for I might, by Experience, have remembred, that the Word of a Peasant is regulated; not by Honour, but Profit. But you remember, *Andrew*, how I swore if he disobey'd, that I would return and seek him through the Universe, and find him, tho' hid in the Whale's Belly. Ay, Sir, answer'd *Andrew*, but that's no Cure for my sore Shoulders. You shall

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shall be redress'd, answer'd the Knight, starting fiercely, up, and commanding *Sancho* immediately to bridle *Rozinante*, who was baiting as fast as the rest of the Company. *Dorothea* ask'd what he intended to do? he answer'd, that he intended to find out the Villain and punish him severely for his Crimes, then force him to pay *Andrew* his Wages to the last \* *Maravedi*, in spite of all the Peasants in the Universe. She then desir'd him to remember his Engagement to her, which with-held him from any new Atchievement till that was finish'd; that he must therefore suspend his Resentments till his Return from her Kingdom. 'Tis but just and reasonable, said the Knight, and therefore *Andrew* must wait with Patience my Return; but when I do return, I do hereby ratify my former Oath and Promise, never to rest till he be fully satisfy'd and paid. I dare not trust to that, answer'd *Andrew*; but if you'll bestow on me as much Money as will bear my Charges to *Seville*, I shall thank your Worship more than for all the Revenge you tell me of: Give me a Snap to eat, and a Bit in my Pocket, and so Heaven be wi'ye and all other Knight-Errants, and may they prove as arrant Fools in their own Business as they have been in mine.

*Sancho* took a Crust of Bread and a Slice of Cheese; and reaching it to *Andrew*, there Friend, said he, there's something for thee; on my Word, we have all of us a Share of thy Mischance. What Share? said *Andrew*. Why the curs'd Mischance of parting with this Bread and Cheese to thee; for my Head to a Half-penny, I may live to want it; for thou must know, Friend of mine, that we,

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\* Near the Value of a Farthing.

the Squires of Knight-Errants, often pick our Teeth without a Dinner, and are subject to many other things, which are better felt than told. *Andrew* snatch'd at the Provender, and seeing no likelihood of any more, he made his Leg and went off. But looking over his Shoulder at *Don Quixote*, Hark ye, you Sir Knight Errant, cry'd he, if ever you meet me again in your Travels, which I hope you never shall? though I were torn in pieces, don't trouble me with your plaguy Help, but mind your own Business; and so fare you well, with a Curse upon you and all the Knight-Errants that ever were born. The Knight thought to chastise him, but the Lad was too nimble for any there, and his Heels carry'd him off; leaving *Don Quixote* highly incens'd at his Story, which mov'd the Company to hold their Laughter, lest they should raise his Anger to a dangerous Height.

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C H A P. V.

*What befel Don Quixote and his Company at the Inn.*

WHEN they had eaten plentifully, they left that Place, and travell'd all that Day and the next, without meeting any thing worth Notice, till they came to the Inn, which was so frightful a Sight to poor *Sancho*, that he wou'd willingly not have gone in, but could by no means avoid it. The Inn-keeper, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes*, met *Don Quixote* and his Squire with a very hearty Welcome: The Knight receiv'd them with a Face of Gravity and approbation, bidding them prepare him a better Banquet than their last Entertainment afforded him. Sir, said



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said the Hostess, pay us better than you did then, and you shall have a Bed for a Prince; and upon the Knight's Promise that he would, the provided him a tolerable Bed, in the large Room where he lay before: He presently undress'd, and being heartily craz'd in Body, as well as in Mind, he went to Bed. He was scarcely got to his Chamber when the Hostess flew suddenly at the Barber, and catching him by the Beard, on my Life, said she you shall use my Tail no longer for a Beard; pray Sir, give me my Tail, my Husband wants it to stick his Thing into, his Comb I mean, and my Tail I will have, Sir. The Barber held tug with her till the Curate advis'd him to return it, telling him that he might now undisguise himself, and tell Don *Quixote*, that after the Gally-Slaves had pillag'd him, he fled to that Inn; and if he shou'd ask for the Princess's Squire, he shou'd pretend that he was dispatch'd to her Kingdom before her to give her Subjects an Account of her Arrival and of the Power she brought to free them all from Slavery. The Barber thus school'd, gave the Hostess her Tail, with the other Trinkets which he had borrow'd to decoy Don *Quixote*, out of the Desert. *Dorothea's* Beauty, and *Cardenio's* handsome Shape surpriz'd every Body. The Curate bespoke Supper, and the Host being pretty secure of his Reckoning, soon got them a tolerable Entertainment. They would not disturb the Knight, who slept very soundly, for his Distemper wanted Rest more than Meat; but they diverted themselves with the Hostess's Account of his Encounter with the Carriers, and of *Sancho's* being toss'd in a Blanket. Don *Quixote's* unaccountable Madness was the principal Subject of their Discourse, upon which the Curate insisting, and arguing it to proceed from his reading Romances, the

*of the Renown'd Don Quixote.* 61

Inn-keeper took him up. Sir, said he, you can't make me of your Opinion; for in my Mind, it is the pleasantest Reading that ever was. I have now in the House two or three Books of that kind, and some other Pieces, that really have kept me, and many others, alive. In Harvest-time, a great many of the Reapers come to drink here in the heat of the Day, and he that can read best among us takes up one of these Books; and all the rest of us, sometimes Thirty or more, sit round about him, and listen with such Pleasure, that we think neither of Sorrow nor Care; as for my own Part, when I hear the mighty Blows and dreadful Battles of these Knight-Errants, I have half a mind to be one myself, and am rais'd to such a Life and Briskness, that I frighten away old Age; I could sit and hear them from Morning till Night. I wish you wou'd, Husband, said the Hostess, for then we should have some Rest; for at all other Times you are so out of Humour and so snapish, that we lead a hellish Life with you. That's true enough, said *Maritornes*; and for my part, I think there are mighty pretty Stories in those Books, especially that one about the young Lady who is hug'd so sweetly by her Knight under the Orange-tree, when the Damsel watches lest somebody comes, and stands with her Mouth watering all the while; and a thousand such Stories, which I would often forgo my Dinner and Supper to hear. And what think you of this Matter, young Miss said the Curate to the Inn-keeper's Daughter? Alack-day, Sir, said she, I don't understand those Things, and yet I love to hear 'em: but I don't like that frightful ugly fighting that so pleases my Father. Indeed the sad Lamentations of the poor Knights, for the Loss of their Mistresses, sometimes make me cry like any Thing. I suppose then,

then, young Gentlewoman, said *Dorothea*, you will be tender-hearted, and will never let a Lover die for you. I don't know what may happen, as to that, said the Girl; but this I know, that I will never give any Body reason to call me Tygres and Lions, and I don't know how many other ugly Names, as those Ladies are often call'd, and I think they deserve yet worse, so they do; for they can neither have Soul nor Conscience to let such fine Gentlemen die or run mad for a Sight of them? What signifies all their Fiddling and Coyneſs? If they are civil Women, why don't they marry 'em, for that's all their Knights would be at? Hold your prating, Miſtreſs, ſaid the Hoſteſs, How came you to know all this? 'Tis not for ſuch as you to talk of theſe Matters. The Gentleman only ask'd me a Queſtion, ſaid ſhe, and it would be uncivil not to answer him. Well, ſaid the Curate, do me the Favour, good Landlord, to bring out theſe Books that I may have a Sight of them.

With all my Heart, ſaid the Innkeeper; and with that ſtepping to his Chamber, he open'd a little Portmantle that ſhut with a Chain, and took out three large Volumes, with a parcel of Manuscripts in a fair legible Letter: The Title of the Firſt was *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*; the Second *Felixmarte of Hircania*; and the Third was the History of the great Captain *Gonçalo Hernandez de Corduba*, and the Life of *Diego Garcia de Paredes*, bound together. The Curate reading the Titles, turn'd to the Barber, and told him, they wanted now *Don Quixote's* Houſe-keeper and his Niece. I ſhall do as well with the Books, ſaid the Barber, for I can find the Way to the Back-yard, or the Chimney, there's a good Fire that will do their Buſineſs. Buſineſs! ſaid the Inn-keeper, I hope you

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you wou'd not burn my Books. Only two of them, said the Curate, this same Don *Girongilio* and his Friend *Felixmarte*. I hope, Sir, said the Host, they are neither Hereticks nor Flegmaticks. Schismaticks you mean, said the Barber; I mean so, said the Inn-keeper; and if you must burn any, let it be this of *Gonzalo Hernandez* and *Diego Garcia*, for you should sooner burn one of my Children than the others. These Books, honest Friend, said the Curate, that you appear so concern'd for, are senseless Rhapsodies of Falshoods and Folly; and this which you so despise is a true Hittory, and contains a true Account of two celebrated Men; the first by his Bravery and Courage purchas'd immortal Fame, and the Name of the great General, by the universal Consent of Mankind. The other, *Diego Garcio de Paredes*, was of Noble Extraction, and born in *Truxillo* a Town of *Estremadura*, and was a Man of singular Courage, and such mighty Strength, that with one of his Hands he could stop a Mill-wheel in its most rapid Motion; and with his single Force defended the Passage of a Bridge against a great Army. Several other great Actions are related in the Memoirs of his Life, but all with so much Modesty and unbiafs'd Truth, that they easily pronounce him his own Histriographer; and had they been written by any one else, with Freedom and Impartiality, they might have eclips'd your *Hectors*, *Achilles's*, and *Orlando's*, with all their Heroick Exploits. That's a fine Jest, saith, said the Inn-keeper, my Father could have told you another Tale, Sir. Holding a Mill-wheel? why, is that such a mighty Matter! Odds fish, do but turn over a Leaf of *Felixmarte* there; you'll find how with one single Back-stroke he cut five swinging Giants off by the Middle, like so many Bean-stalks; and



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and read how at another Time he charg'd a most mighty and powerful Army of above a Million and Six hundred thousand fighting Men, all Arm'd Cap-a-pee, and routed them all like so many Sheep. And what can you say of the Worthy *Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, who, as you may read there, going by Water one Day, was assaulted by a fiery Serpent in the Middle of the River; he presently leap'd nimbly upon her Back, and hanging by her Scaly Neck grasp'd her Throat fast with both his Arms, so that the Serpent finding herself almost strangl'd, was forc'd to dive into the Water to save herself, and carry'd the Knight, who would not quit his Hold, to the very Bottom, where he found a stately Palace, and such pleasant Gardens, that 'twas a Wonder; and straight the Serpent turn'd into a very old Man, and told him such Things as were never heard nor spoken. — Now a Fig for your great Captain, and your *Diego Garcia*. *Dorothea* hearing this, said softly to *Cardenio*, that the Host was capable of making a Second Part to *Don Quixote*. I think so too, cry'd *Cardenio*, for 'tis plain he believes every Tittle contain'd in those Books, nor can all the *Carthusian* Friars in the World perswade him otherwise. I tell thee, Friend (said the Curate) there were never any such Persons, as your Books of Chivalry mention, upon the Face of the Earth; your *Felixmarte* of *Hircania*, and your *Cirongilio* of *Thrace*, are all but Chimeras and Fictions of idle and luxuriant Wits, who wrote them for the same Reason that you read them, because they had nothing else to do. Sir, (said the Inn-keeper) you must Angle witha nother Bait, or you'll catch no Fish, I know what's what, as well as another; I can tell where my own Shoe pinches me; and you must not think, Sir, to catch old Birds with Chaff; 'tis  
a pleasant

a pleasant Jest, faith, that you should pretend to persuade me now that these notable Books are Lies and Stories; why Sir, are they not in Print? Are they not publish'd according to Order? Licens'd by Authority from the Privy-Council? And do you think that they would permit so many Lies to be printed at once, and such a number of Battles and Enchantments to set us all a madding? I have told you already (Friend) reply'd the Curate, that this is Licens'd for our Amusement in our idle Hours; for the same Reason that Tennis, Billiards, Chess, and other Recreations are tolerated, that Men may find a Pastime for those Hours they cannot find Employment for. Neither could the Government foresee this Inconvenience from such Books, that you urge, because they could not reasonably suppose any rational Person would believe their Absurdities. And were this a proper time, I could say a great deal in favour of such Writings, and how, with some Regulations, they might be made both instructive and diverting; but I design, upon the first Opportunity, to communicate my Thoughts on this Head to some that may redress it: In the mean time, honest Landlord, you may put up your Books, and believe them true if you please, and much good may do you. And I wish you may never halt of the same Foot as your Guest Don *Quixote*. There's no fear of that, said the Inn keeper, for I never design to turn Knight-Errant, because I find the Customs that supported that Noble Order are quite out of Doors.

About the middle of their Discourse enter'd *Sancho*, who was very uneasy at hearing that Knights-Errant were out of Fashion, and Books of Chivalry full of nothing but Folly and Fiction; he resolv'd, however, (in spite of all their Con-

tempt of Chivalry) still to stick by his Master; and if his intended Expedition fail'd of Success, then to return to his Family and Plough. As the Inn-keeper was carrying away the Books, the Curate desir'd his leave to look over those Manuscripts which appear'd in so fair a Character; he reach'd them to him, to the number of eight Sheets, on one of which there was written in a large Hand, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent*. The Title, said the Curate, promises something, perhaps it may be worth reading through; your Reverence, said the Inn-keeper, may be worse employ'd; for those Papers have receiv'd the Approbation of several ingenious Guests of mine that read them, and who would have begg'd them of me; but I would by no means part with them, till I deliver them to the Owner of this Port-mantle, who forgot it here with these Books and Papers; I may, perhaps, see him again, and restore them honestly; for I am as much a Christian as my Neighbours, though I am an Inn-keeper. But I hope (said the Curate) if it pleases me you won't deny a Copy of it. Nay, as to that Matter, said the Host, we shan't fall out. *Cardenio* having by this perus'd it a little, recommended it to the Curate, and intreated him to read it for the Entertainment of the Company. The Curate wou'd have excus'd himself, by urging the unseasonable time of Night, and that Sleep was then more proper, especially for the Lady; a pleasant Story, said *Dorothea*, will prove the best Repose for some Hours to me; for my Spirits are not compos'd enough to allow me to rest, though I want it. Mr. *Nicholas* and *Sancho* join'd in the Request. To please ye then, and satisfy my own Curiosity, said the Curate, I'll begin, if you'll but give your Attention.

CHAP. VI.

*The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.*

**A**nselmo, and Lothario, considerable Gentlemen of Florence, the capital City of Tuscany, in Italy, were so eminent for their Friendship, that they were call'd nothing but the *Two Friends*. They were both Young and Unmarry'd, of the same Age and Humour, which did not a little concur to the continuance of their mutual Affection, though, of the two, *Anselmo* was the most amorously inclin'd, and *Lothario* the greater Lover of Hunting; yet they lov'd one another above all other Considerations; and mutually quitted their own Pleasure for their Friend's; and their very Wills, like the different Motions of a well regulated Watch, were always subservient to their Unity, and still kept time with one another. *Anselmo*, at last, fell desperately in love with a beautiful Lady of the same City; so eminent for her Fortune and Family, that he resolv'd, by the Consent of his Friend (for he did nothing without his Advice) to demand her in Marriage. *Lothario* was the Person employ'd in this Affair, which he manag'd with that Address, that in few Days he put his Friend into Possession of *Camilla*, for that was the Lady's Name; and this so much to their Satisfaction, that he receiv'd a thousand Acknowledgments from both, for the equal Happiness they deriv'd from his Endeavours. *Lothario*, as long as the Nuptials lasted, was every Day at *Anselmo's*, and did all he could to add to the Sports and Diversions of the Occasion. But as soon as the new-marry'd Pair had receiv'd the Congratulation of their Friends, and



the Nuptial Ceremonies were over; *Lothario* retir'd, with the rest of their Acquaintance, and forbore his Visits, because he prudently imagin'd, that it was not at all proper to be so frequent at his Friend's House after Marriage as before; for tho' true Friendship entirely banishes all Suspicion and Jealousy, yet the Honour of a marry'd Man is of so nice and tender a Nature, that it has been sometimes fully'd by the Conversation of the nearest Relations, and therefore more liable to suffer from that of a Friend. *Anselmo* observ'd this Remissness of *Lothario*; and, fond as he was of his Wife, shew'd by his tender Complaints how much it affected him. He told him, that if he could have believ'd he must have lost so dear a Correspondence by Marriage; as much as he lov'd, he would never have paid so great a Price for the Satisfaction of his Passion; and that he would never, for the idle Reputation of a cautious Husband, suffer so tender and agreeable a Name to be lost, as that of *The Two Friends*, which before his Marriage they had so happily obtain'd; and therefore he begg'd him, if that were a Term lawful to be us'd betwixt them two, to return to his former Familiarity and Freedom of Conversation; assuring him, that his Wife's Will and Pleasure were entirely form'd by his; and that being acquainted with their antient and strict Friendship, she was equally surpriz'd at so unexpected a Change. *Lothario* reply'd to these endearing Persuasions of his Friend, with such Prudence and Discretion, that he convinc'd him of the Sincerity of his Intentions in what he had done; and so in conclusion they agreed that *Lothario* should dine twice a Week at his House, besides Holy-days. Yet *Lothario's* Compliance with this Resolution being only not to disoblige his Friend, he design'd to observe it no farther than

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he should find it consistent with *Anselmo's* Honour, whose Reputation was as dear to him as his own; and he us'd to tell him, that the Husband of a beautiful Wife ought to be as cautious of the Friends whom he carry'd home to her himself, as other female Acquaintance and Visitants. For a Friend's or Relation's House often renders the Contrivance of those things easy, and not suspected, which could not be compass'd either in the Church, the Markets, or at publick Entertainments and Places of Resort, which no Man can entirely keep a Woman from frequenting. To this *Anselmo* reply'd, that for that very Reason, every marry'd Man ought to have some Friend to put him in mind of the defects of his Conduct, for a Husband's Fondness many times makes him either not see, or at least, for fear of displeasing his Wife, not command or forbid her what may be advantageous or prejudicial to his Reputation. In all which, a Friend's Warning and Advice might supply him with a proper Remedy. But where shall we find a Friend so qualify'd with Wisdom and Truth as *Anselmo* demands? I must confess I cannot tell, unless it were *Lothario*, whose Care of his Friend's Honour made him so cautious as not to comply with his promis'd visiting Days, lest the malicious Observers should give a scandalous Censure of the frequent Admission of so well qualify'd a Gentleman, both for his Wit, Fortune, Youth and Address, to the House of a Lady of so celebrated a Beauty as *Camilla*. For though his Virtue was sufficiently known, to check the Growth of any malignant Report, yet he would not suffer his Friend's Honour, nor his own, to run the Hazard of being call'd in question; which made him spend the greatest part of those Days, he had by Promise devoted to his Friend's Con-

versation, in other Places and Employments; yet excusing his Absence so agreeably, that *Anselmo* could not deny the Reasonableness of what he alledg'd. And thus the time pass'd away in pathetic Accusations of want of Love and Friendship on one side, and plausible Excuses on the other.

I know very well, said *Anselmo*, walking one Day in the Fields with his Friend, that of all the Favours and Benefits for which Heaven commands my Gratitude, as the Advantage of my Birth, Fortune and Nature; the greatest and most obliging is the Gift of such a Wife, and such a Friend; being both of you Pledges of so great Value, that tho' 'tis impossible for me to raise my Esteem and Love equal to your Deserts, yet is no Man capable of having a greater. And yet while I am in Possession of all that can or usually does make a Man happy, I live the most discontented Life in the World. I am not able to tell you when my Misery began, which now inwardly torments me with so strange, extravagant, and singular a Desire, that I never reflect on it, but I wonder at my self, and condemn and curb my Folly, and would fain hide my Desires even from my self: And yet I have receiv'd no more Advantage from this private Confusion, than if I had publish'd my Extravagance to all the World. Since therefore 'tis evident that it will at last break out, dear *Lothario*, I would have it go no farther than thy known Fidelity and Secrecy; for that and my own Industry (which as my Friend thou wilt turn to my Assistance) will quickly, I hope, free me from the Anguish it now gives me, and restore me that Tranquility of which my own Folly has now depriv'd me.

*Lothario*

Lothario stood in great suspense, unable to guess at the Consequence of so strange and prolix an Introduction. In vain he rack'd his Imagination for the Causes of his Friend's Affliction, the Truth was the last thing he could think of; but no longer to remain in doubt, he told *Anselmo*, that he did his Friendship a particular injury, in not coming directly to the Point in the discovery of his Thoughts to him, since his Counsels might enable him to support, and perhaps, to lose or compass such importunate Desires.

'Tis very true, reply'd *Anselmo*, and with that Assurance I must inform you, that the Desire that gives me so much Pain, is to know whether *Camilla* be really as Virtuous as I think her. Nor can this be made evident but by such a Trial; that, like Gold by the Fire, the Standard and Degree of her Worth be discover'd. For, in my Opinion, no Woman has more Virtue than she retains, after the force of the most earnest Solicitations. *Castæ est quam nemo rogavit*: And she only may be said to be chaste, who has withstood the Force of Tears, Vows, Promises, Gifts, and all the Importunities of a Lover that is not easily deny'd: For where's the Praise of a Woman's Virtue whom no Body has ever endeavour'd to corrupt? Where is the Wonder if a Wife be reserv'd, when she has no Temptation nor Opportunity of being otherwise, especially if she have a jealous Husband, with whom the least Suspicion goes for a Reality, and who therefore punishes the least Appearance with Death. Now I can never so much esteem her who owes her Virtue merely to Fear or want of Opportunity of being False, as I would one who victoriously surmounts all the Assaults of a vigorous and watchful Lover, and yet retains her Virtue intire and unshaken. These, and many



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other Reasons, which I could urge to strengthen my Opinion, make me desire that my *Camilla's* Virtue may pass through the fiery Trial of vigorous Solicitations and Addreses, and these offer'd by a Gallant, who may have Merit enough to deserve her good Opinion; and if, as I am confident she will, she be able to resist so agreeable a Temptation, I shall think my self the most happy Man in the World, and attain to the height and utmost Aim of my Desires; and shall say, that a *Virtuous Woman is fallen to my Lot*, of whom the Wise Man says, *Who can find her?* If she yields, I shall, at least, have the Satisfaction of finding my Opinion of Women justifi'd; and not be impos'd on by a foolish Confidence, that abuses most Men; which Consideration will be sufficient to make me support the Grief I shall derive from so expensive an Experiment. And assuring my self, that nothing which you can say can dissuade me from my Resolution, I desire that you your self, my dear Friend, would be the Person to put my Design in Execution. I will furnish you with Opportunities enough of making your Addreses, in which I would have you omit nothing you may suppose likely to prevail, and mollify a Woman of Quality, without Passion, and reserv'd, and discreet by Nature. The most prevailing Reason that makes me choose you for this Affair above all others, is, because if she should prove so frail, as to be overcome by Addreses and Importunities, the Victory will not cost me so dear, since I am secur'd from your taking that Advantage, of which another might make no Scruple. And so my Honour will remain untouch'd, and the intended Injury a Secret, in the Virtue of thy Silence; for I know my Friend so well, that Death and the Grave will as soon divulge my Affairs.

fairs. Wherefore if you would give me Life indeed, and deliver me from the most perplexing Torment of Doubt, you will immediately begin this Amorous Assault, with all that Vigour, Assiduity, and Courage, I expect from that Confidence I put in your Friendship.

*Lothario* gave so great an Attention to *Anselmo's* Reasons, that he gave him no other Interruption, than what we mention'd. But, now finding his Discourse was at an end, full of Amazement at the Extravagance of the Proposal, he thus reply'd, Could I, my dear *Anselmo*, persuade my self that what you have said were any more than a piece of Rallery, I should not have been so long silent; no, I should have interrupted you at the beginning of your Speech. Sure you know neither your self nor me, *Anselmo*, or you would never have employ'd me on such an Affair, if you had not thought me as much alter'd from what I was, as you seem to be; for as the Poet has it, *usque ad aras*; *A true Friend ought to desire nothing of his Friend that is offensive to Heaven*. But should a Man so far exert his Friendship, as to deviate a little from the Severity of Religion, in compliance to his Friend, notwithstanding Motive can excuse the Transgression, and only his Honour and Life can make any tolerable Apology. Which therefore of these, *Anselmo*, is in danger, to warrant my undertaking so detestable a thing as you desire? Neither, I dare engage: On the contrary, you would make me the Assaulter of both, in which my own is included; for to rob you of your Reputation, is to take away your Life, since an infamous Life is worse than Death; and by making me the guilty Instrument of this, as you would have me, you make me worse than a dead Man, by the Murder of my Reputation. Therefore I desire you would hear with Patience

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what I have to urge against your extravagant Desire, and I shall afterwards hear your Reply, without Interruption. *Anselmo* having promis'd his Attention, *Lothario* proceeded in this manner. In my Opinion, you are not unlike the *Moors*, who are incapable of being convinc'd of the Error of their Religion, by Scripture, speculative Reasons, or those drawn immediately from the Articles of our Faith; and will yield to nothing but Demonstrations, as evident as those of the Mathematicks, and which can as little be deny'd, as when we say, *If from two equal Parts, we take away two equal Parts, the Parts that remain are also equal.* And when they do not understand this Proposition, which they seldom do, we are oblig'd by our Hands, to make it yet more plain and obvious to their Senses; and yet all this Labour will at last prove ineffectual to the convincing them of the Verities of our Religion. The same must be my Method with you, since your strange Desire is so very foreign to all manner of Reason, that I very much fear I shall spend my Time and Labour in vain, in endeavouring to convince you of your own Folly, for I can afford it no other Name. Nay, did I not love you as I do, I should leave you to the Prosecution of your own odd Humour, which certainly tends to your Ruin. But to lay your Folly a little more open, you bid me, *Anselmo*, attempt a Woman of Honour, cautious of her Reputation, and one who is not much inclin'd to Love; for all these good Qualifications you allow her. If therefore you already know your Wife is possess'd of all these Advantages of Prudence, Discretion, Honour, and Reservedness, what have you more to enquire after? And if you believe, as I my self do, that she will be impregnable to all my Assaults; what greater  
and

and better Names will you give her, than she already deserves? Either you pretend to think better of her, than really you do, or else you desire you know not what your self. But then if you do not believe her as virtuous as you pretend, why would you put it to the Trial, why do you not rather use her as you think she deserves? On the other Hand, if she be as good as you profess you believe her, why would you go to tempt Truth and Goodness it self, without any reasonable prospect of Advantage? For when the Trial is over, she will be but the same virtuous Woman she was before. Wherefore 'tis allow'd that it is the effect of Temerity, and want of Reason, to attempt what is likely to produce nothing but Danger and Detriment to the Undertaker, especially, when there is no necessity for it, and when we may easily foresee the Folly of the Undertaking. There are but these Motives to incite us to difficult Attempts, Religion, Interest, or both together. The first makes the Saints endeavour to lead Angelick Lives in these frail Bodies. The Second makes us expose our selves to the Hazards of long Voyages and Travels in pursuit of Riches. The Third Motive is compounded of both, and prompts us to act as well for the Honour of God, as for our own particular Glory and Interests; as for Example, the daring Adventures of the valiant Soldier, who, urg'd by his Duty to God, his Prince, and his Country, fiercely runs into the midst of a dreadful Breach, unterrify'd with any Considerations of the Danger that threatens him. These are things done every Day, and let them be never so dangerous, they give Honour, Glory, and Profit, to those that attempt them. But by the Project you design to reduce to an Experiment, you will never obtain either the Glory  
of.



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of Heaven, Profit or Reputation: For should the Experiment answer your Expectation, it will make no Addition, either to your Content, Honour, or Riches; but if it disappoint your Hopes, it makes you the most miserable Man alive. And the imaginary Advantage of no Man's knowing your Disgrace will soon vanish, when you consider, that to know it your self, will be enough to supply you perpetually with all the tormenting Thoughts in the World. A Proof of this is what the famous Poet *Ludovico Tansilo*, at the end of his first Part of \* *St. Peter's Tears*, says, in these Words:

*Shame, Grief, Remorse in Peter's Breast increase,  
Soon as the blaspheming Morn his Crime betrays.  
When most unseen, then most himself he sees,  
And with due Horror all his Soul surveys.*

*For a great Spirit needs no cens'ring Eyes  
To wound his Soul, when conscious of a Fault;  
But self-condemn'd, and e'en self-punish'd lies,  
And dreads no Witness like upbraiding Thought.*

So that your boasted Secrecy, far from alleviating your Grief, will only serve to increase it; and if your Eyes do not express it by outward Tears, they will flow from your very Heart in Blood. So wept that simple Doctor, who, as our Poet tells us, made that Experiment on the brittle Vessel, which the more prudent *Reynoldos* excus'd himself from doing. This, indeed, is but a Poetical Fiction, but yet the Moral which it enforces

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\* This Poem, written Originally in Italian, is translated into Spanish by Juan Sedeno, and into French by Malherbe.

is worthy being observ'd and imitated. And accordingly I hope you will discover the strange Mistake into which you would run, principally when you have heard what I have farther to say to you.

Suppose, *Anselmo*, you had a Diamond, as valuable, in the Judgment of the best Jewellers, as such a Stone could be, would you not be satisfy'd with their Opinion, without trying its Hardness on the Anvil? you must own, that should it be proof against your Blows, it would not be one jot the more valuable, than really it was before your foolish Trial; but should it happen to break, as well it might, the Jewel were then entirely lost, as well as the Sense and Reputation of the Owner. This precious *Diamond*, my Friend, is your *Camilla*, for so she ought to be esteem'd in all Mens Opinions as well as your own; why then would you imprudently put her in danger of falling, since your Trial will add no greater Value to her than she has already? But if she should prove frail, reflect with your self on the Unhappiness of your Condition, and how justly you might complain of your being the Cause of both her Ruin and your own. Consider, that as a modest and honest Woman is the most valuable Jewel in the World, so all Womens Virtue and Honour consist in the Opinion and Reputation they maintain with other People. And since that of your Wife is perfect, both in your own and all other Mens Opinion, why will you go, to no purpose, to call the reality of it in question? You must remember, my Friend, that the Nature of Women is, at best, but weak and imperfect; and for that Reason we should be so far from casting Rubs in its way, that we ought, with all imaginable Care, to remove every

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every Appearance that might hinder its Course to that Perfection it wants, which is *Virtue*.

If you believe the Naturalists, the *Ermine* is a very white little Creature; when the Hunters have found its Haunts, they surround it almost with Dirt and Mire, towards which the *Ermine* being forc'd to fly, rather than sully its native White with Dirt, it suffers it self to be taken, preferring its Colour to its Liberty and Life. The Virtuous Woman is our *Ermine*, whose Chastity is whiter than Snow; but to preserve its Colour unsully'd, you must observe just a contrary Method: The Addresses and Services of an importunate Lover, are the Mire into which you should never drive a Woman; for 'tis ten to one she will not be able to free her self and avoid it, being but too apt to stumble into it; and therefore that should be always remov'd, and only the Candour and Beauty of Virtue, and the Charms of a good Fame and Reputation plac'd before her. A good Woman is also not unlike a Mirrour of Crystal, which will infallibly be dim'd and stain'd by breathing too much upon it: She must rather be us'd like the Reliques of Saints, ador'd but not touch'd; or like a Garden of curious tender Flowers, that may at a distance gratify the Eye, but are not permitted by the Master to be trampled on or touch'd by every Beholder. I shall add but a few Verses out of a late new Play, very fit for our present Purpose, where a prudent old Man advis'd his Neighbour, that had a Daughter, to lock her up close; and gives these Reasons for it, besides several others;

*Since nothing is frailer than Woman and Glass,  
He that wou'd expose 'em to fall is an Ass;  
And sure the rash Mortal is yet more unwise,  
Who on Bodies so ticklish Experiments tries.*

*With*

*of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 79*

*With Ease both are damag'd; then keep that with  
Care*

*Which no Art can restore, nor no Soder repair.  
Fond Man take my Counsel, watch what is so frail;  
For, where Danae's lie, Golden Show'rs will pre-  
vail.*

All I have hitherto urg'd relates only to you, I may now at last be allow'd to consider what regards my self; and if I am tedious I hope you will pardon me; for to draw you out of the Labyrinth into which you have run your self, I am forc'd on that Prolixity: You call me Friend, yet which is absolutely inconsistent with Friendship, you would rob me of my Honour; Nay, you stop not here, but would oblige me to destroy yours. First, That you would rob me of mine is evident; for what will *Camilla* think when I make a Declaration of Love to her, but that I am a perfidious Villain, that make no Scruple of violating the most sacred Laws of Friendship, and who sacrifice the Honour and Reputation of my Friend to a Criminal Passion: Secondly, That I destroy yours is as evident; for when she sees me take such a Liberty with her, she will imagine that I have discovered some Weakness in her, that has given me assurance to make her so guilty a Discovery, by which she esteeming her self injur'd in her Honour, you being the principal Part of her, must of necessity be affected with the Affronts she receives. For this is the Reason why the Husband, though never so deserving, cautious and careful, suffers the Infamy of a scandalous Name if his Wife goes astray; whereas in reason he ought rather to be an Object of Compassion than Contempt, seeing the Misfortune proceeds from the Vice and Folly of the Wife, not his own Defects. But since the Reason and  
Justice.



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Justice of the Man's Suffering for his Wife's Transgression may be serviceable to you, I'll give you the best Account of it I can; and pray do not think me tedious, since this is meant for your Good. When Woman was given to Man, and Marriage first ordain'd in Paradise, Man and Wife were made and pronounc'd *one Flesh*; the Husband therefore being of a piece with the Wife, whatever affects her affects him, as a part of her; tho', as I have said, he has been no Occasion of it: For as the whole Body is affected by the Pain of any Part, as the Head will share the Pain of the Foot, tho' it never caus'd that Pain, so is the Husband touch'd with his Wife's Infamy, because she is part of him. And since all worldly Honours and Dishonours are deriv'd from Flesh and Blood, and the scandalous Baseness of an unfaithful Wife proceeds from the same Principle, it necessarily follows, that the Husband, tho' no Party in the Offence, and intirely ignorant, and innocent of it, must have his Share of the Infamy. Let what I have said, my dear *Anselmo*, make you sensible of the Danger into which you would run, by endeavouring thus to disturb the happy Tranquillity and Repose that your Wife at present enjoys; and for how vain a Curiosity, and extravagant a Caprice, you would rouse and awake those peccant Humours which are now lull'd asleep by the Power of an unattempted Chastity. Reflect farther, how small a Return you can expect from so hazardous a Voyage, and such valuable Commodities as you venture; for the Treasure you will lose is so great, and ought to be so dear, that all Words are too inexpressive to shew how much you ought to esteem it. But if all I have said be too weak to destroy your foolish Resolve, employ some other instrument of your Disgrace and Ruin; for, tho'

I should lose your Friendship, a Loss which I must esteem the greatest in the World, I will have no hand in an Affair so prejudicial to your Honour.

*Lothario* said no more, and *Anselmo* discovering a desponding Melancholy in his Face, remain'd a great while silent and confounded. At last, I have, said he, my Friend, listen'd to your Discourse, as you might observe, with all the Attention in Nature, and every part of what you have said convinces me of the Greatness of your Wisdom and Friendship; and I must own, that if I suffer my Desires to prevail over your Reasons, I shan the Good and pursue the Evil. But yet, my Friend, you ought, on the other side, to reflect, that my Distemper is not much unlike that of those Women, who sometimes long for Coals, Lime, nay, some things that are loathsome to the very sight; and therefore some little Arts should be us'd to endeavour my Cure, which might easily be affected, if you would but consent to solicit *Camilla*, though it were but weakly and remissly; for I am sure she will not be so frail to surrender at the first Assault, which yet will be sufficient to give me the Satisfaction I desire; And in this you will fulfil the Duty of our Friendship, in restoring me to Life, and securing my Honour, by your powerful and perswasive Reasons. And you are indeed bound as my Friend to do thus much to secure me from betraying my Defects, and Follies to a Stranger, which would certainly shock their Reputation, which you have taken so much Pains to preserve; since I am so bent on this Experiment, that if you refuse me, I shall certainly apply myself elsewhere: And though a while your Reputation may suffer in *Camilla's* Opinion, yet when she has once prov'd triumphant, you may cure that Wound

Wound, and recover her good Opinion, by a sincere Discovery of your Design. Wherefore I conjure you to comply with my Importunity, in spite of all the Obstacles that may present themselves to you, since what I desire is so little, and the Pleasure I shall derive from it so great: For as I have promis'd, your very first Attempt shall satisfy me as much as if you had gone through the whole Experiment.

*Lothario* plainly saw that *Anselmo's* Resolution was too much fix'd for any thing he could say to alter it, and finding that he threaten'd to betray his Folly to a Stranger, if he persisted in a Refusal, to avoid greater Inconveniencies, he resolv'd to seem to comply with his Desires, privately designing to satisfy *Anselmo's* Caprice, without giving *Camilla* any Trouble; and therefore he desir'd him to break the Matter to no Body else, since he would himself undertake it, and begin as soon as he pleas'd. *Anselmo* embrac'd him with all the Love and Tenderness imaginable, and was as prodigal of his Thanks, as if the very Promise had been the greatest Obligation that could be laid on him. They immediately agreed on the next Day for the Trial, at which time *Anselmo* should give him the Opportunity of being alone with her, and Gold and Jewels to present her with. He advis'd him to omit no Point of Gallantry, as Serenades and Songs, and Verses in her Praise; offering to make 'em himself, if *Lothario* would not be at the trouble. But *Lothario* promis'd him to do all himself, tho' his Design was far different from *Anselmo's*.

Matters being thus adjusted, they return'd to *Anselmo's* House, where they found the Beautiful *Camilla* sad with Concern for the Absence of her Husband beyond his usual Hour. *Lothario* left him there

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there, and retir'd home, as pensive how to come off handsomely in this ridiculous Affair, as he had left *Anselmo* pleas'd and contented with his undertaking it. But that Night, he contrived a way of imposing on *Anselmo* to his Satisfaction, without offending *Camilla*. So next Day he goes to *Anselmo's*, and was receiv'd by *Camilla* with a Civility and Respect answerable to the uncommon Friendship she knew was between him and her Husband. Dinner being over, *Anselmo* desir'd his Friend to keep his Lady company till his return from an extraordinary Affair, that would require his Absence about an Hour and half. *Camilla* desir'd him not to go; *Lothario* offer'd to go with him; but he pleaded peculiar Business, intreated his Friend to stay, and injoin'd his Wife not to leave him alone till his return; and so he left them together, without any one to observe their Actions, all the Servants being retir'd to Dinner.

Thus *Lothario* found himself enter'd the Lists, his Adversary before him, terribly arm'd with a thousand piercing Beauties, sufficient to overcome all the Men she should encounter, which gave him cause enough to fear his own Fate. The first thing he did in this first Onset, was to lean his Head carelessly on his Hand, and beg her leave to take a Nap in his Chair, till his Friend came back: *Camilla* told him she thought he might rest with more ease on the Couch in the next Room; he declared himself satisfy'd with the Place where he was, and so slept till his Friend came back. *Anselmo* finding his Wife in her Chamber, and *Lothario* asleep at his return, concluded that he had given them time enough both for Discourse, and Repose; and therefore waited with a great deal of Impatience for his Friend's awaking, that they might retire, and he might acquaint him with  
his



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his Success. *Lothario* at last awak'd, and going out with his Friend, he answer'd his Enquiry to this purpose, That he did not think it convenient to proceed farther, at that Time, than some general Praise of her Wit and Beauty, which would best prepare his Way for what he might do hereafter, and dispose her to give a more easy and willing Ear to what he should say to her: As the Devil, by laying a pleasing and apparent Good at first before us, insinuates himself into our Inclinations, so that he generally gains his Point before we discover the Cloven-Foot, if his Disguise pass on us in the beginning. *Anselmo* was extremely satisfy'd with what *Lothario* said, and promis'd him every Day as good an Opportunity; and tho' he could not go every Day abroad, yet he would manage his Conduct so well, that *Camilla* should have no cause of Suspicion. He took care to do as he said. But *Lothario* wilfully lost the frequent Opportunities he gave him; however, he sooth'd him still with Assurances, that his Lady was inflexible, her Virtue not to be surmounted, and that she had threaten'd to discover his Attempts to her Husband, if he ever presum'd to be so Insolent again; so far was she from giving him the least Hope or Encouragement. Thus far 'tis well, said *Anselmo*, but yet *Camilla* has resisted nothing but Words, we must now see what Proof she is against more substantial Temptations. To-morrow I will furnish you with two thousand Crowns in Gold, to present her with; and as a farther Bait, you shall have as much more in Jewels. For Women, especially if they are handsom, naturally love to go gayly and richly drest, be they never so chaste and virtuous; and if she have power to overcome this Temptation, I'll give you no farther Trouble. Since I have begun this Adventure, reply'd *Lothario*,

*Lothario*, I will make an end of it, tho' I am sure her Repulses will tire out my Patience, and her Virtue overcome any Temptation, and baffle my Endeavours.

The next Day *Anselmo* deliver'd him the four thousand Crowns, and with them as many perplexing Thoughts, not knowing how to supply his Invention with some new Story to amuse his Friend. However, at last he resolv'd to return the Money, with Assurance that *Camilla* was unmov'd with Presents, as with Praise, and as untouch'd with Promises, as with Vows and Sighs of Love; and therefore all farther Attempts wou'd be but a fruitless Labour. This was his Intention; but Fortune that meddl'd too much in these Affairs disappointed his Designs. For *Anselmo* having left him alone with his Wife one Day as he us'd to do, privately convey'd himself into the Closet, and thro' the Chinks of the Door set himself to observe what they did; he found that for one half Hour *Lothario* said not one Word to *Camilla*, from whence he concluded that all the Addresses, Importunities and Repulses, with which he had amus'd him, were pure Fictions. But, that he might be fully satisfy'd in the Truth of his Surmise, coming from his Covert he took his Friend aside, and enquired of him what *Camilla* had then said to him, and how he now found her inclin'd? *Lothario* reply'd, that he would make no farther tryal of her, since her Answer had now been so severe and awful, that he durst not for the future venture upon a Discourse so evidently her Aver-  
sion.

Ah! *Lothario*! *Lothario*! cry'd *Anselmo*, is it thus that you keep your Promises? Is this what I should expect from your Friendship? I observ'd you through that Door, and found that you said  
not

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not a Word to *Camilla*; and from thence I am very well satisfy'd, that you have only impos'd on me all the Answers and Relations you have made me. Why did you hinder me from employing some other, if you never intended to satisfy my Desire? *Anselmo* said no more, but this was enough to confound *Lothario*, and cover him with Shame for being found in a Lie. Therefore to appease his Friend, he swore to him, from that Time forward, to set in good earnest about the Matter, and that so effectually, that he himself, if he wou'd again give himself the trouble of observing him, should find proof enough of his Sincerity. *Anselmo* believ'd him; and to give him the better Opportunity, he engag'd a Friend of his to send for him, with a great deal of Importunity, to come to his House at a Village near the City, where he meant to spend eight Days, to take away all Apprehension and Fear from both his Friend and his Wife.

Was ever Man so unhappy as *Anselmo*, who industriously contriv'd the Plot of his own Ruin and Dishonour! He had a very good Wife, and possess'd her in quiet, without any other Man's mingling in his Pleasures; her Thoughts were bounded with her own House, and her Husband, the only earthly Good she hoped or thought on, and her only Pleasure and Desire; his Will the Rule of hers, and Measure of her Conduct. When he possess'd Love, Honour, Beauty and Discretion, without Pain or Toil, what shou'd provoke him to seek with so much Danger and Hazard of what he had already, that which was not to be found in Nature! He that aims at Things impossible, ought justly to lose those Advantages which are within the Bounds of Possibility, as the Poet sings:

*In*

I.

*In Death I seek for Life,  
In a Disease for Health,  
For Quietness in Strife,  
In Poverty for Wealth,  
And constant Truth in an inconstant Wife.*

II.

*But sure the Fates disdain  
My mad Desires to please,  
Nor shall I e'er obtain  
What others get with Ease,  
Since I demand what no Man e'er cou'd gain.*

The next day *Anselmo* went out of Town; having first inform'd *Camilla*, that his Friend *Lothario* would look after his Affairs, and keep her Company in his Absence, and desir'd her to make as much of him as of himself. His Lady, like a discreet Woman, begg'd him to consider how improper a thing it was for any other to take his Place in his Absence; and told him, that if he doubted her Ability in managing her House, he should try her but this time, and she question'd not but he would find she had Capacity to acquit herself to his Satisfaction in greater Matters. *Anselmo* reply'd, that it was her Duty not to dispute, but obey his Command: To which she return'd, that she would comply, tho' much against her Will. In short, her Husband left the Town: *Lothario*, the next Day, was receiv'd at her House with all the Respect that could be paid a Friend so dear to her Husband; but yet with so much Caution, that she never permitted herself to be left alone with him, but kept perpetually some of her Maids in the Room, and chiefly *Leonela*,  
for



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for whom she had a particular Love, as having been bred in her Father's House with her from her Infancy.

*Lothario* said nothing to her the three first Days, notwithstanding he might have found an Opportunity when the Servants were gone to Dinner; for tho' the prudent *Camilla* had order'd *Leonela* to dine before her, that she might have no Occasion to go out of the Room; yet she, who had other Affairs to employ her Thoughts more agreeably to her Inclinations (to gratify which that was usually the only convenient time she could find) was not so very punctually obedient to her Lady's Commands, but that she sometimes left them together. *Lothario* did not yet make use of these Advantages, as I have said, being aw'd by the Virtue and Modesty of *Camilla*. But this Silence which she thus impos'd on *Lothario*, had at last a quite contrary Effect. For though he said nothing, his Thoughts were active, his Eyes were employ'd to see and survey the outward Charms of a Form so perfect, that 'twas enough to fire the most cold, and soften the most obdurate Heart. In these Intervals of Silence, he consider'd how much she deserv'd to be belov'd; and these Considerations by little and little undermin'd and assaulted the Faith which he ow'd to his Friend. A thousand times he resolv'd to leave the City and retire where *Anselmo* should never see him, and where he should never more behold the dangerous Face of *Camilla*; but the extreme Pleasure he found in seeing her, soon destroy'd so feeble a Resolve. When he was alone he wou'd accuse his want of Friendship and Religion, and run into frequent Comparisons betwixt himself and *Anselmo*, which generally concluded that *Anselmo's* Folly and Madness was greater than his Infidelity; and that, wou'd Heaven as easily  
excuse

*of the Renown'd Don Quixote.* 89

excuse his Intentions, as Man, he had no cause to fear any Punishment for the Crime he was going to commit. In fine, *Camilla's* Beauty, and the Opportunity given him by the Husband himself, wholly vanquish'd his Faith and Friendship. And now having an Eye only to the means of obtaining that Pleasure, to which he was prompted with so much Violence; after he had spent the three first Days of *Anselmo's* Absence, in a Conflict betwixt Love and Virtue, he attempted, by all means possible, to prevail with *Camilla*; and discover'd so much Passion in his Words and Actions, that *Camilla*, surpriz'd with the unexpected Assault, flung from him out of the Room, and retir'd with haste to her Chamber. Hope is always born with Love, nor did this Repulse in the least discourage *Lotbario* from farther Attempts on *Camilla*, who by this appear'd more charming, and more worthy his Pursuit. She, on the other hand, knew not what to do upon the Discovery of that in *Lotbario*, which she never cou'd have imagin'd. The Result of her Reflections was this, that since she cou'd not give him any Opportunity of speaking to her again, without the Hazard of her Reputation and Honour, she wou'd send a Letter to her Husband to solicit his Return to his House. The Letter she sent by a Messenger that very Night; and it was to this purpose.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which the History of the Curious Impertinent is pursu'd.*

**A**S 'tis very improper to leave an Army without a General, and a Garrison without a Governor; so to me it seems much more imprudent to leave a young marry'd Woman without her Husband; especially when there are no Affairs of Consequence to plead for his Absence. I find my self so ill in your's, and so impatient, and unable to endure it any longer, that if you come not home very quickly, I shall be oblig'd to return to my Father's, tho' I leave your House without any one to look after it: For the Person to whom you have intrusted the Care of your Family, has, I believe, more Regard to his own Pleasure than your Concerns. You are wise and prudent, and therefore I shall say no more, nor is it convenient I shou'd.

Anselmo was not a little satisfy'd at the Receipt of this Letter, which assur'd him that *Lothario* had begun the Attempt, which she had repell'd according to his Hopes; and therefore he sent her Word not to leave his House, assuring her it shou'd not be long before he return'd. *Camilla* was surpriz'd with his Answer, and more perplex'd than before, being equally afraid of going to her Father, and of staying at home; in the first she disobey'd her Husband, in the latter ran the Risque of her Honour. The worst Resolution prevail'd, which was to stay at her own House, and not avoid *Lothario's* Company, lest it shou'd give some Cause of Suspicion to her Servants. And now she

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of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 91

repented her writing to *Anselmo*, lest he shou'd suspect that *Lothario* had observ'd some Indiscretion in her, that made him lose the Respect due to her, and gave him Assurance to offer at the corrupting her Honesty: But confiding in Heaven and her own Innocence, which she thought Proof against all *Lothario's* Attempts, she resolv'd to make no Answer to whatever he should say to her, and never more to trouble her Husband with Complaints, for fear of engaging him in Disputes and Quarrels with his Friend. For that Reason she consider'd how she might best excuse him to *Anselmo*, when he shou'd examine the Cause of her writing to him in that Manner. With a Resolution so innocent and dangerous, the next Day she gave ear to all that *Lothario* said; and he gave the Assault with such Force and Vigour, that *Camilla's* Constancy could not stand the Shock unmov'd, and her Virtue cou'd do no more than guard her Eyes from betraying that tender Compassion, of which his Vows and Intreaties, and all his Sighs and Tears had made her Heart sensible. *Lothario* discover'd this with an infinite Satisfaction, and no less Addition to his Flame; and found that he ought to make use of this Opportunity of *Anselmo's* Absence, with all his Force and Importunity, to win so valuable a Fortress. He began with the powerful Battery of the Praise of her Beauty, which being directly pointed on the weakest Part of Woman, her Vanity, with the greatest Ease and Facility in the World makes a Breach as great as a Lover wou'd desire. *Lothario* was not unskilful or remiss in the Attack, but follow'd his Fire so close, that let *Camilla's* Integrity be built on never so obdurate a Rock, it must at last have fall'n. He wept, pray'd, flatter'd, promis'd, swore, vow'd, and shew'd so much Pas-



sion and Truth in what he said, that bearing down the Care of her Honour, he, at last, triumph'd over what he scarce durst hope, tho' what he most of all desir'd; for she, at last, surrender'd, even *Camilla* surrender'd. Nor ought we to wonder if she yielded, since even *Lothario's* Friendship and Virtue were not able to withstand the terrible Assault; an evident Proof that Love is a Power too strong to be overcome by any thing but flying, and that no mortal Creature ought to be so presumptuous as to stand the Encounter, since there is need of something more than Human, and indeed a heavenly Force, to confront and vanquish that human Passion. *Leonela* was the only Confident of this Amour, which these new Lovers and faithless Friends could not by any means conceal from her Knowledge. *Lothario* would not discover to *Camilla*, that her Husband, for her Trial, had designedly given him this Opportunity, to which he ow'd so extreme a Happiness; because she shou'd not think he wanted Love to solicit her himself with Importunity, or that she was gain'd on too easy Terms.

*Anselmo* came home in a few Days, but discover'd not what he had lost, tho' it was what he most valu'd and esteem'd: From thence he went to *Lothario*, and embracing him, begg'd of him to let him know his Fate. All I can tell you, my Friend, answer'd *Lothario*, is, that you may boast yourself the Husband of the best Wife in the World, the Ornament of her Sex, and the Pattern which all virtuous Women ought to follow. Words, Offers, Presents, all is ineffectual; the Tears I pretended to shed, mov'd only her Laughter. *Camilla* is not only Mistress of the greatest Beauty, but of Modesty, Discretion, Sweetness of Temper, and every other Virtue and

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Perfection that add to the Charms of a Woman of Honour. Therefore, my Friend, here take back your Money, I have had no Occasion to lay it out, for *Camilla's* Integrity cannot be corrupted by such base and mercenary things as Gifts and Promises. And now, *Anselmo*, be at last content with the Trial you have already made; and having so luckily got over the dangerous Quick-sands of Doubts and Suspicions that are to be met with in the Ocean of Matrimony, do not venture out again with another Pilot that Vessel, whose Strength you have sufficiently experienc'd; but believe yourself, as you are, securely anchor'd in a safe Harbour, at Pleasure and Ease, till Death, from whose Force, no Title, Power, nor Dignity can secure us, does come and cut the Cable. *Anselmo* was extremely satisfy'd with *Lothario's* Discourse, and believ'd it as firmly as if it had been an Oracle; yet desir'd him to continue his Pursuit, if it were but to pass away the Time: He did not require he should press *Camilla* with those Importunities he had us'd, but only make some Verses in her Praise, under the Name of *Cloris*; and he would make *Camilla* believe he celebrated a Lady he lov'd, under that Name, to secure her Honour and Reputation from the Censure, which a more open Declaration would incur: He added, that if *Lothario* would not be at the expence of so much Trouble and Time, as to compose them himself, he would do it for him with a great deal of Pleasure. *Lothario* told him there was no need of that, since he himself was sometimes poetically given; do you but tell *Camilla* of my Love, according to your own Design, and I'll make the Verses as well as I can, tho' not so well as the Excellency of the Subject requires. The *Curious Impertinent*, and his treacherous Friend, having thus agreed the Matter,

*Anselmo* went home, and then ask'd *Camilla* on what Occasion she sent him the Letter? *Camilla*, who wonder'd that this Question had not been ask'd her before, reply'd. That the Motive that prevail'd with her to write in that Manner to him, was a Jealousy she had entertain'd, that *Lothario*, in his Absence, look'd on her with more criminal and desiring Eyes than he us'd to do when he was at home; but that since she had Reason to believe that Suspicion but weakly grounded, seeing he discover'd rather an Aversion than Love, as avoiding all Occasions of being alone with her. *Anselmo* told her she had nothing to apprehend from *Lothario* on that Account, since he knew his Affections engag'd on one of the noblest young Ladies of the City, whose Praise he writ under the Name of *Cloris*; but were he not thus engag'd, there was no Reason to suspect *Lothario's* Virtue and Friendship. *Camilla*, at this Discourse, without Doubt, would have been very jealous of *Lothario*, had he not told her his Design of abusing her Husband, with the Pretence of another Love, that he might, with the greater Liberty and Security, express her Praise and his Passion. The next Day, at Dinner, *Anselmo* desir'd him to read some of the Verses he had made on his beloved *Cloris*; telling him, he might say any thing of her before *Camilla*, since she did not know who the Lady was. Did *Camilla* know her, reply'd *Lothario*, that shou'd not make me pass over in Silence my Part of that Praise which was her due; or if a Lover complains of his Mistress's Cruelty, while he is praising her Perfections, she can never suffer in her Reputation. Therefore, without any Fear, I shall repeat a Sonnet which I made yesterday on the Ingratitude of *Cloris*.

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A S O N N E T.

**A**T Dead of Night, when ev'ry troubled Breast  
By balmy Sleep is eas'd of anxious Pain, (blest,  
When Slaves themselves, in pleasing Dreams are  
Of Heaven and Cloris, restless, I complain.

The rosy Morn dispels the Shades of Night,  
The Sun, the Pleasures, and the Day return;  
All Nature's cheer'd with the reviving Light;  
I, only I, can never cease to mourn.

At Noon, in vain, I bid my Sorrow cease,  
The Heat increases, and my Pains increase,  
And still my Soul in the mild Evening grieves:  
The Night returns, and my Complaints renew,  
No Moment sees me free; in vain I sue,  
Heav'n ne'er relents, and Cloris ne'er relieves.

*Camilla* was mightily pleas'd with the Sonnet, but *Anselmo* transported; he was lavish of his Commendation, and added that the Lady must be barbarously cruel that made no Return to so much Truth, and so violent a Passion. What, must we then believe all that a Poet in Love tells us for Truth? said *Camilla*. Madam, reply'd *Lothario*, tho' the Poet may exceed, yet the Lover corrects his Fondness for Fiction, and makes him speak Truth. *Anselmo*, to advance *Lothario's* Credit with *Camilla*, confirm'd whatever he said; but she not minding her Husband's Confirmations, was sufficiently persuaded, by her Passion for *Lothario*, to an implicit Faith in all he said; and therefore pleas'd with this Composition, and more satisfy'd in the Knowledge she had that all was address'd to her self, as the true *Cloris*, she desir'd him to re-



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peat some other Verses he had made on that Subject, if he could remember any. I remember some, reply'd *Lothario*; but, Madam, in my Opinion, they are not so tolerable as the former; but you shall be Judge your self.

A S O N N E T.

I.

**I** *Die your Victim, cruel Fair,  
And die without Reprieve,  
If you can think your Slave can bear  
Your Cruelty, and live.*

II.

*Since all my Hopes of Ease are vain,  
To die I now submit;  
And that you may not think I feign,  
It must be at your Feet.*

III.

*Yet when my bleeding Heart you view,  
Bright Nymph, forbear to grieve;  
For I had rather die for you,  
Than for another live.*

IV.

*In Death and dark Oblivion's Grave,  
Oh! let me lie forlorn,  
For my poor Ghost wou'd pine and rave,  
Shou'd you relent and mourn.*

*Anselmo* was not less profuse in his Praise of this Sonnet, than he had been of the other, and so added new Fuel to the Fire that was to consume his Reputation. He contributed to his own Abuse,  
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in commending his false Friend's Attempts on his Honour, as the most important Service he could do it; and this made him believe, that every Step *Camilla* made down to Contempt and Disgrace, was a Degree she mounted towards that Perfection of Virtue which he desir'd she should attain.

Some time after, *Camilla* being alone with her Maid, I am assur'd, said she, my *Leonela*, that I gave *Lothario* so easy a Conquest over me, and did not know my own Worth enough to make him undergo some greater Fatigues, before I made him so entire a Surrender. I am afraid he will think my hasty Consent the Effect of the Looseness of my Temper, and not at all consider that the Force and Violence he us'd, depriv'd me of the Power of resisting. Ah! Madam, return'd *Leonela*, let not that disquiet you; for the speedy bestowing a Benefit of an intrinsick Value, and which you design to bestow at last, can never lessen the Favour; for according to the old Proverb, *He that gives quickly gives twice*. To answer your Proverb with another, reply'd *Camilla*, *That which cost little is less valu'd*. But this has nothing to do with you, answer'd *Leonela*, since 'tis said of Love that it sometimes goes, sometimes flies; runs with one, walks gravely with another; turns a third into Ice, and sets a fourth in a Flame: It wounds one, another it kills; like Lightning it begins and ends in the same Moment: It makes that Fort yield at Night which it besieg'd but in the Morning; for there is no Force able to resist it. Since this is evident, what Cause have you to be surprized at your own Frailty? And why shou'd you apprehend any thing from *Lothario*, who has felt the same irresistible Power, and yielded to it as soon? For Love, to gain a Conquest, took the short

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Opportunity of my Lord's Absence, which being so short and uncertain, Love, that had before determin'd this shou'd be done, added Force and Vigour to the Lover, not to leave any thing to Time and Chance, which might, by *Anselmo's* Return, cut off all Opportunities of accomplishing so agreeable a Work. The best and most officious Servant of Love's Retinue, is Occasion or Opportunity: This it is that Love improves in all its Progress, but most in the Beginning and first Rise of an Amour. I trust not in what I have said to the Uncertainty of Report, but to Experience, which affords the most certain and most valuable Knowledge, as I will inform you, Madam, some Day or other; for I am like you, made of frail Flesh and Blood, fir'd by Youth and youthful Desires. But, Madam, you did not surrender to *Lothario* till you had sufficient Proof of his Love, from his Eyes, his Vows, his Promises, and Gifts; till you had seen the Merit of his Person, and the Beauty of his Mind; all which convinc'd you how much he deserv'd to be lov'd. Then trouble your self no more, Madam, with these Fears and Jealousies; but thank your Stars, that, since you were doom'd a Victim to Love, you fell by the Force of such Valour and Merit that cannot be doubted. You yielded to one who has not only the four S's, which are requir'd in every good Lover, but even the whole *Alphabet*; as for Example, he is, in my Opinion, *Agreeable, Bountiful, Constant, Dutiful, Easy, Faithful, Gallant, Honourable, Ingenious, Kind, Loyal, Mild, Noble, Officious, Prudent, Quiet, Rich, Secret, True, Valiant, Wise*; the X, indeed, is too harsh a Letter to agree with him, he is *Young*, and *Zealous* for your Honour and Service. *Camilla* laugh'd at her Woman's *Alphabet*, and thought her (as indeed

deed she was) more learn'd in the practical Part of Love, than she had confess'd. She then inform'd her Mistress of an Affair that had been betwixt her and a young Man of the Town. *Camilla* was not a little concern'd at what she said, being apprehensive that her Honour might suffer by her Woman's Indiscretion; and therefore ask'd her if the Amour had pass'd any farther than Words? *Leonela*, without any Fear or Shame, own'd her guilty Correspondence with all the Freedom in the World; for the Mistress's Guilt gives the Servant Impudence; and generally they imitate their Ladies Frailties, without any fear of the publick Censure.

*Camilla* finding her Error past Remedy, could only beg *Leonela* to disclose nothing of her Affair to her Lover, and manage her Amour with Secrecy and Discretion, for fear *Lothario* or *Anselmo* should hear of it. *Leonela* promis'd to obey her; but she did it in such a Manner, that *Camilla* was perpetually in Fear of the loss of her Reputation by her Folly; for she grew so confident on her Knowledge of her Lady's Transgression, that she admitted her Gallant into the House, not caring if her Lady knew it, being certain that she durst not make any Discovery to her Master: For when once a Mistress has suffer'd her Virtue to be vanquish'd, and admits of any criminal Correspondence, it subjects her to her own Servants, and makes her subservient to their Rogueries, which she is slavishly bound to conceal. Thus it was with *Camilla*, who was forc'd to wink at the visible Rendezvous, which *Leonela* had with her Lover, in a certain Chamber of the House which she thought proper for the Occasion; nor was that all, she was constrain'd to give her the opportunity of hiding him, by blinding her Husband.



But all this Caution did not secure him from being seen by *Lothario* one Morning, as he was getting out of the House by break of Day. His Surprise had made him think it a Spirit, had not his Haste away, and his messing himself up in his Cloak, that he might not be known, convinc'd him of his Error, and thrown him into a new Jealousy, that had certainly undone them all, had not *Camilla's* Wit and Address prevented it. For *Lothario* concluded that *Camilla*, that had made no very obstinate Resistance to him, had as easily surrender'd to some other; and he fancy'd that the Person he saw come from her House was the new-favour'd Lover; never remembering that there was any such Person as *Leonela* in the House. For when once a Woman parts with her Virtue, she loses the Esteem even of the Man whose Vows and Tears won her to abandon it; and he believes she will with as little, if not less Difficulty, yield to another; he perverts the least Suspicions into Reality, and takes the lightest Appearance for the most evident Matter of Fact.

Thus *Lothario*, distracted by the most violent Jealousy in the World, without allowing himself time to consider, gave way to the Transports of his Rage and Desire of Revenge on *Camilla*, who had not injur'd him; he goes immediately to *Anselmo*, and having found him abed: I have, my Friend, said he to him, these several Days undergone a most severe Conflict within my Mind, and us'd all the Force and Violence I was capable of to conceal an Affair from you, which I can no longer forbear discovering, without an apparent Wrong to Justice, and my Friendship. Know then that *Camilla* is now ready to do whatsoever I shall desire of her; and the Reason that most prevail'd with me to delay this Discovery, was, that

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I would be satisfy'd whether she were in earnest, or only pretended this Compliance to try me; but had she been so virtuous as you and I believ'd her, she would, by this time, have inform'd you of that Importunity which, by your Desire, I us'd; but finding that she is silent, and takes no notice of that to you, I have reason to believe that she is but too sincere in those guilty Promises she has made me, of meeting me to my Satisfaction in the Wardrobe, the next time your Absence from the Town should furnish her with an Oportunity. (This was true indeed, for that was the Place of their common Rendezvous) Yet I would not have you, continu'd he, take a rash and inconsiderate Revenge, since 'tis possible, before the time of Affignation, her Virtue may rally, and she repent her Folly. Therefore, as you have hitherto taken my Advice, be rul'd by me now, that you may not be impos'd on, but have a sufficient Conviction before you put your Resolves into Execution, pretend two or three Days Absence, and then privately convey yourself behind the Hangings in the Wardrobe, as you easily may, whence you may, without difficulty, be an Eye-Witness with me of *Camilla's* Conduct; and if it be as Criminal as we may justly fear, then you may with Secrecy and Speed punish her, as the Injury deserves.

*Anselmo* was extremely surpriz'd at so unexpected a Misfortune, to find himself deceiv'd in those imaginary Triumphs he pleas'd himself with, in *Camilla's* suppos'd Victory over all *Lothario's* Assaults. A great while he was in a silent Suspence, with his Eyes dejected, without Force, and without Spirit; but turning at last to his Friend: You have done all, said he, *Lothario*, that I could expect from so perfect a Friendship, I will therefore be entirely guided by your Advice; do there-  
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fore what you please, but use all the Secrecy a Thing of this Nature requires. *Lothario* assuring him of that, left him; but full of Repentance for the Rashness he had been guilty of in telling him so much as he had, since he might have taken a sufficient Revenge, by a less cruel and dishonourable way. He curs'd his want of Sense, and the Weakness of his Resolution, but could not find out any way to produce a less fatal event of his Treachery, than he could justly expect from the Experiment. But at last he concluded to inform *Camilla* of all he had done; which his Freedom of Access gave him Opportunity to do that very Day, when he found her alone; and she began thus to him. I am so oppress'd, my *Lothario*, with a Misfortune which I lie under, that it will certainly for ever destroy my Quiet and Happiness, if there be not some speedy Remedy found for it: *Leonela* is grown so presumptuous, on her knowledge of my Affairs, that she admits her Lover all Night to her Chamber, and so exposes my Reputation to the Censure of any that shall see him go out at unseasonable Hours from my House; and the greatest, and most remediless part of my Grief is, that I dare not correct or chide her for her Imprudence and Impudence; for being conscious of our Correspondence, she obliges me to conceal her Failings, which I am extremely apprehensive will in the end be very fatal to my Happiness. *Lothario* was at first jealous that *Camilla* design'd cunningly thus to impose her own Privado on him for *Leonela's*; but being convinc'd by her Tears, and the apparent Concern in her Face, he began to believe her, and at the same time to be infinitely confounded and griev'd for what he had done. Yet he comforted *Camilla*, assuring her he would take effectual Care for the future, that *Leonela's* Impudence

dence should do her no Prejudice, and therefore begg'd her not to torment her self any more about it. Then he told all the unhappy Effects of his Jealous Rage, and that her Husuand had agreed behind the Arras to be witness of her Weakness. He ask'd her Pardon for the Folly, and her Counsel how to redress and prevent the ill Effect of it, and bring them out of those Difficulties into which his Madness had plung'd them.

*Camilla* express'd her Resentment, and her Fears in accusing his Treachery, Baseness, and want of Consideration; yet her Anger and Fears being appeas'd, and a Woman's Wit being always more pregnant in Difficulties than a Man's, she immediately thought of a way to deliver them from Dangers that bore so dismal and helpless a Face. She therefore bid him engage *Anselmo* to be there the next Day, assuring him she did not question but by that means to get a more frequent, and secure Opportunity of enjoying one another than they hitherto have had. She would not make him privy to her whole Design, but bid him be sure to come after her Husband was hid, as soon as *Leonela* shou'd call him, and that he should answer as directly to whatsoever she should ask him, as if *Anselmo* were not within hearing. *Lothario* spar'd no Importunity to get from her her whole Design, that he might act his Part with the greater Assurance, and the better contribute to the Imposing on her Husband. All you have to do, reply'd *Camilla*, is to answer me directly what I shall demand; nor would she discover any more, for fear he should not acquiesce in her Opinion, which she was so well satisfy'd in, but raise Difficulties, and by Consequence Obstacles, that might hinder her Design from having the desir'd Event, or run her upon some less successful Project. *Lothario*.

*thario* comply'd, and *Anselmo* in appearance left the Town to retire to his Friend in the Country, but secretly return'd to hide himself in the Wardrobe, which he did with the greater Ease, because *Camilla* and *Leonela* wilfully gave him Opportunity. We may easily imagine the Grief with which *Anselmo* hid himself, since it was to be a Spectator of his own Dishonour, and the loss of all that Happiness he possessed in the Embraces of his beautiful and belov'd *Camilla*. On the other hand, she being now certain that *Anselmo* was hid, entered the Wardrobe with *Leonela*, and fetching a deep and piteous Sigh, thus adress'd herself to her: Ah! my *Leonela*! would it not be much better that thou pierce this infamous Bosom with *Anselmo's* Dagger, before I execute what I design, which I have kept from thee that thou might'st not endeavour to disappoint me? Yet not so; for, where is the Justice that I should suffer for another's Offence? No, I will first know of *Lothario* what Action of mine has given him assurance to make me a Discovery of a Passion so injurious to his Friend, and my Honour. Go to the Window, *Leonela*, and call the wicked Man to me, who doubtless is waiting in the Street the Signal for his Admission to accomplish his villainous Design; yet first my Resolution shall be perform'd, which tho' it be cruel, is what my Honour strictly demands of me. Alas! my dear Lady, cry'd the cunning *Leonela*, alas! What do you intend to do with that Dagger? Is your fatal Design against yourself or *Lothario*? Alas! you can attack neither without the Ruin of your Fame and Reputation. You had better give no Opportunity to that bad Man by admitting him while we are thus alone in the House: Consider, Madam, we are but two weak and helpless Women, he a strong

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strong and resolute Man, whose Force is redoubled by the Passion and Desire that possess him; so that before you may be able to accomplish what you design, he may commit a Crime that will be more injurious to you than the loss of your Life. We have reason to curse my Master *Anselmo*, who gives such frequent Opportunities to Impudence and Dishonesty to pollute our House. But, Madam, suppose you should kill him, as I believe you design, what shall we do with his dead Body? What! said *Camilla*, why we would leave him in this Place to be buried by *Anselmo*; for it must be a grateful Trouble to him to bury with his own Hand his own Infamy and Dishonour. Call him therefore quickly, for methinks every Moment my Revenge is deferr'd, I injure that Loyalty I owe to my Husband.

*Anselmo* gave great attention to all that was said, and every Word of *Camilla*'s made a strange alteration in his Sentiments, so that he could scarce forbear coming out to prevent his Friend's Death, when he heard her desperate Resolution against his Life; but his Desire of seeing the end of so brave a Resolve withheld him, till he saw an absolute necessity of discovering himself to hinder the Mischief. Now *Camilla* put on a fear and weakness which resembled a Swoon; and having thrown herself on a Bed in the Room, *Leonela* began a most doleful Lamentation over her: Alas! said she, how unfortunate should I be, if my Lady, so eminent for Virtue and Chastity as well as Beauty, should thus perish in my Arms? This, and much more she utter'd with that force of perfect Dissimulation, that whoever had seen her would have concluded her one of the most innocent Virgins in the World, and her Lady a meer persecuted *Penelope*. *Camilla* soon came to herself, and



and cry'd to *Leonela*, why don't you call the most Treacherous and Unfaithful of Friends? Go, fly, and let not thy delays waste my Revenge and Anger in meer Words and idle Threats and Curses. Madam, reply'd *Leonela*, I will go, but you must first give me that Dagger, lest you commit some Outrage upon your self in my Absence, which may give an eternal Cause of Sorrow to all your Friends that love and value you. Let not those Fears detain you, said *Camilla*, but assure your self I will not do any thing till you return; for tho' I shall not fear to punish my self in the highest degree, yet I shall not, like *Lucretia*, punish my self without killing him that was the principal cause of my Dishonour. If I must die, I shall not refuse it; but I will first satisfy my Revenge on him that has tempted me to come to this guilty Affignation, to make him lament his Crime without being guilty of any my self.

*Camilla* could scarce prevail with *Leonela* to leave her alone, but at last she obey'd her and withdrew, when *Camilla* entertain'd herself and her Husband with this following Soliloquy: Good Heav'n, said she, had I not better have continued my Repulses, than by this seeming Consent suffer *Lothario* to think Scandalously of me, till my Actions shall convince him of his Error? That indeed might have been better in some respects, but then I should have wanted this Opportunity of Revenge, and the Satisfaction of my Husband's injur'd Honour, if he were permitted without any Correction to go off with the Insolence of offering such Criminal Assaults to my Virtue. No, no, let the Traitor's Life atone for the guilt of his false and unfaithful Attempts; and his Blood quench that lewd Fire he was not content should burn in his own Breast. Let the

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World be witness if it ever comes to know my Story, that *Camilla* thought it not enough to preserve her Virtue and Loyalty to her Husband entire, but also revenged the hateful Affront, and the intended Destruction of it. But it might be most convenient perhaps to let *Anselmo* know of this before I put my Revenge in Execution; yet on the first Attempt I sent him Word of it to the Village, and I can attribute his not resenting so notorious an Abuse to nothing but his generous Temper, and Confidence in his Friend, incapable of believing so try'd a Friend could be guilty of so much as a Thought against his Honour and Reputation; nor is this Incredulity so strange, since I for so long together could not perswade my self of the Truth of what my Eyes and Ears convey'd to me; and nothing could have convinc'd me of my generous Error, had his Insolency kept within any Bounds, and not dared to proceed to large Gifts, large Promises, and a Flood of Tears which he shed as the undissembled Testimony of his Passion. But to what purpose are these Considerations? Or is there indeed any need of considering to perswade me to a brave Resolve? *Avant* false Thoughts. Revenge is now my Task, let the Treacherous Man approach, let him come, let him die, let him perish; let him but perish, no matter what's the fatal Consequence. My dear *Anselmo* receiv'd me to his Bosom Spotless and Chaste, and so shall the Grave receive me from his Arms. Let the Event be as unlucky as it will, the worst Pollution I can this way suffer is of mingling my own Chaste Blood with the impure and corrupted Blood of the most False and Treacherous of Friends. Having said this, she travers'd the Room in so passionate a manner, with the drawn Dagger in her Hand, and shew'd such an Agitation of Spirit

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Spirit in her Looks and Motion, that she appear'd like one distract'd, or more like a Murderer, than a tender and delicate Lady.

*Anselmo*, not a little to his satisfaction, very plainly saw and heard all this from behind the Arras, which with the greatest Reason and Evidence in the World remov'd all his past Doubts and Jealousies, and he with abundance of concern wish'd that *Lothario* would not come, that he might by that Means escape the Danger that so apparently threatn'd him; to prevent which he had discover'd himself, had he not seen *Leonela* at that Instant bring *Lothario* into the Room. As soon as *Camilla* saw him enter, she describ'd a Line with the Poniard on the Ground, and told him the Minute he presum'd to pass that, she would strike the Dagger to his Heart: Hear me, said she, and observe what I say without Interruption; when I have done, you shall have liberty to make what Reply you please. Tell me first, *Lothario*, do you know my Husband, and do you know me? The Question is not so difficult but you may give me immediate Answer; there is no need of considering, speak therefore without delay. *Lothario* was not so dull as not to guess at her Design in having her Husband hid behind the Hangings, and therefore adapted his Answers so well to her Questions, that the Fiction was lost in the appearance of Reality. I did never imagine, fair *Camilla*, said *Lothario*, that you would make this Affignation to ask Questions so distant from the dear End of my Coming. If you had a Mind still to delay my promis'd Happiness, you should have prepared me for the Disappointment; for, the nearer the Hope of Possession brings us to the Good we desire, the greater is the Pain to have those Hopes destroy'd. But to answer your Demands, I must own, Madam;

that

that I do know your Husband, and he me; that this Knowledge has grown up with us from our Childhood; and that I may be a witness against my self of the Injury I am compelled by Love to do him; I do also own, Divine *Camilla*, that you too well know the Tenderneſs of our mutual Friendſhip: Yet Love is a ſufficient Excuse for all my Errors, if they were much more criminal than they are. And, Madam, that I know you is evident, and love you equal to him, for nothing but your Charms could have Power enough to make me forget what I owe to my own Honour, and what to the holy Laws of Friendſhip, all which I have been forc'd to break by the reſiſtleſs Tyranny of Love. Ah! had I known you leſs, I had been more Innocent. If you confeſs all this, ſaid *Camilla*, if you know us both, how dare you violate ſo Sacred a Friendſhip, injure ſo true a Friend, and appear thus confidently before me, whom you know to be eſteem'd by him the Mirror of his Love, in which that Love ſo often views itſelf with Pleaſure and Satisfaction; and in which you ought to have ſurvey'd yourſelf ſo far, as to have ſeen how ſmall the Temptation is, that has prevail'd on you to wrong him. But alas! This points me to the Cauſe of your Tranſgreſſion, ſome ſuſpicious Action of mine when I have been leaſt on my Guard, as thinking my ſelf alone; but aſſure yourſelf whatever it was, it proceeds not from Looſeneſs or Levity of Principle, but a Negligence and Liberty which the Sex ſometimes innocently fall into when they think themſelves unobſerv'd. If this were not the Cauſe, ſay, Traytor, when did I liſten to your Prayers, or in the leaſt regard your Tears and Vows, ſo that you might derive from thence the ſmalleſt Hope of accompliſhing your infamous Deſires? Did I not  
always



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always with the last Averſion and Diſdain reject your Criminal Paſſion? Did I ever betray a Belief in thy lavish Promiſes? or admit of thy prodigal Gifts? But ſince without ſome Hope no Love can long ſubſiſt, I will lay that hateful Guilt on ſome unhappy Inadvertency of mine; and therefore will inflict the ſame Punishment on my ſelf, that your Crime deſerves. And to ſhew you that I cannot but be cruel to you, who will not ſpare my ſelf, I ſent for you to be a witneſs of that juſt Sacrifice I ſhall make to my dear Husband's injur'd Honour, on which you have fixed the blackeſt Mark of Infamy that your Malice could inſpire, and which I alas! have ſullied too by my thoughtleſs neglect of depriving you of the occaſion, if indeed I gave any, of nourishing your wicked Intentions. Once more I tell you, that the bare Suſpicion that my want of Caution, and ſetting ſo ſevere a Guard on my Actions as I ought, has made you harbour ſuch wild and infamous Intentions, is the ſharpeſt of my Afflictions, and what with my own Hands I reſolve to puniſh with the utmoſt Severity. For, ſhould I leave that Punishment to another, it would but increaſe my Guilt. Yet I will die; but firſt to ſatisfy my Revenge, and impartial Juſtice, I will unmov'd and unrelenting deſtroy the fatal Cauſe that has reduc'd me to this deſperate Condition.

At theſe Words ſhe flew with ſuch Violence, and ſo well-acted a Fury on *Lothario* with her naked Dagger, that he could ſcarce think it feigned, and therefore ſecured himſelf from her Blow by avoiding it, and holding her Hand. Thereupon, to give more Life to the Fiction, as in a Rage at her diſappointed Revenge on *Lothario*, ſhe cried out: Since my malicious Fortune denies a compleat Satisfaction to my juſt Deſires, at leaſt it  
ſhall

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shall not be in its Power entirely to defeat my Resolution. With that, drawing back her Dagger-Hand from *Lothario* who held it, she struck it into that part of her Body where it might do her the least damage, and then fell down, as fainting away with the Wound. *Lothario* and *Leonela* surpriz'd at the unexpected Event, knew not yet what to think, seeing her still lie all bloody on the Ground; *Lothario* pale and trembling ran to her to take out the Dagger, but was deliver'd of his Fears when he saw so little Blood follow it, and more than ever admir'd the Cunning and Wit of the Beautiful *Camilla*. Yet to play his part as well, and shew himself a Friend, he lamented over *Camilla's* Body in the most pathetick Manner in the World, as if she had been really dead; he curs'd himself, and curs'd his Friend that had put him on that fatal Experiment; and knowing that *Anselmo* heard him, he said such things as were able to draw a greater Pity for him than even for *Camilla*, though she seem'd to have lost her Life in the unfortunate Adventure. *Leonela* remov'd her Body to the Bed, and begg'd *Lothario* to seek some Surgeon, that might with all the Secrecy in the World cure her Lady's Wound: She also ask'd his Advice, how to excuse it to her Master, if he should return before it was perfectly cur'd. He reply'd, they might say what they pleas'd, That he was not in a humour of advising, but bid her endeavour to stanch her Mistress's Blood, for he would go where they should never hear more of him; and so he left them, with all the appearance of Grief and Concern that the Occasion required. He was no sooner gone, but he had leisure to reflect, with the greatest wonder imaginable, on *Camilla's* and her Woman's Conduct in this Affair, and on the Assurance which this Scene had given *Anselmo* of his Wife's  
Virtue

Virtue; since now he could not but believe he had a second *Portia*, and he long'd to meet him, to rejoice over the best dissembled Imposture that ever bore away the Opinion of Truth. *Leonela* stanch'd the Blood, which was no more than was necessary for covering the Cheat, and washing the Wound with Wine only as she bound it up, her Discourse was so moving, and so well acted, that it had been alone sufficient to have convinc'd *Anselmo* that he had the most virtuous Wife in the World. *Camilla* was not silent, but added fresh Confirmations; in every Word she spoke, she complain'd of her Cowardice and Baseness of Spirit, that deny'd her time and force to dispatch that Life, which was now so hateful to her. She ask'd her too, whether she should inform her Husband of what had pass'd, or not? *Leonela* was for her concealing it, since the Discovery must infallibly engage her Husband in a Revenge on *Lothario*, which must as certainly expose him too; for those things were never accomplish'd without the greatest danger; and that a good Wife ought to the best of her Power prevent involving her Husband in Quarrels. *Camilla* yielded to her Reasons; but added, that they must find out some pretended cause of her Wound, which he would certainly see at his return. *Leonela* reply'd, that it was a difficult Task, since she was incapable even in Jest to dissemble the Truth. *Am.* I not, answer'd *Camilla*, under the same difficulty, who cannot save my Life by the odious Refuge of a Falshood? Had we not better then confess the real Truth, than be caught in a Lye? Well, Madam, return'd *Leonela*, let this give you no further Trouble, by to-morrow Morning I shall find out some Expedient or other; though I hope the place where the Wound is, may conceal it enough from his Observation to secure us from all

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Apprehension; leave therefore the whole Event to Heaven, which always favours and assists the Innocent.

*Anselmo* saw and heard this formal Tragedy of his ruin'd Honour, with all the Attention imaginable, in which all the Actors perform'd their Parts so to the Life, that they seem'd the Truth they represented; he wish'd with the last Impatience for the Night, that he might convey himself from his hiding Place to his Friend's House, and there rejoice for this happy Discovery of his Wife's experienc'd Virtue. *Camilla* and her Maid took care to furnish him with an Opportunity of departing, of which he soon took hold, for fear of losing it. 'Tis impossible to tell you all the Embraces he gave *Lothario*, and the Joy and extreme Satisfaction he express'd at his good Fortune, or the extravagant Praises he gave *Camilla*. *Lothario* heard all this without taking a Friend's Share in the Pleasure, for he was shock'd with the Concern he had to see his Friend so grossly impos'd on, and the Guilt of his own Infidelity in injuring his Honour. Though *Anselmo* easily perceiv'd that *Lothario* was not touch'd with any Pleasure at his Relation, yet he believ'd *Camilla's* Wound, caus'd by him, was the true Motive of his not sharing his Joy; and therefore assur'd him, he need not too much trouble himself for it, since it could not be dangerous, she and her Woman having agreed to conceal it from him. This Cause of his Fear being remov'd, he desir'd him to put on a Face of Joy, since by his Means he should now possess a perfect Happiness and Content; and therefore he would spend the rest of his Life in conveying *Camilla's* Virtue to Posterity, by writing her Praise in Verse. *Lothario* approv'd his Resolution, and promis'd to do the same. Thus *Anselmo* remain'd the



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most delightfully deceiv'd of any Man alive. He therefore carried *Lothario* immediately to his House, as the Instrument of his Glory, though he was indeed the only Cause of his Infamy and Dishonour. *Camilla* receiv'd him with a Face, that ill express'd the Satisfaction of her Mind, being forc'd to put on Frowns in her Looks, while her Heart prompted nothing but Smiles of Joy for his Presence.

For some Months the Fraud was conceal'd; but then Fortune turning her Wheel, discover'd to the World the Wickedness they had so long and artificially disguis'd; and *Anselmo's* impertinent Curiosity cost him his Life.

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### C H A P. VIII.

#### *The Conclusion of the Novel of the Curious Impertinent.*

THE Novel was come near a Conclusion, when *Sancho Pança* came running out of *Don Quixote's* Chamber in a terrible Fright, and crying out, help, help, good People, help my Master, he's just now at it, Tooth and Nail, with that same Giant, the Princess *Micomicona's* Foe: I ne'er saw a more dreadful Battle in my born-days. He has lent him such a Sliver, that whip, off went the Giant's Head, as round as a Turnip. You're mad, *Sancho*, said the Curate, interrupted in his Reading; is thy Master such a Devil of a Heroe, as to fight a Giant at two thousand Leagues distance? Upon this, they presently heard a Noise and Bustle in the Chamber, and *Don Quixote* bawling out, Stay Villain, Robber, stay; since I have thee here, thy Scimitar shall but little  
avail

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avail thee; and with this, they heard him strike with his Sword, with all his Force, against the Walls. Good Folks, said *Sancho*, my Master does not want your hearkning; why don't you run in and help him? though I believe 'tis after Meat Mustard, for sure the Giant is by this Time gone to pot, and giving an Account of his ill Life: For I saw his Blood run all about the House, and his Head sailing in the middle on't: But such a Head! 'tis bigger than any Wine-bag in *Spain*. Death and Hell (cries the Inn-keeper) I'll be cut like a Cucumber, if this *Don Quixote*, or Don Devil, has not been hacking my Wine-bags that stood fill'd at his Bed's-head, and this Coxcomb has taken the spilt Liquor for Blood. Then running with the whole Company into the Room, they found the poor Knight in the most comical Posture imaginable.

He was standing in his Shirt, the fore-part of it scarcely reaching to the bottom of his Belly, and about a Span shorter behind; this added a very peculiar Air to his long lean Legs, as dirty and hairy as a Beast's. To make him all of a piece, he wore on his Head a little red greasy cast Night-cap of the Inn-keeper's; he had wrap'd one of the Bed-Blankets about his left Arm for a Shield; and wielded his drawn Sword in the Right, laying about him pell mell; with now and then a Start of some military Expression, as if he had been really engag'd with some Giant. But the best Jest of all, he was all this Time fast asleep; for the Thoughts of the Adventure he had undertaken, had so wrought on his Imagination, that his deprav'd Fancy had in his Sleep represented to him the Kingdom of *Micomicon*, and the Giant; and dreaming that he was then fighting him, he assaulted the Wine-bags so desperately, that he

set the whole Chamber a-float with good Wine. The Inn-keeper, enrag'd to see the Havock, flew at Don *Quixote* with his Filts; and had not *Cardenio* and the Curate taken him off, he had prov'd a Giant indeed against the Knight. All this could not wake the poor Don, till the Barber throwing a Bucket of cold Water upon him, waken'd him from his Sleep, though not from his Dream.

The Shortness of her Champion's Shirt gave *Dorothea* a Surfeit of the Battle. *Sancho* ran up and down the Room searching for the Giant's Head; 'till finding his Labour fruitless; Well, well, said he, now I see plainly that this House is haunted, for when I was here before, in this very Room was I beaten like any Stock-fish, but knew no more than the Man in the Moon who struck me: and now the Giant's Head, that I saw cut off with these Eyes, is vanish'd; and I'm sure I saw the Body spout Blood like a Pump. What a Praising and a Nonsense does this damn'd Son of a Whore keep about Blood and a Pump, and I know not what, said the Inn-keeper; I tell you, Rascal, 'tis my Wine-bags that are slash'd, and my Wine that runs about the Floor here, and I hope to see the Soul of him that spilt it swimming in Hell for his Pains. Well, well, said *Sancho*, don't trouble me; I only tell you, that I can't find the Giant's Head, and my Earldom is gone after it, and so I'm undone, like Salt in Water. And truly *Sancho's* waking Dream was as pleasant as his Master's when asleep; the Inn keeper was almost mad too, to see the foolish Squire harp so on the same String with his frantick Master, and swore they should not come off now as before; that their Chivalry should be no Satisfaction for his Wine, but that they should pay him Sauce for the Damage,

Damage, and for the very Leathern Patches which the wounded Wine-bags would want.

Don *Quixote* in the mean time, believing he had finish'd his Adventure, and mistaking the Curate, that held him by the Arms, for the Princess *Micomicona*, fell on his Knees before him, and with a Respect due to a Royal Presence; Now may your Highness, said he, great and illustrious Princess, live secure, free from any further Apprehensions from your conquer'd Enemy; and now am I acquitted of my Engagement, since, by the Assistance of Heaven, and the Influence of her Favour, by whom I live and conquer, your Adventure is so happily atchieved. Did not I tell you so Gentlefolks (said *Sancho*) who is drunk or mad now? Did not I say, that he had paid off the Giant? the Battle is over, and I am an Earl. The whole Company (except the Inn-keeper, who gave himself to the Devil) were like to split at the Extravagancies of Master and Man: At last, the Barber, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, having, with much ado, got Don *Quixote* to Bed, he presently fell asleep, being heartily tir'd; and then they left him, to comfort *Sancho Pança* for the loss of the Giant's Head; but it was no easy Matter to appease the Inn-keeper, who was at his Wit's End for the unexpected and sudden Fate of his Wine-bags.

The Hostess, in the mean time, ran up and down the House grumbling and whining: In an ill Hour, said she, did this unlucky Knight-Errant come into my House; I wish, for my Part, I had never seen him, for he has been a dear Guest to me. He and his Man, his Horse and his Ass, went away last time without paying me a Cross for their Supper, their Bed, their Litter and Provender; and all, forsooth, because he was seeking Adventures, I say: What the Plague have I to do with his.



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Statutes of Chivalry? if they oblige him not to pay, they must oblige him not to eat neither. 'Twas upon this Score that the t'other Fellow took away my good Tail; 'tis clear spoil'd, the Hair is all fall'n off, and my Husband can never use it again. And now to come upon me again, with destroying my Wine-bags, and spilling my Liquor, may some Body spill his Heart's Blood for't for me: But I will be paid, so I will, and that handsomely too; I will have Satisfaction. Jill by Jill, every Piece, for what I have lost. Her honest Maid *Maritornes* seconded her Fury; but Mr. Curate stopp'd their Mouths, by promising that he would see them satisfy'd for their Wine and their Bags, but especially for the Tail which they kept such a Clutter about. *Dorothea* comforted *Sancho*, assuring him, that whenever it appear'd that his Master had kill'd the Giant, and restor'd her to her Dominions, he should be sure of the best Earldom in her Disposal. With this he huckl'd up again, and swore that he himself had seen the Giant's Head, by the same Token that it had a Beard that reach'd down to his Middle; and if it could not be found it must be hid by Witchcraft, for every Thing went by Inchantment in that House, as he had try'd it to his Cost when he was there before. *Dorothea* answer'd, That she believ'd him; and desired him to pluck up his Spirits, for all Things would be well. All Parties being quieted, *Cardenio*, *Dorothea*, and the rest, intreated the Curate to finish the Novel, which was so near a Conclusion; and he, in Obedience to their Commands, took up the Book and read on.

*Anselmo* grew so satisfied in *Camilla's* Virtue, that he liv'd with all the Content and Security in the World; to confirm which, *Camilla* ever in her Looks seem'd to discover her Aversion to *Lothario*,  
which

which made him desire *Anselmo* to dispense with his coming to his House, since he found how averſe his Wife was to him, and how great a Diſguſt ſhe had to his Company; But *Anſelmo* would not be perſuaded to yield to his Requeſt; and was ſo blind, that ſeeking his Content, he perpetually promoted his Diſhonour. He was not the only Perſon pleas'd with the Condition he liv'd in; *Leonela* was ſo transported by her Amour, that, ſecur'd by her Lady's Connivance, ſhe perfectly abandon'd herſelf to the indiſcreet Enjoyment of her Gallant: So that one Night her Maſter heard ſome Body in her Chamber, and coming to the Door to diſcover who it was, he found it held faſt againſt him; but at laſt forcing it open, he ſaw one leap out of the Window the Inſtant he enter'd the Room: He would have purſu'd him, but *Leonela* clinging about him, begg'd him to appeaſe his Anger and Concern, ſince the Perſon that made his Eſcape was her Huſband. *Anſelmo* would not believe her, but drawing his Dagger, threaten'd to kill her if ſhe did not immediately make full Diſcovery of the Matter. Diſtracted with Fear, ſhe begg'd him to ſpare her Life, and ſhe would diſcover Things that more nearly related to him than he imagin'd. Speak quickly then, reply'd *Anſelmo*, or you die. 'Tis impoſſible, return'd ſhe, that in this Confuſion, and Fright I ſhould ſay any Thing that can be underſtood; but give me but till to Morrow Morning, and I will lay ſuch Things before you as will ſufficiently ſurprize and amaze you: but, believe me, Sir, the Perſon that leap'd out of the Window, is a young Man of this City, who is contracted to me. This ſomething appeas'd *Anſelmo*, and prevail'd with him to allow her till the next Morning to make her Confeſſion; for he was too well aſſur'd of *Camilla's* Virtue, by the paſt Trial,

to suspect that there could be any Thing relating to her, in what *Leonela* had to tell him: Wherefore fastning her in her Room, and threatning that she should never come out till she had done what she had promis'd, he return'd to his Chamber to *Camilla*, and told her all that had pass'd, without omitting the Promise she had given to make some strange Discovery to him the next Morning. You may easily imagine the Concern this gave *Camilla*; she made no Doubt, but that the Discovery *Leonela* had promis'd, was of her Disloyalty; and without waiting to know whether it were so or not, that very Night, as soon as *Anselmo* was asleep, taking with her all her Jewels, and some Money, she got undiscover'd out of the House, and went to *Lothario*, inform'd him of all that had pass'd, and desir'd him either to put her into some Place of Safety, or to go with her where they might enjoy each other, secure from the Fears of *Anselmo*. This surprizing Relation so confounded *Lothario*, that for some Time he knew not what he did, or what Resolution to take; but at last, with *Camilla*'s Consent, he put her into a Monastery where his Sister was Abbess; and immediately, without acquainting any Body with his Departure, left the City.

*Anselmo*, as soon as it was Day, got up, without missing his Wife, and made haste to *Leonela*'s Chamber, to hear what she had to say to him; but he found no Body there, only the Sheets ty'd together, and fasten'd to the Window, shew'd which way she had made her Escape; on which he return'd very sad to tell *Camilla* the Adventure, but was extremely surprized when he found her not in the whole House nor could hear any News of her from his Servants: But finding in his Search her Trunks open, and most of her Jewels gone,  
he

he no longer doubted of his Dishonour: So, pen-  
 sive and half dress'd as he was, he went to *Lo-*  
*thario's* Lodging, to tell him his Misfortune; but  
 when his Servants inform'd him that he was gone  
 that very Night, with all his Money and Jewels,  
 his Pangs were redoubl'd, and his Grief increas'd  
 almost to Madness. To conclude, he return'd  
 home, found his House empty, for Fear had driven  
 away all his Servants. He knew not what to think,  
 say, or do; he saw himself forsaken by his Friend,  
 his Wife, and his very Servants, with whom he  
 imagin'd that Heaven it self had abandon'd him;  
 but his greatest Trouble was to find himself robb'd  
 of his Honour and Reputation, for *Camilla's* Crime  
 was but too evident from all these concurring Cir-  
 cumstances. After a thousand distracting Thoughts,  
 he resolv'd to retreat to that Village whither he  
 formerly retir'd to give *Lothario* an Opportunity  
 to ruin him; wherefore fastning up his Doors, he  
 took Horse, full of Despair and languishing Sor-  
 row, the Violence of which was so great, that he  
 had scarce rid half Way, when he was forc'd to  
 alight, and tying his Horse to a Tree, he threw  
 himself beneath it; and spent, in that melancholy  
 Posture, a thousand racking Reflections, most Part  
 of the Day, till a little before Night he discover'd  
 a Passenger coming the same Road, of whom he  
 enquir'd what News at *Florence*? The Traveller  
 reply'd, that the most surprizing News that had  
 been heard of late, was now all the Talk of the  
 City, which was, that *Lothario* had that very Night  
 carry'd away the wealthy *Anselmo's* Wife *Camilla*;  
 which is all confess'd by *Camilla's* Woman, who  
 was apprehended that Night as she slipp'd from the  
 Window of *Anselmo's* House by a Pair of Sheets.  
 The Truth of this Story I cannot affirm, continu'd  
 the Traveller; but every Body is astonish'd at the  
 E 5 Accident;



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Accident; for no Man could ever suspect such a Crime from a Person engaged in so strict a Friendship with *Anselmo*, as *Lothario* was; for they were call'd the *Two Friends*. Is it yet known, reply'd *Anselmo*, which way *Lothario* and *Camilla* are gone? No, Sir, return'd the Traveller, though the Governour has made as strict a Search after them as is possible. *Anselmo* ask'd no more Questions, but after they had taken their Leaves of each other, the Traveller left him and pursued his Journey.

This mournful News so affected the unfortunate *Anselmo*, that he was struck with Death almost that very Moment; getting therefore on his Horse, as well as he could, he arriv'd at his Friend's House. He knew nothing yet of his Disgrace; but seeing him so pale and melancholy, concluded that some great Misfortune had befallen him. *Anselmo* desir'd to be immediately led to his Chamber, and furnish'd with Pen, Ink and Paper, and to be left alone with his Door locked: When, finding that his End approach'd, he resolv'd to leave in Writing the Cause of his sudden and unexpected Death. Taking therefore the Pen, he began to write; but unable to finish what he design'd, he dy'd a Martyr to his impertinent Curiosity. The Gentleman finding he did not call, and that it grew late, resolv'd to enter his Chamber, and see whether his Friend were better or worse; he found him half out of Bed, lying on his Face, with the Pen in his Hand, and a Paper open before him. Seeing him in this Posture he drew near him, call'd and mov'd him, but soon found he was dead; which made him call his Servants to behold the unhappy Event, and then took up the Paper, which he saw was written in *Anselmo's* own Hand, and was to this Effect.

*A Foolish*

*A Foolish and Impertinent Desire has robb'd me of Life. If Camilla hear of my Death, let her know that I forgive her; for she was not oblig'd to do Miracles, nor was there any Reason I should have desir'd or expected it; and since I contriv'd my own Dishonour, there is no Cause ———*

Thus far *Anselmo* writ, but Life wou'd not hold out till he could give the Reasons he design'd. The next Day the Gentleman of the House sent Word of *Anselmo's* Death to his Relations, who already knew his Misfortunes, as well as the Monastery whither *Camilla* was retir'd. She her self was indeed very near that Death which her Husband had pass'd, though not for the Loss of him, but *Lothario*, of which she had lately heard a flying Report. But though she was a Widow now, she would neither take the Veil, nor leave the Monastery, till in a few Days the News was confirm'd of his being slain in a Battle betwixt Monsieur de *Lautrec*, and that great General *Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordona*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. This was the end of the Offending, and too late Penitent Friend; the News of which made *Camilla* immediately profess her self, and soon after overwhelm'd with Grief and Melancholy, pay for her Transgression with the Loss of her Life. This was the unhappy End of them all, proceeding from so impertinent a Beginning.

I like this Novel well enough, said the Curate; yet, after all, I cannot persuade my self, that there's any Thing of Truth in it; and if it be purely Invention, the Author was in the wrong; for 'tis not to be imagin'd there can ever be a Husband so foolish, as to venture on so dangerous an Experiment.

ment. Had he made his Husband and Wife, a Gallant and a Mistress, the Fable had appear'd more probable; but, as it is, 'tis next to impossible. However, I must confess, I have nothing to object against his manner of telling it.

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## C H A P. IX.

*Containing an Account of many surprizing Accidents in the Inn.*

AT the same Time the Inn-keeper, who stood at the Door, seeing Company coming, More Guests, cry'd he, a brave jolly Troop, on my Word. If they stop here, we may sing *O be joyful*. What are they, said *Cardenio*? Four Men, said the Host, gallantly mounted, with black Masks on their Faces, and arm'd with Lances and Targets; a Lady too all in White, that rides single and mask'd; and two running Foot-men. Are they near, said the Curate? Just at the Door, reply'd the Inn-keeper. Hearing this, *Dorothea* veil'd her self, and *Cardenio* had just Time enough to step into the next Room, where Don *Quixote* lay, when the Strangers came into the Yard. The four Horse-men, who made a very genteel Appearance, dismounted, and went to help down the Lady, whom one of them taking in his Arms, carry'd into the House; where he seated her in a Chair by the Chamber-door, into which *Cardenio* had withdrawn. All this was done without discovering their Faces, or speaking a Word; only the Lady, as she sat down in the Chair, breath'd out a deep Sigh, and let her Arms sink down, in a weak and fainting Posture. The Curate, marking their odd Behaviour, which rais'd in him a Curiosity

fit to know who they were, went to their Servants in the Stable, and ask'd what their Masters were? Indeed, Sir, said one of them, that's more than I can tell you; they seem of no mean Quality, especially that Gentleman who carry'd the Lady into the House, for the rest pay him great Respect, and his Word is a Law to them. Who is the Lady, said the Curate? We know no more of her than of the rest, answer'd the Fellow, for we could never see her Face all the Time, and 'tis impossible we should know her or them any otherwise. They pick'd us up on the Road, my Comrade and myself, and prevail'd with us to wait on them to *Andalusia*, promising to pay us well for our Trouble; so that bating the two Days Travelling in their Company, they are utter Strangers to us. Could you not hear them name one another all this Time, ask'd the Curate? No, truly, Sir, answer'd the Footman, for we heard them not speak a Syllable all the Way: The poor Lady, indeed, us'd to sigh and grieve so pitifully, that we are perswaded she has no Stomach to this Journey: Whatever may be the Cause we know not; by her Garb she seems to be a Nun, but by her Grief and Melancholy, one might guess they are going to make her one, when perhaps the poor Girl has no fancy to live in a Nunnery. Very likely, said the Curate; and with that leaving them, he return'd to the Place where he left *Dorothea*, who, hearing the mask'd Lady sigh so frequently, mov'd by the natural Pity of the soft Sex, could not forbear enquiring the Cause of her Sorrow. Pardon me, Madam, said she, if I beg to know your Grief; and assure your self, that my Request does not proceed from meer Curiosity, but an earnest Inclination to serve and assist you, if your Misfortune be any such as our Sex is naturally subject to, and in the  
Power



Power of a Woman to cure. The melancholy Lady made no return to her Compliment, and *Dorothea* press'd her in vain with new Reasons, when the Gentleman, whom the Foot-boy signify'd to be the chief of the Company, interpos'd: Madam, said he, don't trouble your self to throw away any generous Offer on that ungrateful Woman, whose Nature cannot return an Obligation; neither expect any Answer to your Demands, for her Tongue is a Stranger to Truth. Sir, said the disconsolate Lady, my Truth and Honour have made me thus miserable, and my Sufferings are sufficient to prove you the falsest and most base of Men. *Cardenio* being only parted from the Company by Don *Quixote's* Chamber-door, overheard these last Words very distinctly; and immediately cry'd out, Good Heaven, what do I hear! What Voice struck my Ear just now? The Lady startl'd at his Exclamation, sprung from the Chair, and would have bolted into the Chamber whence the Voice came; but the Gentleman perceiving it, laid hold on her, to prevent her, which so disorder'd the Lady that her Mask fell off, and discover'd an incomparable Face, beautiful as an Angel's, tho' very pale, and strangely discompos'd, her Eyes eagerly rolling on every side, which made her appear distracted. *Dorothea* and the rest, not guessing what her Eyes sought by their violent Motion, beheld her with Grief and Wonder. She struggl'd so hard, and the Gentleman was so disorder'd by holding her, that his Mask dropp'd off, and discover'd to *Dorothea*, who was assisting to hold the Lady, the Face of her Husband Don *Ferdinand*: Scarce had she known him, when with a long and dismal Oh! she fell in a Swoon, and would have reach'd the Floor with all her Weight, had not the Barber, by good Fortune, stood behind and supported her. The

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Curate run presently to help her, and pulling off her Veil to throw Water in her Face, *Don Ferdinand* presently knew her, and was struck almost as dead as she at the Sight; nevertheless he did not quit *Lucinda*, who was the Lady that struggl'd so hard to get out of his Hands. *Cardenio* hearing *Dorothea's* Exclamation, and imagining it to be *Lucinda's* Voice, flew into the Chamber in great Disorder, and the first Object he met was *Don Ferdinand* holding *Lucinda*, who presently knew him. They were all struck dumb with Amazement: *Dorothea* gaz'd on *Don Ferdinand*; *Don Ferdinand* on *Cardenio*; and *Cardenio* and *Lucinda* on one another. At last *Lucinda* broke Silence, and addressing *Don Ferdinand*, Let me go, said she; unloose your hold, my Lord, by the Generosity you shou'd have, or by your Inhumanity, since it must be so, I conjure you, leave me, that I may cling like Ivy to my only Support; and from whom, neither your Threats, nor Prayers, nor Gifts, nor Promises, could ever alienate my Love. Contend not against Heaven, whose Power alone could bring me to my dear Husband's Sight, by such strange and unexpected Means: You have a thousand Instances to convince you, that nothing but Death can make me ever forget him: Let this, at least, turn your Love into Rage, which may prompt you to end my Miseries with my Life, here before my dear Husband, where I shall be proud to lose it, since my Death may convince him of my unshaken Love and Honour, till the last Minute of my Life. *Dorothea*, by this Time, had recover'd, and finding, by *Lucinda's* Discourse, who she was, and that *Don Ferdinand* would not unhand her, she made a Virtue of Necessity, and falling at his Feet, My Lord, cry'd she, all bath'd in Tears, if that Beauty which you hold in your Arms, has not altogether dazzl'd your  
Eyes,

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Eyes, you may behold at your Feet the once happy, but now miserable *Dorothea*. I am that poor and humble Villager, whom your generous Bounty, I dare not say your Love, did condescend to raise to the Honour of calling you her own: I am she, who once confin'd to peaceful Innocence, led a contented Life, till your Importunity, your Shew of Honour, and deluding Words, charm'd me from my Retreat; and made me resign my Freedom to your Power. How I am recompens'd, may be guess'd by my Grief; and my being found here in this strange Place, whither I was led, not through any dishonourable Ends, but purely by Despair and Grief to be forsaken of You. 'Twas at your Desire I was bound to you by the strictest Tie, and whatever you do, you can never cease to be mine. Consider, my dear Lord, that my matchless Love may balance the Beauty and Nobility of the Person for whom you would forsake me; she cannot share your Love, for 'tis only mine; and *Cardenio's* Interest in her will not admit a Partner. 'Tis easier far, my Lord, to recall your wandering Desires, and fix them upon her that adores you, than to draw her to love who hates you. Remember how you did solicit my humble State, and conscious of my Meanness, yet paid a Veneration to my Innocence, which join'd with the honourable Condition of my yielding to your Desires, pronounce me free from ill Design or Dishonour. Consider these undeniable Truths: Have some Regard to your Honour! Remember you're a Christian! Why should you then make her Life end so miserably, whose Beginning your Favour made so happy? If I must not expect the Usage and Respect of a Wife, let me but serve you as a Slave; So I belong to you, though in the meanest Rank, I never shall complain: Let me not be expos'd to the standing.

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*of the Rencw'n'd Don Quixote.* 129

Reflections of the Cenforious World by fo cruel a Separation from my Lord: Afflict not the declining Years of my poor Parents, whose faithful Services to you and yours have merited a more fuitable Return. If you imagine the Current of your noble Blood fhould be defil'd by mixing with mine, confider how many noble Houfes have run in fuch a Channel; befides, the Woman's Side is not effentially requifite to ennoble Defcent! But chiefly think on this, that Virtue is the trueft Nobility, which if you ftain by bafely wronging me, you bring a greater Blot upon your Family than Marrying me could caufe. In fine, my Lord, you cannot, muft not difown me for your Wife: to attelt which Truth, I call your own Words, which muft be true, if you prize your felf for Honour, and that Nobility, whose want you fo depife in me; witnefs your Oaths and Vows, witnefs that Heaven which you fo oft invok'd to ratify your Promifes; and if all thefe fhould fail, I make my laft Appeal to your own Confcience, whose Sting will always represent my Wrongs frefh to your Thoughts, and difturb your Joys amidft your greateft Pleafures.

Thefe, with many fuch Arguments, did the mournful *Dorothea* urge, appearing fo lovely in her Sorrow, that Don *Ferdinand's* Friends, as well as all the reft sympathiz'd with her; *Lucinda* particularly, as much admiring her Wit and Beauty, as mov'd by the Tears, the piercing Sighs and Moans that follow'd her Intreaties; and ſhe wou'd have gone nearer to have comforted her, had not *Ferdinand's* Arms, that ftill held her, prevented it. He flood full of Confufion, with his Eyes fix'd attentively on *Dorothea* a great while; at laft, opening his Arms, he quitted *Lucinda*, Thou haft Conquer'd, cry'd he, charming *Dorothea*, thou haft Conquer'd  
me,



me, 'tis impossible to resist so many united Truths and Charms. *Lucinda* was still so disorder'd and weak, that she would have fall'n when *Ferdinand* quitted her, had not *Cardenio*, without regard to his Safety, leap'd forward and caught her in his Arms, and embracing her with Eagerness and Joy; Thanks, gracious Heaven, cry'd he aloud, my Dear, my faithful Wife, thy Sorrows now are ended; for where canst thou rest more safe than in my Arms, which now support thee, as once they did when my bless'd Fortune first made thee mine? *Lucinda* then opening her Eyes, and finding her self in the Arms of her *Cardenio*, without regard to Ceremony or Decency, threw her Arms about his Neck, and laying her Face to his, Yes, said she, thou art he, thou art my Lord indeed! 'Tis even you your self the right Owner of this poor harass'd Captive. Now Fortune act thy worst, nor Fears nor Threats shall ever part me more from the sole Support and Comfort of my Life. This Sight was very surprizing to Don *Ferdinand* and the other Spectators. *Dorothea* perceiving, by Don *Ferdinand's* Change of Countenance, and laying his Hand to his Sword, that he prepar'd to assault *Cardenio*, fell suddenly on her Knees; and with an endearing Embrace, held Don *Ferdinand's* Legs so fast, that he could not stir. What means, cry'd she, all in Tears, the only Refuge of my Hope? see here thy own and dearest Wife at thy Feet, and her you would enjoy in her true Husband's Arms. Think then, my Lord, how unjust is your Attempt, to dissolve that Knot which Heaven has ty'd so fast. Can you e'er think or hope Success in your Design on her, who contemning all Dangers, and confirm'd in strictest Constancy and Honour, before your Face lies bath'd in Tears of Joy and Passion in her true Lover's Bosom? For Heaven's

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fake I intreat you, by your own Words I conjure you to mitigate your Anger, and permit that faithful Pair to consummate their Joys, and spend their remaining Days in Peace: Thus may you make it appear that you are generous and truly noble, giving the World so strong a Proof that you have your Reason at Command, and your Passion in Subjection. All this while, *Cardenio*, though he still held *Lucinda* in his Arms, had a watchful Eye on *Don Ferdinand*; resolving, if he had made the least Offer to his Prejudice, to make him repent it and all his Party, if possible, though at the Expence of his Life. But *Don Ferdinand's* Friends, the Curate, the Barber, and all the Company (not forgetting honest *Sancho Panza*) got together about *Don Ferdinand*, and intreated him to pity the Beautiful *Dorothea's* Tears; that considering what she had said, the Truth of which was apparent, it would be the highest Injustice to frustrate her lawful Hopes; that their strange and wonderful meeting could not be attributed to Chance, but the peculiar and directing Providence of Heaven; that nothing (as Mr. Curate very well urg'd) but Death could part *Cardenio* from *Lucinda*; and that tho' the Edge of the Sword might separate them, he would make them happier by Death, than he could hope to be by surviving; that in irrecoverable Accidents, a Submission to Fate, and a Resignation of our Wills, shew'd not only the greatest Prudence, but also the highest Courage and Generosity; that he should not envy those happy Lovers what the Bounty of Heaven had conferr'd on them, but that he should turn his Eyes on *Dorothea's* Grief, view her incomparable Beauty, which, with her true and unfeigned Love, made large Amends for the Meanness of her Parentage; but principally it lay upon him, if he glory'd in the Titles of Nobility and Christianity,

anity, to keep his Promise unviolated, That the more reasonable Part of Mankind could not otherwise be satisfied, or have any Esteem for him: Also that it was the special Prerogative of Beauty (if heightened by Virtue, and adorned with Modesty) to lay claim to any Dignity, without Disparagement or Scandal to the Person that raises it; and that the strong Dictates of Delight having been once indulged, we are not to be blamed for following them afterwards, provided they be not unlawful. In short, to these Reasons they added so many enforcing Arguments, that Don *Ferdinand*, who was truly a Gentleman, could no longer resist Reason, but stooped down, and embracing *Dorothea*, Rise, Madam, said he, 'tis not proper that she should lie prostrate at my Feet, who triumphs over my Soul: If I have not hitherto paid you all the Respect I ought, 'twas perhaps so ordered by Heaven, that having by this a stronger Conviction of your Constancy and Goodness, I may henceforth set the greater Value on your Merit: Let the future Respects and Services I shall pay you, plead a Pardon for my past Transgressions; and let the violent Passions of my Love, that first made me yours, be an Excuse for that which caus'd me to forsake you: View the happy *Lucinda's* Eyes, and there read a thousand farther Excuses; but I promise henceforth never to disturb her Quiet; and may she live long and contented with her dear *Cardenio*; as I hope to do with my dearest *Dorothea*. Thus concluding, he embrac'd her again so lovingly, that it was with no small Difficulty that he kept in his Tears, which he endeavour'd to conceal, being asham'd to discover so effeminate a Proof of his Remorse.

*Cardenio*, *Lucinda*, and the greatest Part of the Company could not so well command their Passions,

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sons, but all wept for Joy; even *Sancho Pança* himself shed Tears, though as he afterwards confess'd, it was not for downright Grief, but because he found not *Dorothea* to be the Queen of *Micomicona*, as he suppos'd, and of whom he expected so many Favours and Preferments. *Cardenio* and *Lucinda* fell at Don *Ferdinand's* Feet, giving him Thanks, with the strongest Expressions which Gratitude could suggest; he rais'd them up, and received their Acknowledgments with much Modesty; then begg'd to be inform'd by *Dorothea*, how she came to that Place. She related to him all she had told *Cardenio*, but with such a Grace, that what were Misfortunes to her, prov'd an unaccountable Pleasure to those that heard her Relation. Afterwards Don *Ferdinand* told all that had befall'n him in the City, after he found the Paper in *Lucinda's* Bosom, which declared *Cardenio* to be her Husband; how he would have kill'd her, had not her Parents prevented him; how afterwards, mad with Shame and Anger, he left the City, to wait a more commodious Opportunity of Revenge; how in a short Time he learnt that *Lucinda* was fled to a Monastery, resolving to end her Days there, if she could not spend them with *Cardenio*; that, having desired those three Gentlemen to go with him, they went to the Monastery, and waiting till they found the Gate open, he left two of the Gentlemen to secure the Door, while he with the other enter'd the House, where they found *Lucinda* talking with a Nun in the Cloister; they forcibly brought her thence to a Village, where they disguis'd themselves for their more convenient Flight, which they more easily brought about, the Monastery being situate in the Fields, distant a good way from any Town. He likewise added, how *Lucinda* finding herself in his Power,



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Power, fell into a Swoon, and that after she came to her self, she continually wept and sigh'd, but would not speak a Syllable; and that accompanied with Silence only and Tears, they had travelled till they came to the Inn, which proved to him as his Arrival at Heaven, having put a happy Conclusion to all his earthly Misfortunes.

C H A P. X.

*The History of the Famous Princess Micomicona continu'd, with other pleasant Adventures.*

**T**H E Joy of the whole Company was unspeakable by the happy Conclusion of this dangerous Business; *Dorothea*, *Cardenio*, and *Lucinda* thought the sudden Change of their Affairs too surprizing to be real; and through a disuse of good Fortune, could hardly be induced to believe their Happiness: *Don Ferdinand* thank'd Heaven a thousand times for its propitious Conduct in leading him out of a Labyrinth, in which his Honour and Virtue were like to have been lost. The Curate, as he was very instrumental in the general Reconciliation, had likewise no small share in the general Joy; and that no Discontent might sour their universal Satisfaction, *Cardenio* and the Curate engag'd to see the Hostess satisfied for all Damages committted by *Don Quixote*: only poor *Sancho* droop'd pitifully; he found his Lordship and his Hopes vanish'd into Smoke, the Princess *Micomicona* was chang'd to *Dorothea*, and the Giant to *Don Ferdinand*; thus very musty and met  
lancholy

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 135

lancholy he slip'd into his Master's Chamber, who was just waken'd.

I hope your early rising will do you no hurt, said he, Sir Knight of the woful Figure; but you may now sleep on till Doom's-day if you will; nor need you trouble your Head any longer about killing any Giant, or restoring the Princess, for all that is done to your Hand. That's more than probable, answer'd the Knight, for I have had the most extraordinary and prodigious Engagement with the Giant, that I ever did, or shall maintain during the whole Course of my Life; yes with one cross stroke I laid his Head thwack on the Ground, whence the great Effusion of Blood seem'd like a violent Stream of Water. Of Wine you mean, said *Sancho*, for you must know (if you know it not already) that your Worship's dead Giant is a broach'd Wine-bag, and the Blood some thirty Gallons of Tent which it held in its Belly, and your Head so cleverly struck off, is the Whore my Mother; and so the Devil take both Giant and Head, and all altogether, for *Sancho*. What say'st thou, mad Man? said the Don, thou'rt frantick sure. Rise, rise, Sir, said *Sancho*, and see what fine Work you have cut out for yourself; here's the Devil-and-all to pay for, and your great Queen is changed into a private Gentlewoman, call'd *Dorothea*, with some other such odd Matters, that you will wonder with a Vengeance. I can wonder at nothing here, said Don *Quixote*, where you may remember I told you all things are rul'd by Inchantment. I believe it quoth *Sancho*, had my tossing in a Blanket been of that kind; but sure 'twas the likest a tossing in a Blanket of any thing I ever knew in my Life. And this same Inn-keeper, I remember very well, was one of those that toss'd me into the Air, and as cleverly  
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and heartily he did it as a Man could wish, I'll say that for him; so that after all I begin to smell a Rat, and do per'lously suspect, that all our Inchantment will end in nothing but Bruises and broken Bones. Heaven will retrieve all, said the Knight; I will therefore dress, and march to the Discovery of these wonderful Transformations. While *Sancho* made him ready, the Curate gave *Don Ferdinand* and the rest an Account of *Don Quixote's* Madness, and of the Device he used to draw him from the *Poor Rock*, to which the suppos'd Disdain of his Mistress had banish'd him in Imagination. *Sancho's* Adventure made also a Part in the Story, which prov'd very diverting to the Strangers. He added, that since *Dorothea's* Change of Fortune had balkt their Design that way, some other Trick should be found to decoy him home: *Cardenio* offer'd his Service in the Affair, and that *Lucinda* should personate *Dorothea*: No, no, (answer'd *Don Ferdinand*,) *Dorothea* shall humour the Jest still, if this honest Gentleman's Habitation be not very far off. Only two Days Journey said the Curate: I would ride twice as far (said *Don Ferdinand*,) for the Pleasure of so good and charitable an Action. By this *Don Quixote* had sallied out Arm'd Cap-a-pee, *Mambrino's* Helmet, (with a great Hole in it) on his Head; his Shield on his left Arm, and with his right he lean'd on his Lance. The dun Complexion of his meagre and weather-beaten Face, the unaccountable Medley of his unsuitable Arms, together with his grave and solemn Port, struck *Don Ferdinand* and his Companions dumb with Admiration, while the Champion casting his Eyes on *Dorothea*, with great Gravity and Solidity, broke silence with these Words.

I am inform'd by this my Squire, beautiful Lady, that your Greatness is annihilated, and your

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Majesty reduc'd to nothing, for of a Queen and mighty Princess, as you us'd to be, you are become a private Damsel. If any express Order from the Negromantic King your Father (doubting the Ability and Success of my Arm in the reinstating you) has occasioned this Change, I must tell him, that he is no Conjuror in these Matters; nor is he skill'd in the Revolutions of Chivalry: For had he been conversant in the Study of Knight-Errantry as I have been, he might have found, that in every Age, Champions of less Fame than Don *Quixote de la Mancha* have finish'd more desperate Adventures; since the killing of a pitiful Giant, how arrogant soever he may be, is no such great Atchievement; for, not many Hours past, I encounter'd one my self; the Success I will not mention, lest the Incredulity of some People might distrust the Reality; but Time, the Discoverer of all things, will disclose it, when we least expect. Hold there, said the Host, 'twas with two Winebags, but no Giant that you fought. Don *Ferdinand* silenc'd the Inn-keeper, and bid him by no means interrupt Don *Quixote*, who thus went on. To conclude, most High and Disinherited Lady, if your Father, for the Causes already mentioned, has caus'd this Metamorphosis in your Person, believe him not; for there is no Peril on Earth, thro' which my Sword shall not open a way; and assure your self that in a few Days, by the Overthrow of your Enemy's Head, it shall fix on yours that Crown, which is your lawful Inheritance. Here Don *Quixote* stopt, waiting the Princess's Answer; she, assur'd of Don *Ferdinand's* Consent to carry on the Jest, 'till Don *Quixote* was carried home, and assuming a face of Gravity, Whosoever (answer'd she) has inform'd you, Valorous Knight of the woful Figure, that I have alter'd or chang'd my



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Condition, has impos'd upon you; for I am just the same to Day as Yesterday; 'tis true some unexpected, but fortunate Accidents have varied some Circumstances of my Fortune, much to my Advantage, and far beyond my Hopes; but I am neither chang'd in my Person, nor alter'd in my Resolution of employing the Force of your redoubtable and invincible Arm in my Favour. I therefore apply my self to your usual Generosity, to have those Words spoken to my Father's Dishonour recall'd; and believe these easy and infallible Means to redress my Wrongs, the pure Effects of his Wisdom and Policy; as the good Fortune I now enjoy, has been the Consequence of your surprizing Deeds, as this Noble Presence can testify; what should hinder us then from setting forward to Morrow Morning, depending for a happy and successful Conclusion on the Will of Heaven, and the Power of your unparallel'd Courage.

The ingenious *Dorothea* having concluded, Don *Quixote* turning to *Sancho*, with all the Signs of Fury imaginable; Now must I tell thee, poor pauntry Hang-dog (said he) thou art the veryest Rascal in all *Spain*; tell me, Rogue, Scoundrel, did not you just now inform me, that this Princess was chang'd into a little private Damsel, call'd *Dorothea*; and the Head which I lop'd from the Giant's Shoulders, was the Whore your Mother, with a thousand other Absurdities? Now, by all the Powers of Heaven, (looking up, and grinding his Teeth together) I have a Mind so to use thee, as to make thee appear a miserable Example to all succeeding Squires, that shall dare to tell a Knight-Errant a Lye. Good your Worship, cry'd *Sancho*, have Patience. I beseech you: Mayhap I am mistaken or so, about my Lady Princess *Micomicona's* Concern there; but that the Giant's Head came  
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off the Wine-bags Shoulders, and that the Blood was as good Tent as ever was tipt over Tongue, I'll take my Corporal Oath on't; Gadzookers Sir, are not the Bags all hack'd and slash'd within there at your Beo's-head, and the Wine all in a Puddle in your Chamber? But you'll guess at the Meat presently, by the Sauce; the Proof of the Pudding is in the eating, Master; and if my Landlord here don't let you know it to your Cost, he's a very honest and civil Fellow, that's all. *Sancho*, said the Don, I pronounce thee *non Compos*, I therefore pardon thee, and have done. 'Tis enough, said Don *Ferdinand*, we therefore, in pursuance of the Princess's Orders, will this Night refresh ourselves, and to Morrow's Sun sets us out to attend the Lord Don *Quixote*, in prosecution of this important Enterprize he has undertaken, being all impatient to be Eye-witnesses of his celebrated and matchless Courage. I shall be proud of the Honour of serving and waiting upon you, my good Lord, reply'd Don *Quixote*, and reckon myself infinitely oblig'd by the Favour and good Opinion of so honourable a Company; which I shall endeavour to improve and confirm, though at the Expence of the last drop of my Blood.

Many other Compliments had pass'd between Don *Quixote* and Don *Ferdinand*, when the Arrival of a Stranger interrupted them. His Dress represented him a Christian newly return'd from *Barbary*: He was clad in a short skirted Coat of blue Cloth, with short Sleeves and no Collar, his Breeches were of blue Linen, with a Cap of the same Colour, a pair of Darc-colour'd Stockings, and a *Turkish* Scimitar hung by a Scarf, in manner of a Shoulder-Belt. There rode a Woman in his Company, clad in a *Moorish* Dress, with her Face cover'd by her Veil; she had on a little Cap of

Gold-Tissue, and a *Turkish* Mantle that reach'd from her Shoulders to her Feet. The Man was well-shap'd and strong, his Age about Forty, his Face somewhat tann'd, his Mustachio's long, and his Beard handsom: In short, his genteel Mien and Person were too distinguishable, to let the Gentleman be hid by the Meanness of his Habit. He call'd presently for a Room, and being answer'd that all were full, seem'd a little troubl'd; however he went to the Woman who came along with him, and took her down from her Ass. The Ladies being all surpriz'd at the oddness of the *Moorish* Dress, had the Curiosity to flock about the Stranger, and *Dorothea* very discreetly imagining that both she and her Conductor were tir'd, and took it ill that they could not have a Chamber; I hope, Madam, you will bear your ill Fortune patiently, said she, for want of room is an inconvenience incident to all publick Inns; But if you please, Madam, to favour us with your Company, you may perhaps find that you have met with worse Entertainment on the Road, than what this Place affords. The unknown Lady made her no answer, but rising up, laid her Hands across her Breast, bow'd her Head, and bended her Body, as a Sign that she acknowledg'd the Favour. By her Silence they conjectur'd her to be undoubtedly a *Moor*, and that she could not speak *Spanish*. Her Companion was now come back from the Stable, and told them; Ladies, I hope you will excuse this Gentlewoman from answering any Questions, for she is very much a Stranger to our Language. We are only, Sir, answer'd *Lucinda*, making her an Offer which Civility obliges us to make all Strangers, especially of our own Sex; that she would make us happy in her Company all Night, and fare as we do; we will make very much

much of her, Sir, and she shall want for nothing that the House affords. I return you humble Thanks, dear Madam, answer'd the Stranger, in the Lady's behalf and my own; and I infinitely prize the Favour, which the present Exigence and the Worth of the Donors, make doubly engaging. Is the Lady, pray Sir, a Christian or a *Moor*, ask'd *Dorothea*? Our Charity would make us hope she were the former; but by her Attire and Silence we are afraid she is the latter. Outwardly, Madam, answers he, she appears and is a *Moor*, but in her Heart a zealous Christian, which her longing Desires of being Baptiz'd have expressly testified. I have had no Opportunity of having her Christen'd since she left *Algiers*, which was her Habitation and Native Country; nor has any imminent danger of Death oblig'd her to be brought to the Font, till she be better instructed in the Principles of our Religion; but, I hope by Heaven's Assistance, to have her shortly Baptiz'd with Decency suiting her Quality, which is much above what her Equipage or mine seem to promise.

These Words rais'd in them all a Curiosity to be farther inform'd who the *Moor* and her Conductor were; but they thought it improper then to put them to any more particular Relation of their Fortunes, because they wanted Rest and Refreshment after their Journey. *Dorothea* placing the Lady by her, begg'd her to take off her Veil. She look'd on her Companion, as if she required him to let her know what she said; which, when he had let her understand in the *Arabian* Tongue, joining his own Request also, she discover'd so charming a Face, that *Dorothea* imagin'd her more beautiful than *Lucinda*; she on the other hand, fancy'd her handsomer than *Dorothea*; and most of the Company believ'd her more beautiful than both of



'em. As Beauty has always a Prerogative, or rather Charin, to attract Mens Inclinations, the whole Company dedicated their Desires to serve the lovely *Moor*. Don *Ferdinand* ask'd the Stranger her Name, he answer'd *Lela Zoraida*; she heard him, and guessing what they ask'd, suddenly reply'd with great Concern, though very gracefully, No, no *Zoraida, Maria, Maria*; giving them to understand, that her Name was *Maria* and not *Zoraida*. These Words, spoken with so much eagerness, raised a Concern in every Body, the Ladies especially, whose natural Tenderness shew'd itself by their Tears; and *Lucinda* embracing her very lovingly, Ay, ay, said she, *Maria, Maria*, which Words the *Moorish* Lady repeated by way of Answer. *Zoraida Macange*, added she, as much as to say, not *Zoraida*, but *Maria, Maria*. The Night coming on, and the Inn-keeper, by order of Don *Ferdinand's* Friends, having made haste to provide them the best Supper he could, the Cloth was laid on a long Table, there being neither round nor square in the House. Don *Quixote*, after much Ceremony, was prevail'd upon to sit at the Head; he desir'd the Lady *Micomicona* to sit next to him, and the rest of the Company having plac'd themselves according to their Rank and Convenience, they eat their Supper very plentifully. Don *Quixote*, to raise the Diversion, never minded his Meat, but inspired with the same Spirit that mov'd him to preach so much to the Goat-herds, he began to hold forth in this Manner. Certainly, Gentlemen, if we rightly consider it, those who make Knight-Errantry their Profession, often meet with most surprizing and stupendious Adventures. For what Mortal in the World, at this Time entring within this Castle, and seeing us sit together as we do, will imagine and believe us to be the same Persons which in reality

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we are? Who is there that can judge, that this Lady by my side is the great Queen we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the woful Figure, so universally made known by Fame? It is then no longer to be doubted, but that this Exercise and Profession surpasses all others that have been invented by Man, and is so much the more honourable, as it is more expos'd to Dangers. Let none presume to tell me that the Pen is preferable to the Sword; for be they who they will, I shall tell them they know not what they say. For the Reason they give, and on which chiefly they rely, is, that the Labour of the Mind exceeds that of the Body, and that the Exercise of Arms depends only on the Body; as if the use of them were the Business of Porters, which requires nothing but much Strength. Or, as if this, which we who profess it call Chivalry, did not include the Acts of Fortitude, which depend very much upon the Understanding. Or else, as if that Warriour, who commands an Army, or defends a City besieg'd, did not labour as much with the Mind as with the Body. If this be not so, let Experience teach us, whether it be possible by bodily Strength to discover or guess the Intentions of an Enemy. The forming Designs, laying of Stratagems, overcoming of Difficulties, and shunning of Dangers, are all Works of the Understanding, wherein the Body has no Share. It being therefore evident, that the Exercise of Arms requires the help of the Mind as well as Learning, let us see in the next place, whether the Scholar or the Soldier's Mind undergoes the greatest Labour. Now this may be the better known, by regarding the End and Object each of them aims at; for that Intention is to be most valued, which makes the noblest End its Object. The Scope and End of

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Learning, I mean, human Learning (in this Place I speak not of Divinity, whose aim is to guide Souls to Heaven, for no other can equal a Design so infinite as this) is to give a Perfection to distributive Justice, bestowing upon every one his due, and to procure and cause good Laws to be observ'd; an End really Generous, Great, and worthy of high Commendation; but yet not equal to that which Knight-Errantry tends to, whose Object and End is Peace, which is the greatest Blessing Man can wish for in this Life. And therefore the first good News the World receiv'd, were those the Angels brought that Night, which was the Beginning of our Day, when they sang in the Air, Glory on high, and Peace upon Earth, and to Men Good-will. And the only manner of Salutation taught by the best Master in Heaven, or upon Earth to his Friends and Favourites, was, that entring any House they should say, Peace be in this House. And at other times he said to them, My Peace I give to you, My Peace I leave to you, Peace be among you. A Jewel and Legacy worthy of such a Donor, a Jewel so precious, that without it there can be no Happiness either in Earth or Heaven. This Peace is the true End of War; for Arms and War are one and the same thing. Allowing then this Truth, that the End of War is Peace, and that in this it excels the End of Learning, let us now weigh the Bodily Labours the Scholar undergoes, against those the Warriour suffers; and then see which are greatest. The Method and Language Don *Quixote* us'd in delivering himself were such, that none of his Hearers at that time look'd upon him as a Madman. But on the contrary, most of them being Gentlemen, to whom the use of Arms properly appertains, they gave him a willing Attention; and he proceeded in this manner. These,

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then, I say, are the Sufferings and Hardships a Scholar endures. First, Poverty, (not that they are all Poor, but to urge the worst that may be in this Case) and having said he endures Poverty, methinks nothing more need be urg'd to express his Misery; for he that is poor enjoys no Happiness, but labours under this Poverty in all its Parts, at one time in Hunger, at another in Cold, another in Nakedness, and sometimes in all of them together; yet his Poverty is not so great, but still he eats, though it be later than the usual Hour, and of the Scraps of the Rich, which is the greatest of a Scholar's Misfortunes; neither can the Learned wholly want another Man's Fire or Chimney-corner, where, though they be not thoroughly heated, yet they gather warmth, and at last they lie at Night under Covert. I will not touch upon other less material Circumstances, as the want of Linen, and Scarcity of Shoes, the thinness and baldness of their Clothes, and their Surfeiting, when good Fortune throws a Feast in their Way: This is the difficult and uncouth Path they tread, often stumbling and falling, yet rising again and pushing on, till they attain the Preferment they aim at; whither being arriv'd, we have seen many of them, who, having been carried by a Fortunate Gale through all these Quick-sands, from a Chair govern the World; their Hunger being chang'd into Satiety, their Cold into comfortable Warmth, their Nakedness into Magnificence of Apparel; and the Mat they us'd to lie upon, into stately Beds of costly Silks and softest Linen, a Reward due to their Virtue. But yet their Sufferings being compar'd with those the Soldier endures, appear much inferior, as I shall in the next place make out.



## C H A P. XI.

*A Continuation of Don Quixote's curious Discourse upon Arms and Learning.*

SINCE, speaking of the Scholar, we began by his Poverty, and its several Parts, continu'd Don *Quixote*, let us now observe whether the Soldier be any Thing richer than he; and we shall find that Poverty it self is not poorer; for he depends on his miserable Pay, which he receives but seldom, or perhaps never; or else in that he makes by Marauding, with the hazard of his Life, and trouble of his Conscience. Such is sometimes his want of Apparel, that a slash'd Buff-Coat is all his Holiday Raiment and Shirt; and in the depth of Winter being in the open Field, he has nothing to cherish him against the sharpness of the Season, but the Breath of his Mouth, which issuing from an empty Place, I am perswaded is it self cold, though contrary to the Rules of Nature. But now see how he expects Night to make amends for all these Hardships in the Bed prepar'd for him, which, unless it be his own Fault, never proves too narrow; for he may freely lay out as much of the Ground as he pleases, and tumble to his content, without danger of losing the Sheets. But above all, when the Day shall come, wherein he is to put in practice the Exercise of his Profession, and strive to gain some new Degree, when the Day of Battle shall come, then, as a Mark of his Honour, shall his Head be dignified with a Cap made of Lint, to stop a Hole made by a Bullet, or be perhaps carried off maim'd, at the Expence of a Leg

Leg or an Arm. And if this do not happen, but that merciful Heaven preserve his Life and Limbs, it may fall out that he shall remain as poor as before, and must run through many Re-encounters and Battles, and always come off victorious, to obtain some little Preferment; and these Miracles too are rare: But, I pray tell me, Gentlemen, if ever you made it your Observation, how few are those who obtain due Rewards in War, in comparison of those Numbers that perish? Doubtless you will answer, that there is no Parity between them; that the Slain are without Number, that three Numeral Figures will serve to make the Sum of those that live to be rewarded. It is quite otherwise with Scholars, not only those who follow the Law, but others also, who all either by Hook or by Crook get a Livelihood, so that tho' the Soldier's Sufferings be much greater, yet his Reward is much less. To this it may be answer'd, that it is easier to reward two thousand Scholars, than thirty thousand Soldiers, because the former are recompens'd at the Expence of the Publick, by giving them Employments, which of necessity must be bestowed on those of their Profession, but the latter cannot be gratified otherwise than at the Cost of the Master that employs them; yet this very Difficulty makes good my Argument. But let us lay this Matter aside, as a Point difficult to be decided, and let us return to the Preference due to Arms above Learning, a Subject as yet in Debate, each Party bringing stronger Reasons to make out their Pretensions. Among others, Learning urges, that without it Warfare it self could not subsist; because War, as other Things, has its Laws, and is governed by them, and Laws are the Province of Learning and Scholars. To this Objection the Soldiers make Answer,

swer, that without them the Laws cannot be maintain'd, for it is by Arms that Commonwealths are defended, Kingdoms supported, Cities secur'd, the High-ways made safe, and the Sea deliver'd from Pirates. In short, were it not for them, Commonwealths, Kingdoms, Monarchies, Cities, the Roads by Land, and the Waters of the Sea, would be subject to the Ravages and Confusion that attends War while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its unbounded Privileges and Strength. Besides it is past all Controversy, that what costs dearest, is, and ought most to be valu'd. Now for a Man to attain to an eminent degree in Learning costs him time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the Head, weakness in the Stomach, and other Inconveniences, which are the Consequences of these, of which I have already in part made mention. But the rising gradually to be a good Soldier, is purchas'd at the whole expence of all that is requir'd for Learning, and that in so surpassing a Degree, that there is no comparison betwixt them; because he is every Moment in Danger of his Life. To what danger or distress can a Scholar be reduc'd equal to that of a Soldier, who, being besieg'd in some strong Place, and at his Post or upon Guard in some Ravelin or Bastion, perceives the Enemy carrying on a Mine under him, and yet must upon no account remove from thence, or shun the danger which threatens him so near? All he can do, is, to give Advice to his Commander, that he may countermine; and he must stand still fearing and expecting when on a sudden he shall soar to the Clouds without Wings, and be again cast down headlong against his Will. If this Danger seem inconsiderable, let us see whether that be not greater when two Gallies shock one another with

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with their Prows in the midst of the spacious Sea. When they have thus grappled, and are clinging together, the Soldier is confin'd to the narrow Beak, being a Board not above two Foot wide; and yet though he sees before him so many Ministers of Death threatening, as there are Pieces of Cannon on the other side pointing against him, and not half a Pike's Length from his Body; and being sensible that the first slip of his Feet sends him to the Bottom of *Neptune's* Dominions; still, for all this, inspir'd by Honour, with an undaunted Heart, he stands a Mark to so much Fire, and endeavours to make his way, by that narrow Passage, into the Enemy's Vessel. But what is most to be admir'd is, that no sooner one falls, where he shall never rise till the end of the World. than another steps into the same Place; and if he also drops into the Sea, which lies in wait for him like an Enemy, another, and after him another still fills up the Place, without suffering any Interval of Time to separate their Deaths; a Resolution and Boldness scarce to be parallell'd in any other Trials of War. Blessed be those happy Ages that were Strangers to the dreadful Fury of these devilish Instruments of Artillery, whose Inventor I am satisfy'd is now in Hell, receiving the Reward of his cursed Invention, which is the Cause that very often a cowardly base Hand takes away the Life of the bravest Gentleman, and that in the midst of that Vigour and Resolution which animates and inflames the Bold, a chance Bullet (shot perhaps by one that fled, and was frighted at the very Flash the mischievous Piece gave, when it went off) coming, no Body knows how, or from whence, in a Moment puts a Period to the brave Designs, and the Life of one, that deserv'd to have surviv'd many Years. This consider'd, I could almost say,

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I am sorry at my Heart for having taken upon me this Profession of a Knight-Errant, in so detestable an Age; for tho' no Danger daunts me, yet it affects me to think, whether Powder and Lead may not deprive me of the Opportunity of becoming Famous, and making my self known throughout the World, by the Strength of my Arm and Dint of my Sword. But let Heaven order Matters as it pleases, for if I compass my Designs, I shall be so much the more honour'd by how much the Dangers I have expos'd my self to, are greater than those the Knights-Errant of former Ages escap'd. All this long Preamble Don *Quixote* made, whilst the Company suppd, never minding to eat a mouthful, though *Sancho Pança* had several times advis'd him to sup, telling him there would be time enough afterwards to say what he thought fit. Those who heard him were afresh mov'd with Compassion, to see a Man, who seem'd, in all other Respects, to have a sound Judgment and clear Understanding, so absolutely mad and distracted, when any mention was made of his curs'd Knight-Errantry. The Curate told him, he was much in the right, in all he had said for the Honour of Arms; and that he thought a Scholar, and a Graduate, was of the same Opinion. Supper being ended, and the Cloth taken away, whilst the Inn-keeper, his Wife, his Daughter, and *Maritornes*, fitted up Don *Quixote's* Loft for the Ladies, that they might lie by themselves that Night, Don *Ferdinand* intreated the Slave to give them an Account of his Life; conscious the Relation could not choose but be very delightful and surprizing, as might be guess'd by his coming with *Zoraida*. The Slave answer'd, He would most willingly comply with their Desires, and that he only fear'd the Relation would not give them all the

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the Satisfaction he could wish; but that however rather than disobey, he would do it as well as he could. The Curate and all the Company thank'd him, and made fresh Instances to the same Effect. Seeing himself courted by so many, There is no need of Intreaties, said he, for what you may command; therefore, continu'd he, give me your Attention, and you shall hear a true Relation, perhaps not to be parallell'd by those fabulous Stories which are compos'd with much Art and Study. This caus'd all the Company to seat themselves, and observe a very strict Silence; and then with an agreeable and sedate Voice, he began in this manner.

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## C H A P. XII.

*Where the Captive relates his Life and Adventures.*

IN the Mountains of *Leon* my Family had its first Original, and was more kindly dealt withal by Nature than by Fortune, though my Father might pass for Rich among the Inhabitants of those Parts, who are but poorly provided for; to say Truth, he had been so, had he had as much Industry to preserve, as he had Inclination to dissipate his Income; but he had been a Soldier, and the Years of his Youth spent in that Employment, had left him in his old Age a Propensity to spend, under the Name of Liberality. War is a School where the Covetous grow free, and the Free prodigal: To see a Soldier a Miser, is a kind of Prodigy which happens but seldom. My Father was far from being one of them; for he pass'd the Bounds of Liberality, and came very near the Excesses.

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cesses of Prodigality; a thing which cannot suit well with a marry'd Life, where the Children ought to succeed to the Estate, as well as Name of the Family. We were three of us all at Man's Estate, and my Father, finding that the only way (as he said) to curb his squandring Inclination, was resolv'd to dispossess himself of that which maintain'd it, his Estate; without which *Alexander* himself must have appear'd poor. He call'd us one Day all three to him in his Chamber, and spoke to us in the following manner.

My Sons, to perswade you that I love you, I need only tell you I am your Father, and you my Children, and on the other side, you have reason to think me unkind, considering how careless I am in preserving what should one Day be yours; but to convince you, however, that I have the Bowels of a Parent, I have taken a Resolution, which I have well weigh'd and consider'd for many Days. You are all now of an Age to choose the kind of Life you each of you incline to; or, at least, to enter upon some Employment that may one Day procure you both Honour and Profit: Therefore I design to divide all I have into four Parts, of which I will give Three among you, and retain the Fourth for my self, to maintain me in my old Age, as long as it shall please Heaven to continue me in this Life. After that each of you shall have receiv'd his Part, I could wish you would follow one of the Employments I shall mention to you, every one as he finds himself inclin'd. There is a Proverb in our vulgar Tongue, Which I take to contain a great deal of Truth, as generally those sorts of Sayings do; being short Sentences fram'd upon Observation and long Experience. This Proverb runs thus, *Either the Church, the Sea, or the Court*. As if it should plainly say, that

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*of the Renown'd Don Quixote.* 153

whosoever desires to thrive must follow one of these three; either be a Church-man, or a Merchant and try his Fortune at Sea, or enter into the Service of his Prince in the Court: For another Proverb says, that *King's Chaff is better than other Mens Corn*. I say this, because I would have one of you follow his Studies, another I desire should be a Merchant, and the Third should serve the King in his Wars; because it is a thing of some difficulty to get an entrance at Court; and though War does not immediately procure Riches, yet it seldom fails of giving Honour and Reputation. Within eight Days time I will give each of you your Portion, and not wrong you of a Farthing of it, as you shall see by Experience. Now therefore tell me if you are resolv'd to follow my Advice about your settling into the World. And turning to me, as the Eldest, he bid me answer first. I told him, that he ought not upon our Account to divide or lessen his Estate, or way of Living; that we were young Men and could shift in the World; and at last I concluded, that for my part I would be a Soldier, and serve God and the King in that honourable Profession. My second Brother made the same regardful Offer, and chose to go to the *Indies*; resolving to lay out in Goods the Share that should be given him here. The youngest, and I believe, the wisest of us all, said he would be a Church man; and in order to it, go to *Salamanca*, and there finish his Studies. After this, my Father embrac'd us all there, and in a few Days perform'd what he had promis'd; and, as I remember, it was three thousand Ducats a piece, which he shar'd among us; for we had an Uncle who bought all the Estate, and paid for it in ready Money, that it might not go out of the Family. A little after, we all took leave of my Father;  
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and at parting I could not forbear thinking it a kind of Inhumanity to leave the old Gentleman in so straight a Condition: I prevail'd with him therefore to accept of two thousand of my three, the Remainder being sufficient to make up a Soldier's Equipage. My Example work'd upon my other Brothers, and they each of them presented him with a thousand Ducats; so that my Father remain'd with four thousand Ducats in ready Money, and three thousand more in Land, which he chose to keep, and not sell out-right. To be short, we took our last leave of my Father and the Uncle I have mention'd, not without much Grief and Tears on all Sides. They particularly recommending to us to let them know, by all Opportunities, our good or ill Fortunes; We promis'd so to do, and having receiv'd the Blessing of our old Father, one of us went straight to *Salamanca*, the other to *Sevil*, and I to *Alicant*, where I was inform'd of a *Genoese* Ship, which loaded Wool for *Genoa*.

This Year makes two and twenty since I first left my Fathers House, and in all that time, tho' I have writ several Letters I have not had the least News, either of him, or of my Brothers. And now I will relate, in few Words, my own Adventures in all that course of Years. I took Shipping at *Alicant*, arriv'd safe and with a good Passage at *Genoa*, from thence I went to *Milan*, where I bought my Equipage, resolving to go and enter my self in the Army in *Piedmont*; but being come as far as *Alexandria de la Paille*, I was inform'd that the great Duke of *Alva* was passing into *Flanders* with an Army; this made me alter my first Resolution. I follow'd him, and was present at all his Engagements, as well as at the Deaths of the Counts *Ligmont* and *Horne*; and last I had a Colours under a famous Captain of *Guadalajara*.

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whose Name was *Diego d'Urbina*. Some time after my Arrival in *Flanders*, there came News of the Holy League concluded by Pope *Pius V.* of happy Memory, in Conjunction with *Spain*, against the common Enemy the *Turk*, who at that Time had taken the Island of *Cyprus* from the *Venetians*; which was an unfortunate and lamentable Loss to *Christendom*. It was also certain, that the General of this Holy League was the most Serene Don *Juan* of *Austria*, Natural Brother to our good King Don *Philip*. The great Fame of the Preparations for this War incited me with a vehement Desire of being present at the Engagement, which was expected to follow these Preparations; and although I had certain Assurance, and, as it were, an Earnest of my being advanc'd to be a Captain upon the first Vacancy: yet I resolv'd to leave all those Expectations, and return, as I did, to *Italy*. My good Fortune was such, that I arriv'd just about the same Time that Don *Juan* of *Austria* landed at *Genoa*, in order to go to *Naples*, and join the *Venetian* Fleet, as he did at *Messina*. In short, I was at that great Action of the Battle of *Lepanto*, being a Captain of Foot, to which Post my good Fortune, more than my Desert, had now advanc'd me; and that Day, which was so happy to all *Christendom* (because the World was then disabus'd of the Error they had entertain'd, that the *Turk* was Invincible by Sea;) that Day, I say, in which the Pride of the *Ottomans* was first broke, and which was so happy to all *Christians*, even to those who dy'd in the Fight, who were more so than those who remain'd alive and Conquerors, I alone was the unhappy Man; since, instead of a Naval Crown, which I might have hop'd for in the Time of the *Romans*, I found my self that very Night a Slave, with Irons on my Feet, and Manacles on my

my Hands. The thing happen'd thus : *Vebali*, King of *Algiers*, a brave and bold Pirate, having board-ed and taken the *Capitana* Galley of *Malta*, in which only three Knights were left alive, and those desperately wounded, the Galley of *John Andrea Doria* made haste to succour them; in this Galley I was embarqu'd with my Company, and doing my Duty in this Occasion, I leap'd into the Enemy's Galley, which getting loose from ours, that intended to board the *Algerine*, my Soldiers were hindred from following me, and I remain'd alone among a great Number of Enemies; whom not being able to resist, I was taken after having receiv'd several Wounds; and as you have heard already, *Vebali* having escap'd with all his Squadron, I found my self his Prisoner; and was the only afflicted Man among so many joyful ones; and the only Captive among so many Free; for on that Day above 15000 Christians, who row'd in the *Turkish* Gallies, obtain'd their long-wish'd-for Liberty. I was carry'd to *Constantinople*, where the Grand Seignior *Selim* made *Vebali*, my Master, General of the Sea, he having behav'd himself very well in the Battle, and brought away with him the great Flag of the Order of *Malta*, as a proof of his Valour.

The Second Year of my Captivity, I was a Slave in the *Capitana* Galley at *Naverrino*; and I took Notice of the Christians Fault, in letting slip the Opportunity they had of taking the whole *Turkish* Fleet in that Port; and all the *Janisaries* and *Algerine* Pirates did so expect to be attack'd, that they had all in readiness to escape on Shore without Fighting; so great was the Terror they had of our Fleet: But it pleas'd God to order it otherwise, not by any Fault of the Christian General, but for the Sins of Christendom, and because it is

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his Will we should always have some Enemies to chastise us. *Vehali* sav'd himself at *Modon*, which is an Island not far from *Navarrino*, and there landing his Men, fortify'd the Entrance of the Harbour, remaining in Safety there till Don *Juan* was forc'd to return home with his Fleet. In this Expedition, the Galley call'd *La Presa*, of which *Barbarossa's* own Son was Captain, was taken by the Admiral Galley of *Naples*, call'd the *Wolf*, which was commanded by that Thunder-bolt of War, that Father of the Soldiers, that happy and never conquer'd Captain, Don *Alvaro de Baçan*, Marquess of *Santo Cruz*; and I cannot omit the manner of taking this Galley. The Son of *Barbarossa* was very cruel, and us'd his Slaves with great Inhumanity; they perceiving that the *Wolf*-Galley got of them in the Chace, all of a sudden laid by their Oars, and seizing on their Commander, as he was walking between them on the Deck, and calling to them to row hard; they pass'd him on from Hand to Hand to one another, from one End of the Galley to the other, and gave him such Blows in the handling him, that before he got to the Main-Mast, his Soul had left his Body, and was fled to Hell. This, as I said, was the effect of his Cruelty, and their Hatred.

After this, we return'd to *Constantinople*; and the next Year, which was 1573, it was known how Don *Juan* of *Austria* had taken *Tunis* and its Kingdom from the *Turks*, and given the Possession of it to *Muley Hamed*, having thereby defeated all the hopes of Reigning of *Muley Hamida*, one of the cruellest, and withal one of the bravest *Moors* that was in the World. The Grand Signor was troubled at this Loss, and using his wonted Artifices with the Christians, he struck up a Peace with the *Venetians*,



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*netians*, who were much more desirous than he of it.

The Year after, which was 1574, he attack'd the *Goletta*, and the Fort which Don *Juan* had begun, but not above half finish'd, before *Tunis*. All this while I was a Galley-Slave, without any hopes of Liberty; at least, I could not promise my self to obtain it by way of Ransom; for I was resolv'd not to write my Father the News of my Misfortune. *La Goletta*, and the Fort, were both taken, after some Resistance; the *Turkish* Army consisting of 75000 *Turks* in Pay, and above 400000 *Moors* and *Arabs* out of all *Africa* near the Sea; with such Provisions of War of all kinds, and so many Pioneers, that they might have cover'd the *Goletta* and the Fort with Earth by handfuls. The *Goletta* was first taken, though always before reputed impregnable; and it was not lost by any Fault of its Defenders, who did all that could be expected from them; but because it was found by Experience, that it was practicable to make Trenches in that sandy Soil, which was thought to have Water under it within two Foot, and the *Turks* digg'd above two Yards before they came at any; by which means filling Sacks with Sand, and laying them on one another, they rais'd them so high, that they commanded from that Fortification the Fort, in which none could be safe, nor shew themselves upon the Walls. It has been the Opinion of most Men, that we did ill to shut our selves up in the *Goletta*; and that we ought to have been drawn out to hinder their Landing; but they who say so, talk without Experience, and at a distance of such things; for if in all there were not above 7000 Men in the *Goletta* and the Fort, how could so small a Number, though never so brave, take the open Field against such Forces as those

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those of the Enemies? And how is it possible that a Place can avoid being taken, which can have no Relief, particularly being besieg'd by such Numbers, and those in their own Country? But it seem'd to many others, and that is also my Opinion, that God Almighty favour'd *Spain* most particularly, in suffering that Sink of Iniquity and Misery, as well as that Sponge and perpetual Drain of Treasure to be destroy'd. For infinite Sums of Money were spent there to no purpose, without any other Design, than to preserve the Memory of one of the Emperor's, *Charles the Fifth's* Conquests; as if it had been necessary to support the Eternity of his Glory (which will be permanent) that those Stones should remain in being. The Fort was likewise lost, but the *Turks* got it Foot by Foot; for the Soldiers who defended it, sustain'd two and twenty Assaults, and in them kill'd above 25000 of those *Barbarians*; and when it was taken, of 300 which were left alive, there was not one Man unwounded; a certain sign of the Bravery of the Garrison, and of their Skill in defending Places. There was likewise taken, by Composition, a small Fort in the midst of a Lake, which was under the Command of Don *John Zanguerra*, a Gentleman of *Valencia*, and a Soldier of great Renown. Don *Pedro Puerto Carrero*, General of the *Goletta*, was taken Prisoner, and was so afflicted at the Loss of the Place, that he dy'd of Grief by the Way, before he got to *Constantinople*, whither they were carrying him. They took also Prisoner the Commander of the Fort, whose Name was *Gabriel Cerebellon*, a *Milanese*, and a great Engineer, as well as a valiant Soldier. Several Persons of Quality were killed in those two Fortresses, and amongst the rest was *Pagan Doria*, the Brother of the famous *John Andrea Doria*, a generous and noble-hearted Gentleman,

man, as well appear'd by his Liberality to that Brother; and that which made his Death more worthy of Compassion, was, that he receiv'd it from some *Arabs*, to whom he had committed his Safety after the loss of the Fort, they having promis'd to carry him disguis'd in a *Moor's* habit to *Tabarea*, which is a small Fort held on that Coast by the *Genoeses*, for the diving for Coral; but they cut off his Head, and brought it to the *Turkish* General, who made good to them our *Spanish* Proverb, That the Treason pleases, but the Traitors are odious; for he order'd them to be hang'd up immediately, for not having brought him alive. Amongst the Christians which were taken in the Fort, there was one Don *Pedro de Aguilar*, of some Place in *Andalusia*, and who was an Ensign in the Place; a very brave, and a very ingenious Man, and one who had a rare Talent in Poetry. I mention him, because it was his Fortune to be a Slave in the same Galley with me, and chain'd to the same Bench. Before we left the Port he made two Sonnets, by way of Epitaph for the *Goletta* and the Fort, which I must beg leave to repeat here, having learn'd them by heart, and I believe they will rather divert than tire the Company. When the Captive nam'd Don *Pedro de Aguilar*, Don *Ferdinand* look'd upon his Comrades, and they all smil'd; and when he talk'd of the Sonnets, one of them said, Before you go on to repeat the Sonnets, I desire, Sir, you would tell me what became of that Don *Pedro de Aguilar*, whom you have mention'd. All that I know of him, answer'd the Slave, is, that after having been two Years in *Constantinople*, he made his Escape, disguis'd like an *Arnaut*, and in company of a *Greek* Spy; but I cannot tell whether he obtain'd his Liberty or no, though I believe he did, because  
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about a Year after I saw the same *Greek* in *Constantinople*, but had not an Opportunity to ask him about the Success of his Journey. Then I can tell you, reply'd the Gentleman, That the *Don Pedro* you speak of is my Brother, and is at present at Home, Marry'd, Rich, and has three Children. God be thanked, said the Slave, for the Favours he has bestow'd on him; for in my Mind there is no Felicity equal to that of recovering ones lost Liberty; and moreover, added the same Gentleman, I can say the Sonnets you mentioned, which my Brother made. Pray say them then, reply'd the Slave, for I question not but you can repeat them better than I. With all my Heart, answer'd the Gentleman. That upon the *Goletta* was thus.

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C H A P. XIII.

*The Story of the Captive continu'd.*

A S O N N E T.

**B**Left Souls, discharg'd of Life's oppressive weight,  
Whose Virtue prov'd your Pass-port to the Skies:  
You there procur'd a more propitious Fate,  
When for your Faith you bravely fell to rise.

When Pious Rage, diffus'd thro' ev'ry Vein,  
On this ungrateful Shore inflam'd your Blood;  
Each Drop you lost, was bought with Crowds of Slain,  
Whose vital Purple swell'd the neighb'ring Flood.



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*Tho' crush'd by Ruins, and by Odds, you claim  
That perfect Glory, that immortal Fame,  
Which, like true Heroes, nobly you pursu'd;  
On these you seiz'd, even when of Life depriv'd,  
For still your Courage even your Lives surviv'd;  
And sure 'tis Conquest thus to be subdu'd.*

I know it's just as you repeat it, said the Captive: Well then, said the Gentleman, I'll give you now that which was made upon the Fort, if I can remember it.

A S O N N E T.

*A* *Midst these barren Fields, and ruin'd Towers,  
The Bed of Honour of the falling Brave,  
Three thousand Champions of the Christian Pow'rs  
Found a new Life, and Triumph in the Grave.*

*Long did their Arms their haughty Foes repel,  
Yet strew'd the Fields with slaughter'd Heaps in vain;  
O'ercome by Toils, the pious Heroes fell,  
Or but surviv'd more nobly to be slain.*

*This dismal Soil, so fam'd in Ills of old,  
In ev'ry Age was fatal to the Bold,  
The Seat of Horror, and the Warrior's Tomb!  
Yet hence to Heav'n more Worth was ne'er resign'd,  
Than these display'd, nor has the Earth combin'd,  
Resum'd more noble Bodies in her Womb.*

The Sonnets were applauded, and the Captive was pleas'd to hear such good News of his Friend and Companion: After that he pursu'd his Relation in these Terms; The *Turks* order'd the dis-

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mantling of the *Goletta*, the Fort being raz'd to their Hand by the Siege; and yet the Mines they made could not blow up the old Walls, which nevertheless were always thought the weakest Part of the Place; but the new Fortifications, made by the Engineer *Fratin*, came easily down. In fine, the *Turkish* Fleet return'd in Triumph to *Constantinople*, where not long after my Master *Vebali* dy'd, whom the *Turks* us'd to call *Vebali Furtare*, which in *Turkish* signifies the Scabby Renegade, as indeed he was; and the *Turks* give Names among themselves, either from some Virtue or some Defect that is in them; and this happens, because there are but four Families descended from the *Ottoman* Family; all the rest, as I have said, take their Names from some Defect of the Body, or some good Quality of the Mind. This scabby Slave was at the Oar in one of the Grand Signior's Gallies for fourteen Years, till he was four and thirty Years old; at which Time he turn'd Renegade, to be reveng'd of a *Turk* who gave him a Box on the Ear, as he was chain'd to the Oar, forsaking his Religion for his Revenge; after which he shew'd so much Valour and Conduct, that he came to be King of *Algiers*, and Admiral of the *Turkish* Fleet, which is the third Command in the whole Empire. He was a *Calabrian* by Birth, and of a mild Disposition towards his Slaves, as also of good Morals to the rest of the World. He had above 3000 Slaves of his own, all which after his Death were divided, as he had order'd by his Will, between the Grand Signior, his Sons and his Renegades. I fell to the Share of a *Venetian* Renegade, who was a Cabin-boy in a *Venetian* Ship which was taken by *Vebali*, who lov'd him so, that he was one of his favourite Boys; and he came at last to prove one of the cruelest Renegades that

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ever was known. His Name was *Azanaga*, and he obtain'd such Riches, as to rise by them to be King of *Algiers*; and with him I left *Constantinople*, with some Satisfaction to think, at least, that I was in a Place so near *Spain*, not because I could give Advice to any Friend of my Misfortunes, but because I hop'd to try whether I should succeed better in *Algiers* than I had done in *Constantinople*, where I had try'd a thousand ways of running away, but could never execute any of them, which I hop'd I should compass better in *Algiers*, for Hopes never forsook me upon all the Disappointments I met with in the Design of recovering my Liberty. By this means I kept my self alive, shut up in a Prison or House, which the *Turks* call a *Bagnio*, where they keep their Christian Slaves, as well those of the King, as those who belong to private Persons; and also those who are call'd *El Almacen*, that is, who belong to the Publick, and are employ'd by the City in Works that belong to it. These latter do very difficultly obtain their Liberty; for having no particular Master, but belonging to the Publick, they can find no Body to treat with about their Ransom, though they have Money to pay it. The King's Slaves, which are ransomable, are not oblig'd to go out to Works as the others do, except their Ransom stays too long before it comes; for then to hasten it, they make them work, and fetch Wood with the rest, which is no small Labour. I was one of those who were to be ransom'd; for when they knew I had been a Captain, though I told them the Impossibility I was in of being redeem'd, because of my Poverty; yet they put me among the Gentlemen that were to be ransom'd, and to that End they put me on a slight Chain, rather as a Mark of Distinction, than to restrain me by it; and so I

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pass'd my Life in that *Bagnio*, with several other Gentlemen of Quality, who expected their Ransom; and tho' Hunger and Nakedness might, as it did often, trouble us, yet nothing gave us such Affliction, as to hear and see the excessive Cruelties with which our Master us'd the other Christian Slaves; he would hang one one Day, then impale another, cut off the Ears of another; and this upon such slight Occasions, that often the *Turks* would own, that he did it only for the Pleasure of doing it, and because he was naturally an Enemy to Mankind. Only one *Spanish* Soldier knew how to deal with him, his Name was *Saavedra*; and because he did such things as will not easily be forgotten by the *Turks*, and all to gain his Liberty, his Master never gave him a Blow, nor us'd him ill either in Word or Deed; and yet we were always afraid that the least of his Pranks would make him be impal'd; nay, he himself sometimes was afraid of it too: and if it were not for fear of taking up too much of our Time, I could tell such Passages of him, as would divert the Company much better than the Relation of my Adventures, and cause more Wonder in them. But to go on; I say that the Windows of a very rich *Moor's* House look'd upon the Court of our Prison; which indeed, according to the Custom of the Country, were rather Peeping-holes than Windows, and yet they had also Lettices or Jealousies on the Inside. It happen'd one Day, that being upon a kind of Terrass of our Prison, with only three of my Comrades, diverting ourselves as well as we could, by trying who could leap farthest in his Chains, all the other Christians being gone out to work, I chanc'd to look up to those Windows, and saw that out of one of them, there appear'd a long Cane, and to it was a Bit of



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Linen ty'd, and the Cane was mov'd up and down, as if it had expected that some of us should lay hold of it. We all took notice of it, and one of us went and stood just under it, to see if they would let it fall; but just as he came to it, the Cane was drawn up, and shak'd too and fro sideways, as if they had made the same Sign, as People do with their Head when they deny. He retir'd upon that, and the same Motion was made with it as before. Another of my Comrades advanc'd, and had the same Success as the former; the third Man was us'd just as the rest; which I seeing, resolv'd to try the Adventure; and as I came under the Cane, it fell at my Feet: Immediately I unt'y'd the Linen, within which was a Knot, which being open'd, shew'd us about ten *Zianins*, which is a sort of Gold of base Alloy, us'd by the *Moors*, each of which is worth about two Crowns of our Money. 'Tis not to be much question'd, whether the Discovery was not as pleasant as surprizing; we were in Admiration, and I more particularly, not being able to guess from what Part these Favours proceeded: for 'twas apparent that I was more meant than any of my Comrades, since the Cane was let go to me alone when it was refus'd to them. I took my Money, broke the Cane, and going upon the Terrass saw that a very fine white Hand did open and shut the Window with Haste; by this we imagin'd that some Woman that liv'd in that House had done us the Charity; and to return our Thanks, we bow'd our selves after the *Moorish* Fashion, with our Arms cross our Breasts. A little after there appear'd out of the same Window, a little Cross made of Cane, which immediately was pull'd in again. This confirm'd us in our Opinion, that some Christian Woman was a Slave in that House, and that it was she that took

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Pity of us; but the Whiteness of the Hand, and the Richness of the Bracelets upon the Arm, which we had a Glimpse of, seem'd to destroy that Thought again; and then we believ'd it was some *Christian* Woman turn'd *Mahometan*, whom their Masters very often marry, and take it for a great good Fortune, for they are more valu'd by them than the Women of the Country. But in all this guessing we were far enough from finding out the Truth of the Case; however, we resolv'd to be very diligent in observing the Window, which was our North-Star. There pass'd above fifteen Days before we saw either the Hand or Cane, or any other Sign whatsoever; though in all that time we endeavour'd to find out who liv'd in that House, and if there were in it any *Christian* Woman who was a Renegade; yet all we could discover amounted to only this, that the House belong'd to one of the chief *Moors*, a very rich Man, call'd *Agimorato*, who had been Alcayde of the *Pata*, which is an Office much valu'd among them. But when we least hop'd that our golden Shower should continue, out of that Window we saw on a sudden the Cane appear again, with another Piece of Linen, and a bigger Knot; and this was just at a time when the *Bagnio* was without any other of the Slaves in it. We all try'd our Fortunes as the first Time, and it succeeded accordingly, for the Cane was let go to none but me. I untied the Knot, and found in it forty Crowns in *Spanish* Gold, with a Paper written in *Arabick*, and at the Top of the Paper was a great Cross. I kiss'd the Cross, took the Crowns, and returning to the Terrace, we all made our *Moorish* Reverences; the Hand appear'd again, and I having made Signs that I would read the Paper, the Window was shut. We remain'd all overjoy'd and astonish'd at what had

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happen'd; and were extreme desirous to know the Contents of the Paper; but none of us understood *Arabick*, and it was yet more difficult to find out a proper Interpreter. At last I resolv'd to trust a Renegade, of *Murcia*, who had shew'd me great Proofs of his Kindness. We gave one another mutual Assurances, and on his Side he was oblig'd to keep secret all that I should reveal to him. The Renegades, who have some thoughts of returning one Day to their own Country, use to get Certificates from the Persons of Quality who are Slaves in *Barbary*; in which they make a sort of an Affidavit, that such a one, a Renegade, is an honest Man, and has always been kind to the Christians, and has a mind to make his Escape on the first Occasion. Some there are who procure these Certificates with an honest Design, and remain among Christians as long as they live; but others get them on purpose to make use of them when they go a Pirating on the Christian Shores; for then if they are shipwreck'd or taken, they shew these Certificates, and say, that thereby may be seen the Intention with which they came in the *Turks Company*; to wit, to get an Opportunity of returning to Christendom. By this means they escape the first Fury of the Christians, and are reconcil'd to the Church without having been hurt; afterwards they take their Time, and return to *Barbary* to be what they were before.

One of these Renegades was my Friend, and he had Certificates from us all, by which we gave him much Commendation: But if the *Moors* had catch'd him with those Papers about him, they would have burnt him alive. I knew that not only he understood the *Arabick* Tongue, but also that he could both speak and write it currently. But yet before I resolv'd to trust him entirely, I

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bid him read me that Paper which I had found by chance; he open'd it, and was a good while looking upon it, and construing it to himself. I ask'd him if he understood it; he said, Yes, very well; and that if I would give him Pen, Ink and Paper, he would translate it Word for Word. We furnish'd him with what he desir'd, and he went to work; having finish'd his Translation, he said, all that I have here put into *Spanish* is Word for Word what is in the *Arabick*; only observe, that wherever the Paper says *Lela Marien*, it means our Lady, the Virgin *Mary*. The Contents were thus.

WHEN I was a Child, my Father had a Slave, who taught me in my Tongue the Christian Worship, and told me a great many things of *Lela Marien*: The Christian Slave dy'd, and I am sure she went not to the Fire, but is with *Alla*, for I have seen her twice; and she bid me go to the Land of the Christians to see *Lela Marien*, who had a great Kindness for me. I do not know what is the matter; but though I have seen many Christians out of this Window, none has appear'd to me so much a Gentleman as thy self. I am very handsome and young, and can carry with me a great deal of Money, and other Riches; consider whether thou can'st bring it to pass that we may escape together, and thou shalt be my Husband in thy own Country, if thou art willing; but if thou art not, 'tis all one, *Lela Marien* will provide me a Husband. I have writ this, have a care to whom thou givest it to read, do not trust any Moor, because they are all treacherous; and in this I am much perplex'd, and could wish there were not a necessity of trusting any one; because if my Father should come to know it, he would certainly throw me into a Well, and cover me over with Stones. I will tie a Thread to the Cone, and

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with



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*with that thou may'st fasten thy Answer; and if thou can'st not find any one to write in Arabick, make me understand thy Meaning by Signs, for Lela Marien will help me to guess it. She and Alla keep thee, as well as this Cross, which I often kiss, as the Christian Slave bid me.*

You may imagine, Gentlemen, that we were in admiration at the Contents of this Paper, and withal o'erjoy'd at them, which we express'd so openly, that the Renegade came to understand that the Paper was not found by chance, but that it was really writ to some one among us; and accordingly he told us his Suspicion. but desir'd us to trust him entirely, and that he wou'd venture his Life with us to procure us our Liberty. Having said this, he pull'd a Crucifix of Metal out of his Bosom, and with many Tears, swore by the God which it represented. and in whom he, though a wicked Sinner did firmly believe, to be true and faithful to us with all Secrecy in what we shou'd impart to him; for he guess'd, that by the means of the Woman who had writ that Letter, we might all of us recover our lost Liberty; and he, in particular, might obtain what he had so long wish'd for, to be receiv'd again into the Bosom of his Mother the Church, from whom, for his Sins, he had been cut off as a rotten Member. The Renegade pronounc'd all this with so many Tears, and such Signs of Repentance, that we were all of Opinion to trust him, and tell him the whole Truth of the Business. We shew'd him the little Window out of which the Cane us'd to appear, and he from thence took good notice of the House, in order to inform himself who liv'd in it. We next agreed that it would be necessary to answer the *Moorish* Lady's Note; so immediately the Renegade writ  
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down what I dictated to him; which was exactly as I shall relate, for I have not forgot the least material Circumstance of this Adventure, nor can forget them in all my Life. The Words then were these :

**T**HE true Alla keep thee, my dear Lady, and that blessed Virgin, which is the true Mother of God, and has inspir'd thee with the Design of going to the Land of the Christians. Do thou ask her that she would be pleas'd to make thee understand how thou shalt execute what she has commanded thee; for she is so good that she will do it. On my part, and on that of the Christians who are with me, I offer to do for thee all we are able, even to the hazard of our Lives. Fail not to write to me, and give me notice of thy Resolution, for I will always answer thee : The Great Alla having given us a Christian Slave, who can read and write thy Language, as thou may'st perceive by this Letter; so that thou may'st, without fear, give us notice of all thy Intentions. As for what thou say'st, that as soon as thou shalt arrive in the Land of the Christians, thou design'st to be my Wife; I promise thee on the Word of a good Christian, to take thee for my Wife, and thou may'st know that Christians do perform their Promises better than the Moors. Alla, and his Mother Mary be thy Guard, my dear Lady.

Having writ and clos'd this Note, I waited two Days till the *Bagnio* was empty, and then I went upon the Terrass, the ordinary place of our Conversation, to see if the Cane appear'd, and it was not long before it was stirring. As soon as it appear'd I shew'd my Note, that the Thread might be put to the Cane, but I found that was done to my Hand; and the Cane being let down I fastned  
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the Note to it. Not long after the Knot was let fall, and I having taken it up, found in it several Pieces of Gold and Silver, above fifty Crowns, which gave us infinite Content, and fortify'd our Hopes of obtaining at last our Liberty. That Evening our Renegade came to us, and told us, he had found out that the Master of that House was the same *Moor* we had been told of, call'd *Agimorato*, extremely rich, and who had one only Daughter to inherit all his Estate. That it was the Report of all the City, that she was the handsomest Maid in all *Barbary*, having been demanded in Marriage by several Bassas and Viceroyes, but that she had always refus'd to Marry; He also told us, that he had learnt she had had a Christian Slave who was dead, all which agreed with the Contents of the Letter. We immediately held a Council with the Renegade, about the manner we might use to carry off the *Moorish* Lady, and go all together to Christendom; but all we agreed was to expect the Answer of *Zoraida*, for that was the Name of the Lady who now desires to be call'd *Mary*; as well knowing she could best advise the overcoming all the Difficulties that were in our Way; and after this Resolution, the Renegade assur'd us again, that he would lose his Life, or deliver us out of Captivity.

The *Bagnio* was four Days together full of People, and all that time the Cane was invisible; but as soon as it return'd to its Solitude, the Cane appear'd, with a Knot much bigger than ordinary; Having untty'd it, I found in it a Letter, and a Hundred-Crowns in Gold. The Renegade happen'd that Day to be with us, and we gave him the Letter to read; which he said contain'd these Words.

*I Can-*

I Cannot tell, Sir, how to contrive that we may go together for Spain; neither has Lela Marien told it me, tho' I have earnestly ask'd it of her: all I can do, is to furnish you out of this Window with a great deal of Riches, buy your Ransom and your Friends with that; and let one of you go to Spain, and buy a Bark there, and come and fetch the rest: As for me, you shall find me in my Father's Garden out of Town, by the Sea-side, not far from Babasso Gate; where I am to pass all the Summer with my Father and my Maids, from which you may take me without Fear, in the Night time, and carry me to your Bark; but remember thou art to be my Husband: and if thou failest in that, I will desire Lela Marien to chastize thee. If thou can'st not trust one of thy Friends to go for the Bark, pay thy own Ransom and go thyself; for I trust thou wilt return sooner than another, since thou art a Gentleman and a Christian. Find out my Father's Garden, and I will take care to watch when the Bagnio is empty, and let thee have more Money. Alla keep my dear Lord.

These were the Contents of the Second Letter we receiv'd. Upon the reading of it, every one of us offer'd to be the Man that should go and buy the Bark, promising to return with all Punctuality; but the Renegade oppos'd that Proposition, and said, he would never consent any one of us should obtain his Liberty before the rest, because Experience had taught him, that People once Free, do not perform what they promise when Captives; and that often some Slaves of Quality had us'd that Remedy, to send one either to *Valencia* or *Majorca*, with Money to buy a Bark, and come back and fetch the rest; but that they never return'd, because the Joy of having obtain'd their Liberty, and



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the Fear of losing it again, made them forget whatever they had promis'd, and all the Obligations in the World. To confirm which, he related to us a strange Story, which had happen'd in those Parts, as there often does among the Slaves. After this, he said that all that could be done, was for him to buy a Bark with the Money which should redeem one of us; that he could buy one in *Algiers*, and pretend to turn Merchant, and deal between *Algiers* and *Tetuan*; by which means, he being Master of the Vessel, might easily find out some ways of getting us out of the *Bagnio*, and taking us on Board; and the rather, if the *Moorish* Lady did what she promis'd, and gave us Money to pay our Ransoms; for being free, we might embark even at Noon-day. That the only Difficulty would be, that the *Moors* do not permit Renegades to keep any Barks, but great ones fit to cruize upon Christians, for they believe that a Renegade, particularly a *Spaniard*, seldom buys a Bark, but with a Design of returning to his own Country. That however, he knew how to obviate that Difficulty, by taking a *Tagarin Moor* for his Partner in the Gains of the Bark and Trade, by which means he should still be Master of her, and then all the rest would be easy. We durst not oppose this Opinion, tho' we had more Inclination every one of us to go to *Spain* for a Bark, as the Lady had advis'd; but we were afraid that if we contradicted him we might be at his Mercy, and he might betray us, and bring our Lives in Danger; particularly, if the Business of *Zoraida* should be discover'd, for whose Liberty and Life we would have given all ours; so we determin'd to put ourselves under the Protection of God and the Renegade. At the same time we answer'd *Zoraida*, telling her, that we would do all she advis'd, which was  
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very well, and just as if *Lela Marien* her self had instructed her; and that now it depended on her alone to give us the Means of bringing this Design to pass. I promis'd her once more to be her Husband. After this in two Days that the *Bagnio* happen'd to be empty, she gave us by the means of the Cane two thousand Crowns of Gold; and withal a Letter in which she let us know, that the next *Juma*, which is their *Friday*, she was to go to her Father's Garden, and that before she went she would give us more Money; and if we had not enough, she would, upon our letting her know it, give us what we should think sufficient; for her Father was so rich, he would hardly miss it; and so much the less, because he intrusted her with the Keys of all his Treasure. We presently gave the Renegade Five hundred Crowns to buy the Bark, and I paid my own Ransom with Eight hundred Crowns, which I put into the Hands of a Merchant of *Valencia*, then in *Algiers*, who made the Bargain with the King, and had me to his House upon Parole, to pay the Money upon the Arrival of the first Bark from *Valencia*; for if he had paid down the Money immediately, the King might have suspected the Money had been ready, and lain some time in *Algiers*, and that the Merchant for his own Profit had conceal'd it; and in short, I durst not trust my Master with ready Money, knowing his distrustful and malicious Nature. The *Thursday* preceeding that *Friday* that *Zoraida* was to go to the Garden, she let us have a thousand Crowns more; desiring me at the same time, that if I paid my Ransom, I would find out her Father's Garden, and contrive some way of seeing her there. I answer'd in few Words, that I would do as she desir'd, and she should only take care to recommend us to *Lela Marien*, by those Prayers which the  
Christian

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Christian Slave had taught her. Having done this, Order was taken to have the Ransom of my three Friends paid also; lest they seeing me at Liberty, and themselves not so, though there was Money to set them free, should be troubl'd in Mind, and give way to the Temptation of the Devil, in doing something that might redound to the Prejudice of *Zoraida*; for though the Consideration of their Quality ought to have given me Security of their Honour, yet I did not think it proper to run the least hazard in the Matter: So they were redeem'd in the same manner, and by the same Merchant that I was, who had the Money before-hand; but we never discover'd to him the Remainder of our Intrigue, as not being willing to run the Danger there was in doing it,

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### C H A P. XIV.

#### *The Adventures of the Captive continu'd.*

OUR Renegade had in a Fortnight's Time brought a very good Bark, capable of carrying above thirty People; and to give no Suspicion of any other Design, he undertook a Voyage to a Place upon the Coast call'd *Sargel*, about thirty Leagues to the Eastward of *Algiers* towards *Oran*, where there is a great Trade for dry'd Figs. He made this Voyage two or three Times in Company with the *Tagarin Moor* his Partner. Those *Moors* are call'd in *Barbary* *Tagarins*, who were driven out of *Aragon*; as they call those of *Granada*, *Mudajares*; and the same in the Kingdom of *Fez* are call'd *Elches*, and are the best Soldiers that Prince has.

Every

Every Time he pass'd with his Bark along the Coast, he us'd to cast Anchor in a little Bay that was not above two Bow-shot from the Garden where *Zoraida* expected us; and there he us'd to exercise the *Moors* that row'd, either in making the *Sala*, which is a Ceremony among them, or in some other Employment; by which he practis'd in Jest what he was resolv'd to execute in Earnest. So sometimes he would go to the Garden of *Zoraida* and beg some Fruit, and her Father would give him some, though he did not know him. He had a Mind to find an Occasion to speak to *Zoraida*, and tell her, as he since own'd to me, that he was the Man who by my Order was to carry her to the Land of the Christians and that she might depend upon it; but he could never get an Opportunity of doing it, because the *Moorish* and *Turkish* Women never suffer themselves to be seen by any of their own Nation, but by their Husband, or by his or their Father's Command; but as for the Christian Slaves, they let them see them, and that more familiarly than perhaps could be wish'd. I should have been very sorry that the Renegade had seen or spoke to *Zoraida*, for it must needs have troubled her infinitely to see that her Business was trusted to a Renegade; and God Almighty, who govern'd our Design, order'd it so, that the Renegade was disappointed. He in the mean time seeing how securely, and without Suspicion, he went and came along the Coast, staying where and when he pleas'd by the Way, and that his Partner the *Tagarin Moor* was of his Mind in all things; that I was at Liberty, and that there wanted nothing but some Christians to help us to row; bid me consider whom I intended to carry with me besides those who were ransom'd, and that I should make sure of them for the first *Friday*, because he

had



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had pitch'd on that Day for our Departure. Upon Notice of this Resolution, I spoke to twelve lusty *Spaniards*, good Rowers, and those who might easiest get out of the City: It was a great Fortune that we got so many in such a Conjunction, because there were above twenty Sail of Rovers gone out, who had taken aboard most of the Slaves fit for the Oar; and we had not had these, but that their Master happen'd to stay at Home that Summer, to finish a Galley he was building to cruize with, and was then upon the Stocks. I said no more to them, than only they should steal out of the Town in the Evening upon the next *Friday*, and stay for me upon the way that led to *Agimorato's* Garden. I spoke to every one by himself, and gave each of them order to say no more to any other Christian they should see, than that they staid for me there. Having done this, I had another thing of the greatest Importance to bring to pass, which was to give *Zoraida* Notice of our Design, and how far we had carry'd it; that she might be ready at a short Warning, and not be surpriz'd if we came on the House on a sudden, and even before she could think that the Christian Bark could be come. This made me resolve to go to the Garden to try if it were possible to speak to her: So one Day, upon pretence of gathering a few Herbs, I enter'd the Garden, and the first Person I met was her Father, who spoke to me in the Language us'd all over the *Turkish* Dominions, which is a Mixture of all the *Christian* and *Moorish* Languages, by which we understand one another from *Constantinople* to *Algiers*, and ask'd me what I look'd for in his Garden, and who I belong'd to? I told him I was a Slave of *Arnaute Mam* (this Man I knew was his intimate Friend) and that I wanted a few Herbs to make up a Sallad. He then ask'd me if I

were

were a Man to be redeem'd or no, and how much my Master ask'd for me? During these Questions, the beautiful *Zoraida* came out of the Garden-house hard by, having descry'd me a good while before; and as the *Moorish* Women make no Difficulty of shewing themselves to the Christian Slaves, she drew near, without Scruple, to the Place where her Father and I were talking; neither did her Father shew any Dislike of her coming, but call'd to her to come nearer. It would be hard for me to express here the wonderful Surprize and Astonishment that the Beauty, the rich Dress, and the charming Air of my beloved *Zoraida* put me in: She was all bedeck'd with Pearls, which hung thick upon her Head and about her Neck and Arms. Her Feet and Legs were naked, after the Custom of that Country, and she had upon them a kind of Bracelet of Gold, and set with such rich Diamonds that her Father valu'd them, as she since told me, at ten thousand Pistoles a Pair; and those upon her Wrists were of the same value. The Pearls were of the best sort, for the *Moorish* Women delight much in them, and have more Pearls of all sorts than any Nation. Her Father was reputed to have the finest in *Algiers*, and to be worth besides, above two hundred thousand *Spanish* Crowns; of all which, the Lady you here see was then Mistress; but now is only so of me. What she yet retains of Beauty in all her Sufferings, may well help you to guess at her wonderful Appearance in the midst of all her Prosperity. The Handsomness of most Ladies has Days and Times, and is more or less, according to Accidents or Passions, which naturally raise or diminish the Lustre of it, and sometimes quite extinguish it. All that I can say, is that at that Time she appear'd to me the most ravishing Object I had ever seen; to which, adding the Obligations

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ligations I had to her, she pass'd with me for a Goddess from Heaven, descended upon Earth for my Relief and Satisfaction. As she drew near, her Father told her, in his Country Language, that I was a Slave of his Friend *Arnante Mami*, and came to pick a Sallad in his Garden. She presently took the Hint, and ask'd me in *Lingua Franca*, whether I was a Gentleman, and if I was, why I did not ransom my self? I told her I was already ransom'd, and that by the Price she might guess the Value my Master set upon me since he had bought me for 1500 Pieces of Eight: To which she reply'd. If thou hadst been my Father's Slave, I would not have let him part with thee for twice as much; for, said she, you Christians never speak Truth in any thing you say, and make yourselves poor to deceive the *Moors*. That may be, Madam, said I, but in truth I have dealt by my Master, and do intend to deal by all those I shall have to deal with, sincerely and honourably. And when dost thou go home? said she. To-morrow, Madam, said I, for here is a *French* Bark that sails to-morrow, and I intend not to lose that Opportunity. Is it not better, reply'd *Zoraida*, to stay till there come some *Spanish* Bark, and go with them, and not with the *French*; who, I am told, are no Friends of yours? No, said I, yet if the Report of a *Spanish* Bark's coming should prove true, I would perhaps stay for it, though 'tis more certain to take the Opportunity of the *French*; and besides, the Desire I have of being at Home, and with those Persons I love, will hardly let me wait for a better Conveniency. Without doubt, said *Zoraida*, thou art Married in *Spain* and impatient to be with thy Wife. I am not, said I, Marry'd, but I have given my Word to a Lady, to be so as soon as I can reach my own Country.

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And is the Lady handsome that has your Promise, said *Zoraida*? She is so handsome said I, that to describe her rightly, and tell Truth, I can only say she is like you. At this her Father laugh'd heartily, and said, thou art much to be pitied if she be like my Daughter, who is the greatest Beauty of all this Kingdom: Look upon her well, and thou wilt say I speak Truth. *Zoraida's* Father was our Interpreter for the most of what we talk'd, for though she understood the *Lingua Franca*, yet she was not us'd to speak it, and so explain'd herself more by Signs than Words. While we were in this Conversation, there came a *Moor* running hastily and cry'd aloud that four *Turks* had leap'd over the Fence of the Garden, and were gathering the Fruit, though it was not ripe. The old Man started at that, and so did *Zoraida*, for the *Moors* do naturally stand in great Awe of the *Turks*, particularly of the Soldiers, who are so insolent on their Side, that they treat the *Moors* as if they were their Slaves. This made the Father bid his Daughter go home, and shut herself up close, whilst, said he, I go and talk with those Dogs; and for thee, Christian, gather the Herbs thou want'st, and go thy ways in Peace, and God conduct thee safe to thy own Country. I bow'd to him, and he left me with *Zoraida*, to go and find out the *Turks*: She made also as if she were going away, as her Father had bid her; but she was no sooner hid from his Sight by the Trees of the Garden, but she turn'd towards me with her Eyes full of Tears, and said in her Language, *Amexi Christiano Amexi*, which is, Thou art going away, Christian, thou art going: To which I answer'd, Yes, Madam, I am, but by no means without you; you may expect me the first *Friday*, and be not surpriz'd, for we will most certainly go to the Land  
of



of the Christians. I said this so passionately, that she understood me; and throwing one of her Arms about my Neck, she began to walk softly and with trembling towards the House. It pleas'd Fortune, that as we were in this Posture walking together, (which might have prov'd very unlucky to us) we met *Agimorato* coming back from the *Turks*, and we perceiv'd he had seen us as we were; but *Zoraida*, very readily and discreetly, was so far from taking away her Arm from about my Neck, that drawing still nearer to me, she lean'd her Head upon my Breast, and letting her Knees give way, was in the Posture of one that swoons; I, at the same time, made as if I had much ado to bear her up against my Will. Her Father came hastily to me, and seeing his Daughter in this Condition, ask'd her what was the Matter? But she not answering readily, he presently said, without doubt these *Turks* have frighted her, and she faints away; at which he took her in his Arms. She, as it were, coming to herself, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and with her Eyes not yet dry'd from Tears, she said *Amexi Christiano Amexi*, be gone, Christian, be gone; to which her Father reply'd, 'Tis no Matter, Child, whether he go or no, he has done thee no Hurt, and the *Turks* are already gone away. 'Tis they who frighted her, Sir, said I; but since she desires I shou'd be gone, I'll come another time for my Sallad, by your Leave; for my Master says the Herbs of your Garden are the best of any he can have. Thou may'st have what, and when thou wilt, said the Father; for my Daughter does not think the Christians troublesome, she only wish'd the *Turks* away, and by Mistake bid thee be gone too, or put thee in mind to gather thy Herbs. With this I immediately took Leave of 'em both; and *Zoraida*, shewing great Trouble in her Looks, went with her

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her Father. I in the mean time, upon pretence of gathering my Herbs here and there, walk'd all over the Garden, observing exactly all the Places of coming in and going out, and every Corner fit for my Purpose, as well as what Strength there was in the House, with all other Conveniencies to facilitate our Business. Having done this I went my ways, and gave an exact Account of all that had happen'd to the Renegade and the rest of my Friends, longing earnestly for the Time in which I might promise my self my dear *Zoraida's* Company, without any fear of Disturbance. At last that happy Hour came, and we had all the good Success, we could promise ourselves, of a Design so well laid; for the *Friday* after my Discourse with *Zoraida*, towards the Evening we came to an Anchor with our Bark, almost over-against the Place where my lovely Mistress liv'd; the Christians, who were to be employ'd at the Oar, were already at the Rendezvous, and hid up and down thereabouts. They were all in expectation of my coming, and very desirous to seize the Bark which they saw before their Eyes, for they did not know our Agreement with the Renegade, but thought they were by main Force to gain their Conveyance and their Liberty, by killing the *Moors* on Board. As soon as I and my Friends appear'd, all the rest came from their hiding Places to us. By this time the City-Gates were shut, and no Soul appear'd in all the Country near us. When we were all together, it was a Question whether we should first fetch *Zoraida*, or make ourselves Masters of those few *Moors* in the Bark. As we were in this Consultation, the Renegade came to us, and asking what we meant to stand idle, told us his *Moors* were all gone to rest, and most of them asleep. We told him our Difficulty, and he immediately said, that the most im-

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important thing was to secure the Bark, which might easily be done, and without Danger, and then we might go for *Zoraida*.

We were all of his Mind, and so, without more ado, he march'd in the Head of us to the Bark, and leaping into it, he first drew a Scimitar, and cry'd aloud in the *Moorish* Language, let not a Man of you stir, except he means it shou'd cost him his Life; and while he said this, all the other Christians were got on Board; the *Moors*, who are naturally timorous, hearing the Master use this Language, were frighted, and without any Resistance, suffer'd themselves to be manacl'd, which was done with great Expedition by the Christians, who told them at the same time, that if they made the least Noise, they would immediately cut their Throats: This being done, and half of our Number left to guard them; the Remainder, with the Renegade, went to the Garden of *Agimorato*; and our good Fortune was such, that coming to force the Gate, we found it open with so much facility, as if it had not been shut at all. So we march'd on with great Silence to the House, without being perceiv'd by any Body. The lovely *Zoraida*, who was at the Window, ask'd softly, upon hearing us tread, whether we were *Nazarani*, that is Christians? I answer'd Yes; and desir'd her to come down. As soon as she knew my Voice, she staid not a Minute; but, without saying a Word, came down and open'd the Door, appearing to us all like a Goddess, her Beauty and the Richness of her Dress not being to be describ'd. As soon as I saw her, I seiz'd her by one Hand, which I kiss'd, the Renegade did the same, and then my Friends; the rest of the Company follow'd the same Ceremony; so that we all paid her a kind of Homage for our Liberty. The Renegade ask'd her in *Morisco*, whe-

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ther her Father were in the Garden? She said Yes, and that he was asleep. Then said he, we must awake him, and take him with us, as also all that's valuable in the House: No, no, said *Zoraida*, my Father must not be touch'd, and in the House there is nothing so rich as what I shall carry with me, which is enough to make you all rich and content. Having said this she stept into the House, bid us be quiet, and she would soon return. I ask'd the Renegade what had pass'd between them, and he told me what he had said: to which I reply'd, that by no means any thing was to be done, otherwise than *Zoraida* should please. She was already coming back with a small Trunk so full of Gold, that she could hardly carry it; When, to our great Misfortunes, while this was doing her Father awak'd; and having heard some Noise in the Garden, open'd a Window and look'd out: Having perceiv'd that there were Christians in it, he began to cry out in *Arabick*, Thieves, Thieves, Christians, Christians. These Cries of his put us all into a terrible Disorder and Fear; but the Renegade seeing our Danger, and how much it imported us to accomplish our Enterprize before we were perceiv'd, he ran up to the Place where *Agimorato* was, and took with him some of our Company; for I durst by no means leave *Zoraida*, who had swoon'd away in my Arms; those who went up bestir'd themselves so well, that they brought down *Agimorato* with his Hands ty'd behind him, and his Mouth stop'd with a Handkerchief, which hinder'd him from so much as speaking a Word; and threatening him besides, that if he made the least Attempt to speak, it should cost him his Life. When his Daughter, who was come to herself, saw him, she cover'd her Eyes to avoid the Sight, and her Father remain'd the more astonish'd, for he knew



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not how willingly she had put herself into our Hands. Diligence on our side being the chief thing requir'd, we us'd it so as we got to our Bark, when our Men began to be in Pain for us, as fearing we had met with some ill Accident: We got on Board about two Hours after 'twas dark; where the first thing we did was to unty the Hands of *Zoraida's* Father, and to unstop his Mouth, but still with the same Threatnings of the Renegade, in case he made any Noise. When he saw his Daughter there, he began to sigh most passionately, and more when he saw me embrace her with Tenderness, and that she, without any Resistance or Strugling, seem'd to endure it; he, for all this, was silent, for fear the Threatnings of the Renegade should be put in Execution. *Zoraida* seeing us a Board, and that we were ready to handle our Oars to be gone, she bid the Renegade tell me, she desir'd I would set her Father, and the other *Moors*, our Prisoners, on Shore; for else she would throw herself into the Sea, rather than see a Father, who had us'd her so tenderly, be carried away Captive for her sake, before her Eyes. The Renegade told me what she said, to which I agreed; but the Renegade was of another Opinion; saying, that if we set them on shore there, they would raise the Country, and give the Alarm to the City, by which some light Frigates might be dispatch'd in quest of us, and getting between us and the Sea, it would be impossible for us to make our Escape; and that all that could be done, was to set them at Liberty in the first Christian Land we could reach. This seem'd so reasonable to us all, that *Zoraida* herself, being inform'd of the Motives we had not to obey her at present, agreed to it. Immediately, with great Silence and Content, we began to ply our Oars, recommending ourselves to Providence

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with all our Hearts, and endeavour'd to make for *Majorca*, which is the nearest Christian Land; but the North Wind rising a little, and the Sea with it, we could not hold that Course, but were forc'd to drive along Shore towards *Oran*, not without great fear of being discover'd from *Sargel*, upon the Coast, about thirty Leagues from *Algiers*. We were likewise apprehensive of meeting some of those Galliot's which come from *Tetuan* with Merchandize. Though, to say Truth, we did not so much fear these last; for except it were a cruizing Galliot, we all of us wish'd to meet one well loaden with Merchandize, for then we might so get a better Vessel to transport us in. *Zoraida* had her Head hid between my Hands, that she might not see her Father; and I could hear her call upon *Lela Marien* to help us. By that time we had got about Thirty Miles the Day broke, and we found our selves within a Mile of the Shore, which appear'd to us a desert solitary Place, but yet we row'd hard to get off to Sea, for fear of being discover'd by some Body. When we were got about two Leagues out to Sea, we propos'd to take Turns in Rowing, that some might refresh themselves; but the Men at the Oar said it was not time yet to rest, and that they could eat and row too, if those who did not row would assist them, and give them Meat and Drink; this we did, and a little while after the Wind rising at large from Sea, we set Sail for *Oran*, not being able to hold any other Course. We made above eight Miles an Hour, being in no fear of any thing but meeting some Cruizers. We gave Victuals to our *Moorish* Prisoners, and the Renegade comforted them, and told them they were not Slaves, but that they should be set at liberty upon the first Opportunity. The same thing was said to the Father of *Zoraida*;

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who answer'd, I might expect from your Courtesy other things perhaps, O Christians, but that you should give me my Liberty, I am not simple enough to believe: for you never would have run the Hazard of taking it from me, if you intend to restore it so easily; particularly, since you know who I am, and what you may get for my Ransom, which if you will but name, I will from this Moment offer you all that you can desire for me, and for that unfortunate Daughter of mine, or for her alone, since she is the better part of me. When he had said this, he burst out into Tears so violently, that *Zoraida* could not forbear looking up at him, and indeed he mov'd Compassion in us all, but in her particularly; insomuch, as starting from my Arms, she flew to her Father's, and putting her Head to his, they began again so passionate and tender a Scene, that most of us could not forbear accompanying their Grief with our Tears; but her Father seeing her so richly dress'd, and so many Jewels about her, said to her, in his Language, What is the meaning of this, Daughter? for last Night, before this terrible Misfortune befall us, thou wert in thy ordinary Dress? and now, without scarce having had the time to put on such things, I see thee adorn'd with all the Fineries that I could give thee, if we were at Liberty and design'd to be merry? This gives me more Wonder and Trouble than even our sad Misfortune; therefore answer me. The Renegade interpreted all that the *Moor* said, and we saw that *Zoraida* answer'd not one Word; but on a sudden, he spying the little Casket in which she was us'd to put her Jewels, which he thought had been left in *Algiers*, remain'd yet more astonish'd, and ask'd her how that Trunk could come into our Hands, and what was in it? to which the Renegade, without expecting

pecting *Zoraida's* Answer, reply'd, Do not trouble thy self to ask thy Daughter so many Questions, for with one Word I can satisfy them all. Know then that she is a Christian, and 'tis she that has filed off our Chains, and given us Liberty; she is with us by her own Consent, and I hope well pleas'd, as People should be who come from Darkeness to Light, and from Death to Life. Is this true, Daughter? said the *Moor*. It is so, reply'd *Zoraida*. How then, said the old Man, art thou really a Christian? and art thou she that has put thy Father into the power of his Enemies? To which *Zoraida* reply'd, I am she that is a Christian, but not she that has brought thee into this Condition, for my Design never was to injure my Father, but only to do my self good. And what good hast thou done thy self? said the *Moor*. Ask that of *Lela Marien*, reply'd *Zoraida*, for she can tell thee best. The old Man had no sooner heard, but he threw himself, with incredible Fury, into the Sea, and without doubt he had been drown'd in it, had not his Garments, which were somewhat large, kept him some time above Water. *Zoraida* cry'd out to us to help him, which we all did so readily, that we pull'd him out by his Vest, but half drown'd, and without any feeling. This so troubl'd *Zoraida*, that she threw her self upon her Father and began to lament and take on as if her Father had been really dead. We turn'd him on his Belly, and by the much Water that came out of him, he recover'd a little in about two Hours time. The Wind in the mean while was come about, and forc'd us ashore, so that we were oblig'd to ply our Oars not to be driven upon the Land. It was our Fortune that we got into a small Bay, which is made by a Promontory, call'd the Cape of the *Caba Rumia*; which, in our Tongue, is the Cape



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of *The wicked Christian Woman*; and it is a Tradition among the *Moors*, that there lies buried *Caba*, the Daughter of Count *Julian*, who was the Cause of the loss of *Spain*; and they think it ominous to be forc'd into that Bay, for they never go in otherwise than by Necessity; but to us it was no unlucky Harbour, but a safe Retreat, considering how high the Sea went by this time. We posted our Centries on Shore, but kept our Oars ready to be ply'd upon Occasion, taking in the mean time some Refreshment of what the Renegade had provided, praying heartily to God and the Virgin *Mary*, to protect us, and help us to bring our Design to a happy Conclusion. Here, at the Desire of *Zoraida*, we resolv'd to set her Father on Shore, with all the other *Moors*, whom we kept fast ty'd; for she had not Courage, nor could her tender Heart suffer any longer, to see her Father and her Countrymen ill us'd before her Eyes; but we did not think to do it before we were just ready to depart, and then they could not much hurt us, the Place being a solitary one, and no Habitations near it. Our Prayers were not in vain; the Wind fell and the Sea became calm, inviting us thereby to pursue our intended Voyage: We unty'd our Prisoners and set them on Shore, one by one, which they were mightily astonish'd at. When we came to put *Zoraida's* Father on Shore, who by this time was come to himself, he said, why do you think, Christians, that this wicked Woman desires I should be set at Liberty? Do you think it is for any Pity she takes of me? No certainly, but it is because she is not able to bear my Presence, which hinders the Prosecution of her ill Desires: I wou'd not have you think neither that she has embrac'd your Religion, because she knows the Difference between yours and ours, but because she has heard that she may  
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live more loosely in your Country than at Home: and then turning himself to *Zoraida*, while I and another held him fast by the Arms, that he might commit no Extravagance, he said, O infamous and blind young Woman, where art thou going in the power of these Dogs, our natural Enemies? Curs'd be the Hour in which I begot thee, and the Care and Affection with which I bred thee. But I, seeing he was not like to make an end of his Exclamations soon, made haste to set him on Shore, from whence he continu'd to give us his Curses and Complaints; begging on his Knees of *Mahomet* to beg of God Almighty to confound and destroy us; and when, being under Sail, we cou'd no longer hear him, we saw his Actions, which were to tear his Hair and his Beard, and roll himself upon the Ground; but he once strain'd his Voice so high, that we heard what he said, which was, Come back, my dear Daughter, for I forgive thee all; Let those Men have the Treasure which is already in their Possession, and do thou return to comfort thy disconsolate Father, who must else lose his Life in these sandy Desarts. All this *Zoraida* heard, and shed abundance of Tears, but cou'd answer nothing, but beg that *Lela Marien*, who had made her a Christian, wou'd comfort him. God knows, said she, I cou'd not avoid doing what I have done; and that these Christians are not oblig'd to me, for I cou'd not be at rest till I had done this, which to thee, dear Father, seems so ill a thing. All this she said, when we were got so far out of his Hearing, that we cou'd scarce see him. So I comforted *Zoraida* as well as I cou'd, and we all minded our Voyage. The Wind was now so right for our Purpose, that we made no doubt of being the next Morning upon the *Spanish* Shore; but as it seldom happens that any Felicity

comes so pure as not to be temper'd and allay'd by some mixture of Sorrow; either our ill Fortune, or the *Moor's* Curses had such an effect (for a Father's Curses are to be dreaded, let the Father be what he will) that about Midnight, when we were under full Sail, with our Oars laid by, we saw, by the Light of the Moon, hard by us, a round Vessel with all her Sails out, coming a head of us, which she did so close to us, that we were forc'd to strike our Sail not to run foul of her; and the Vessel likewise seem'd to endeavour to let us go by; they had come so near us to ask from whence we came, and whither we were going? But doing it in *French*, the Renegade forbid us to answer, saying without doubt these are *French* Pirates, to whom every thing is Prize. This made us all be silent; and as we sail'd on, they being under the Wind, let fly two Guns, both, as it appear'd, with Chain-shot, for one brought our Mast by the Board, and the other went through us, without killing any Body; but we, perceiving we were sinking, call'd to them to come and take us, for we were going to be drown'd; they then struck their own Sails, and putting out their Boat, there came about a dozen *French* on Board us, all well arm'd, and their Matches lighted. When they were close to us, seeing we were but few, they took us a-board their Boat, saying that this had happen'd to us for not answering their Questions. The Renegade had time to take the little Coffers or Trunk, full of *Zoraida's* Treasure, and heave it over-board, without being perceiv'd by any Body. When we were on Board their Vessel, after having learnt from us all they cou'd, they began to strip us, as if we had been their mortal Enemies: They plunder'd *Zoraida* of all the Jewels and Bracelets she had on her Hands and Feet; and that did not so much

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much trouble me, as the Apprehension I was in for that rich Jewel of her Chastity, which she valu'd above all the rest. But that sort of People seldom have any Desires above the ordinary Gains of Riches, which they saw in abundance before their Eyes; And their Covetousness was so sharpen'd by it, that even our Slaves Habits tempted them. They consulted what to do with us; and some were of Opinion to throw us over-board, wrapt up in a Sail, because they intended to put into some of the *Spanish* Ports, under the Notion of being of *Britany*; and if they carry'd us with them, they might be punish'd, and their Roguery come to light: But the Captain, who thought himself rich with *Zoraida's* Plunder, said he wou'd not touch in any Port of *Spain*, but make his way through the *Straits* by Night, or as he could, for *Rochel*, from whence he came. This being resolv'd, they found out the Expedient of giving us their Long-boat, and all we might want of Provision for our short Navigation. As soon as it was Day, and that we descri'd the *Spanish* Shore (at which Sight, so desirable a thing is Liberty, all our Miseries vanish'd from our Thoughts in a Moment) they began to prepare things, and about Noon they put us on Board, giving us two Barrels of Water, and a small quantity of Bisket; and the Captain, touch'd with some Remorse for the lovely *Zoraida*, gave her, at parting, about Forty Crowns in Gold, and would not suffer his Soldiers to take from her those very Clothes which now she has on. We went a Board, shewing our selves rather thankful than complaining. They got out to Sea, making for the *Straits*, and we having the Land before us for our North Star, ply'd our Oars, so that about Sunset we were near enough to have landed before it was quite dark; but considering the Moon was hid



in Clouds, and the Heavens were growing dark, and we ignorant of the Shore, we did not think it safe to venture on it, tho' many among us were so desirous of Liberty, and to be out of all Danger, that they would have landed, though on a desert Rock; and by that means, at least, we might avoid all little Barks of the Pirates of the *Barbary* Coast, such as those of *Tetuan*, who come from Home when 'tis dark, and by Morning are early upon the *Spanish* Coast; where they often make a Prize, and go home to Bed the same Day. But the other Opinion prevail'd, which was to row gently on, and if the Sea and Shore gave leave, to land quietly where we cou'd. We did accordingly, and about Midnight we came under a great Hill, which had a sandy Shore, convenient enough for our landing. Here we run our Boat in as far as we cou'd; and being got on Land, we all kiss'd it for joy, and thank'd God with Tears for our Deliverance. This done, we took out the little Provision we had left, and climb'd up the Mountain, thinking our selves more in surety, for we cou'd hardly persuade our selves, nor believe that the Land we were upon was the Christian Shore. We thought the Day long a coming, and then we got to the top of the Hill, to see if we cou'd discover any Habitations; but we could no where descry either House, or Person, or Path. We resolv'd, however, to go further in, as thinking we could not miss at last of some Body to inform us where we were: That which troubl'd me most was, to see my poor *Zoraida* go on Foot among the sharp Rocks, and I would sometimes have carry'd her on my Shoulders; but she was as much concern'd at the Pains I took, as she cou'd be at what she endur'd; so leaning on me she went on with much Patience and Content. When we had gone about

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a quarter of a League, we heard the sound of a little Pipe, which we took to be a certain Sign of some Flock near us; and looking well about, we perceiv'd, at last, at the Foot of a Cork-tree a young Shepherd, who was cutting a Stick with his Knife with great Attention and Repose. We call'd to him, and he having look'd up, ran away as hard as he could. It seems, as we afterwards heard, the first he saw were the Renegade and Zoraida, who being in the *Moorish* Dress, he thought all the *Moors* in *Barbary* were upon him; and running into the Wood, crying all the way as loud as he could, *Moors, Moors, Arm, Arm, the Moors* are landed. We hearing this Out-cry, did not well know what to do: But considering that the Shepherd's Out-cries could only raise the Country, and that the Horse-guard of the Coast would be upon us, we agreed that the Renegade should pull off his *Turkish* Habit, and should put on a Slave's Coat, which one of us lent him, though he that lent it him remain'd in his Shirt. Thus recommending our selves to God, we went on by the same way that the Shepherd ran, still expecting when the Horse would come upon us; and we were not deceiv'd, for in less than two Hours, as we came down the Hills into a Plain, we discover'd about fifty Horse coming upon a half Gallop towards us; when we saw that, we stood still, expecting of them; when they came up, and instead of so many *Moors*, saw so many poor Christian Captives, they were astonish'd. One of them ask'd us if we were the Occasion that a young Shepherd had given the Alarm to the Country? Yes, said I, and upon that began to tell him who we were, and whence we came; but one of our Company knew the Horse-man that had ask'd us the Question, and without letting me go on, said, God be prais'd, Gentlemen,

for

for bringing us to so good a part of the Country, for if I mistake not, we are near the *Velez de Malaga*; and if the many Years of my Captivity have not taken my Memory from me too, I think, that you, Sir, who ask us these Questions, are my Uncle *Don Pedro Bustamente*. The Christian Slave had hardly said this, but the Gentleman lighting from his Horse, came hastily to embrace the young Slave, saying, Dear Nephew, my Joy, my Life, I know thee, and have often lamented thy Loss with thy dear Mother and thy other Relations, whom thou wilt yet find alive. God has preserv'd them, that they may have the Pleasure of seeing thee. We had heard thou wert in *Algiers*, and by what I see of thy Dress, and that of all this Company, you must all have had some miraculous Deliverance. It is so, reply'd the young Man, and we shall have time enough now to tell all our Adventures. The rest of the Horsemen hearing we were Christians escap'd from Slavery, lighted likewise from their Horses, offering them to us to carry us to the Town of *Velez de Malaga*, which was about a League and a half off. Some of them went where we had left our Boat, and got it into the Port. We got behind some of them, and *Zoraida* behind the Gentleman, Uncle to our Captive. All the People, who had already heard something of our Adventure, came out to meet us; they did not wonder to see Captives at Liberty, nor *Moors* Prisoners; for in all that Coast they are us'd to it; but they were astonish'd at the Beauty of *Zoraida*, which at that Instant seem'd to be in its point of Perfection; for, as well with the Agitation of Travelling, as with the Joy of being safe in Christendom, without the terrible Thought of being retaken, she had such a beautiful Colour in her Countenance, that were it

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it not for fear of being too partial, I durst say, there was not a more beautiful Creature in the World, at least that I had seen. We went straight to the Church, to thank God for his great Mercy to us; and as we came into it, and that *Zoraida* had look'd upon the Pictures, she said there were several Faces there that were like *Lela Marien's*; we told her they were her Pictures, and the Renegade explain'd to her as well as he could the Story of them, that she might adore them, as if in reality, each of them had been the true *Lela Marien*, who had spoke to her; and she, who has a good and clear Understanding, comprehended immediately all that was said about the Pictures and Images. After this, we were dispers'd, and lodg'd in different Houses of the Town; but the young Christian Slave of *Velez* carry'd me, *Zoraida*, and the Renegade to his Father's House, where we were accommodated pretty well, according to their Fortune, and us'd with as much Kindness as their own Son. After six Days stay at *Velez*, the Renegade having made Proofs of his Honesty, went to *Granada*, there to be re-admitted by the holy Inquisition into the Bosom of the Church. The other Christians, being at Liberty, went each Man whither he thought fit. *Zoraida* and I remained without other help than the forty Crowns which the Pirate gave her, with which I bought this Ass on which she rides; and hitherto have been to her a Father and a Friend, but not a Husband: We go with an Intention of seeing whether my Father be alive, or any of my Brothers has had better Fortune than I; tho' since it has pleas'd Heaven to give me *Zoraida*, and make me her Partner, I reckon no better Fortune could befall me. The Patience with which she bears the Inconvenience of Poverty, the Desire she shews of being made a Christian,

do



do give me Subject of continual Admiration, and oblige me to serve and love her all the Days of my Life. I confess, the Expectation of being hers is not a little allay'd with the Uncertainties of knowing whether I shall find in my Country any one to receive us, or a Corner to pass my Life with her; and perhaps Time will have so alter'd the Affairs of our Family, that I shall not find any Body that will know me, if my Father and Brothers are dead.

This is, Gentlemen, the Sum of my Adventures, which if it has any thing entertaining, you are best Judges. I wish I had told them more compendiously; and yet, I assure you, the fear of being tedious has made me cut short many Circumstances of my Story.

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## CHAP. XV.

*An Account of what happen'd afterwards in the Inn, with several other Occurrences worth Notice.*

**H**ERE the Stranger ended his Story, and Don *Ferdinand* making him a Compliment in the behalf of the whole Company, Truly, Captain, said he, the wonderful and surprizing Turns of your Fortunes are not only entertaining, but the pleasing and graceful manner of your Relation is as extraordinary as the Adventures themselves; we are all bound to pay you our Acknowledgments; and I believe we could be delighted with a second Recital, though 'twere to last till to Morrow, provided it were made by you. *Cardenio* and the rest of the Company join'd with him in offering their utmost Service in the Re-establishment of his Fortune, and that with so much Sincerity and Earnestness,

ness, that the Captain had reason to be satisfyed of their Affection. Don *Ferdinand* particularly propos'd to engage the Marquess his Brother to stand Godfather to *Zoraida*, if he would return with him; and farther, promis'd to provide him with all things necessary to support his Figure and Quality in Town; but the Captain making them a very handsome Compliment for their obliging Favours, excus'd himself from accepting those kind Offers at that time. By this time it grew towards the dark of the Evening, when a Coach stop'd at the Inn, and with it some Horse men, who ask'd for a Lodging. The Hostess answer'd, that they were as full as they could pack. Were you ten times fuller, answer'd one of the Horsemen, here must be room made for my Lord Judge, who is in this Coach. The Hostess hearing this was very much concern'd; said she, As ill luck will have it, we have not one Bed empty in the House; but if his Lordship brings a Bed with him, as perhaps he may, he shall command my House with all my Heart, and I and my Husband will quit our own Chamber to serve him; Do so then, said the Man: And by this time a Gentleman alighted from the Coach, easily distinguishable for a Man of Dignity and Office, by his long Gown and great Sleeves. He led a young Lady by the Hand, about sixteen Years of Age, dress'd in a riding Suit; her Beauty and charming Air attracted the Eyes of every Body with Admiration, and had not the other Ladies been present, any one might have thought it difficult to have match'd her outward Graces.

Don *Quixote* seeing them come near the Door, Sir, said he, you may enter undisnay'd, and refresh yourself in this Castle, which though little and indifferently provided, must nevertheless allow

low room and afford Accommodation to Arms and Learning; and more especially to Arms and Learning, that like yours, bring Beauty for their Guide and Conductor. For certainly at the approach of this lovely Damsel, not only Castles ought to open and expand their Gates; but even Rocks divide their solid Bodies, and Mountains bow their Ambitious Crests, to make her Entrance, and afford her a Retreat. Enter therefore, Sir, this Paradise, where you shall find a bright Constellation, worthy to shine in conjunction with that Heaven of Beauty which you bring: Here shall you find Arms in their height, and Beauty in Perfection. Don *Quixote's* Speech, Mien, and Garb, put the Judge to a strange Nonplus; and he was not a little surpriz'd on the t'other Hand at the sudden appearance of the Three Ladies, who being inform'd of the Judge's coming, and the young Lady's Beauty, were come out to see and entertain her. But Don *Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, addressing him in a Stile very different from the Knight, soon convinc'd him that he had to do with Gentlemen, and Persons of Note, tho' Don *Quixote's* Figure and Behaviour put him to a stand, not being able to make any reasonable Conjecture of his Extravagance. After the usual Civilities pass'd on both Sides, they found upon examination, that the Women must all lie together in Don *Quixote's* Apartment, and the Men remain without to guard them. The Judge consenting that his Daughter shou'd wait on the Ladies, he remain'd contented with his own Bed, and part of the Inn-keeper's for himself and the Gentlemen, and so made a shift to pass the Night.

The Captain, upon the first sight of the Judge, had a strong Presumption that he was one of his Brothers, and presently ask'd one of his Servants

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his Name and Country. The Fellow told him, his Name was *Juan Perez de Viedma*, and that, as he was inform'd, he was born in the Highlands of *Leon*. This, with his own Observation, confirm'd his Opinion, that this was the Brother who had made Study his Choice; whereupon calling aside *Don Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the Curate, he told them with great Joy what he had learn'd, with what the Servant further told him, that his Master being made a Judge of the Court of *Mexico*, was then upon his Journey to the *Indies*; that the young Lady was his only Daughter, whose Mother dying in Child-birth, settled her Dowry upon her Daughter for a Portion, and that the Father had still liv'd a Widower, and was very Rich. Upon the whole Matter, he ask'd their Advice, whether they thought it proper for him to discover himself presently to his Brother, or by some means try how his Pulse beat first in relation to his loss, by which he might guess at his Reception. Why should you doubt of a kind one, Sir, said the Curate; Because I am poor, Sir, said the Captain, and would therefore by some Device fathom his Affections; for should he prove ashamed to own me, I should be more ashamed to discover my self. Then leave the Management to me, said the Curate; the Affable and Courteous Behaviour of the Judge seems to me so very far from Pride, that you need not doubt a Welcome; but however, because you desire it, I engage to find a way to sound him. Supper was now upon the Table, and all the Gentlemen sat down, but the Captain, who eat with the Ladies in the next Room; when the Company had half supp'd, My Lord Judge, said the Curate, I remember about some Years ago, I was happy in the Acquaintance and Friendship of a Gentleman of your Name, when

WAS.



I was Prisoner in *Constantinople*; he was a Captain of as much Worth and Courage as any in the *Spanish* Infantry, but as unfortunate as brave. What was his Name, pray Sir, said the Judge? *Ruy Perez de Viedma*, answer'd the Curate of a Town in the Mountains of *Leon*. I remember he told me a very odd Passage between his Father, his two Brothers, and himself; and truly had it come from any Man below his unsuspected Credit and Reputation, I should have thought it no more than a Story: He said, that his Father made an equal Dividend of his Estate among his three Sons, giving them such Advice as might have fitted the Mouth of *Cato*; that he made Arms his choice, and with such success, that within a few Years (by the pure Merit of his Bravery) he was made Captain of a Foot-Company, and had a fair prospect of being advanc'd to a Colonel; but his Fortune forsook him, where he had most reason to expect her Favour; for, in the memorable Battle of *Lepanto*, where so many Christians recover'd their Liberty, he unfortunately lost his. I was taken at *Goletta*, and after different Turns of Fortune we became Companions at *Constantinople*; thence we were carry'd to *Algiers*, where one of the most strange Adventures in the World beset this Gentleman. The Curate then briefly ran through the whole Story of the Captain and *Zoraida*, (the Judge sitting all the time more attentive than he ever did on the Bench) to their being taken and strip'd by the *French*; and that he had heard nothing of them after that, nor could ever learn whether they came into *Spain*, or were carried Prisoners into *France*.

The Captain stood list'ning in a Corner, and observ'd the Motions of his Brother's Countenance, while the Curate told his Story: Which, when

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he had finish'd, the Judge breathing out a deep Sigh, and the Tears standing in his Eyes: O Sir, said he, if you knew how nearly your Relation touches me, you would easily excuse the violent Eruption of these Tears. The Captain you spoke of is my eldest Brother, who, being of a stronger Constitution of Body, and more elevated Soul, made the Glory and Fame of War his Choice, which was one of the three Proposals made by my Father, as your Companion told you. I apply'd my self to Study, and my younger Brother has purchas'd a vast Estate in *Peru*, out of which he has transmitted to my Father enough to support his liberal Disposition; and to me, wherewithal to continue my Studies, and advance myself to the Rank and Authority which now I maintain. My Father is still alive, but dies daily for Grief he can learn nothing of his eldest Care; and importunes Heaven incessantly, that he may once more see him before Death close his Eyes. 'Tis very strange, considering his Discretion in other Matters, that neither Prosperity nor Adversity could draw one Line from him, to give his Father an Account of his Fortunes. For had he or we had the least Hint of his Captivity, he needed not have staid for the Miracle of the *Moorish* Lady's Cane for his Deliverance. Now am I in the greatest uneasiness in the World, lest the *French*, the better to conceal their Robbery, may have kill'd him; the Thoughts of this will damp the Pleasure of my Voyage, which I thought to prosecute so pleasantly. Could I but guess, dear Brother, continu'd he, where you might be found, I would hazard Life and Fortune for your Deliverance. Could our aged Father once understand you were alive, though hidden in the deepest and darkest Dungeon in *Barbary*, his Estate, mine, and my Brother's, all should fly for your Ran-

Ransom. And for the Fair and Liberal *Zoraida*, what Thanks, what Recompence could we provide? O, might I see the happy Day of her Spiritual Birth and Baptism, to see her joined to him in Faith and Marriage, how should we all rejoice! These and such like Expressions the Judge utter'd with so much Passion and Vehemency, that he mov'd a Concern in every Body.

The Curate, foreseeing the happy Success of his Design, resolv'd to prolong the Discovery no farther; and to free the Company from suspence, he went to the Ladies Room, and leading out *Zoraida*, follow'd by the rest, he took the Captain by t'other Hand, and presenting them to the Judge; Suppress your Grief, my Lord, said he, and glut your Heart with Joy; behold what you so passionately desir'd your dear Brother, and his fair Deliverer; this Gentleman is Captain *Viedma*, and this the Beautiful *Algerine*; the *French* have only reduc'd them to this low Condition, to make Room for your Generous Sentiments and Liberality. The Captain then approaching to embrace, the Judge held him off with both his Hands, to view him well, but once knowing him, he flew into his Arms with such Affection, and such abundance of Tears, that all the Spectators sympathiz'd in his Passions. The Brothers spoke so feelingly, and their mutual Affection was so moving, the Surprise so wonderful, and their Joy so transporting, that it must be left purely to Imagination to conceive. Now they tell one another the strange Turns and Mazes of their Fortunes, then renew their Caresses to the height of Brotherly Tenderness. Now the Judge embraces *Zaraida*, then makes her an Offer of his whole Fortune; next makes his Daughter embrace her; then the sweet and innocent Converse of the beautiful Christian, and the lovely *Moor*, so touch'd the whole

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whole Company, that they all wept for Joy. In the mean time Don *Quixote* was very solidly attentive, and wond'ring at these strange Occurrences, attributed them purely to something answerable to the Chimerical Notions which are incident to Chivalry. The Captain and *Zoraida*, in concert with the whole Company, resolv'd to return with their Brother to *Sevil*, and thence to advise their Father of his Arrival and Liberty, that the old Gentleman should make the best shift he could to get so far to see the Baptism and Marriage of *Zoraida*, while the Judge took his Voyage to the *Indies*, being oblig'd to make no delay, because the *Indian Fleet* were ready at *Sevil*, to set sail in a Month for *New-Spain*.

Every thing being now settled, to the universal Satisfaction of the Company, and being very late, they all agreed for Bed, only Don *Quixote*, who must necessarily guard the Castle whilst they slept, lest some Tyrant or Giant, covetous of the great Treasure of Beauty which it inclosed, should make some dangerous Attempt. He had the Thanks of the House, and the Judge being farther inform'd of his Humour, laugh'd very heartily. *Sancho Panza* was very uneasy and waspish for want of Sleep, tho' the best provided with a Bed, bestowing himself on his Pack-Saddle; but he paid dearly for it, as we shall hear presently. The Ladies being retir'd to their Chamber, and every Body else withdrawn to rest, and Don *Quixote* planted Centinel at the Castle Gate, the Ladies heard of a sudden some Body singing so sweetly, that he allur'd all their Attentions, but chiefly *Dorothea's* with whom the Judge's Daughter *Donna Clara de Viedma* lay. None could imagine, who could make such pretty Musick without an Instrument; sometimes it sounded as from the Yard, sometimes as from the Stable.



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Stable. With this *Cardenio* knock'd softly at their Door, Ladies, Ladies, said he, are you awake? Can you sleep when so charmingly Serenaded? Don't you hear how sweetly one of the Footmen sings? Yes, Sir, said *Dorothea*, we hear him plainly. Then *Dorothea* hearkning as attentively as she could, heard this Song.

C H A P. XVI.

*The Story of the young Muleteer with other strange Adventures that happen'd in the Inn.*

A S O N G.

I.

*T*oss'd in Doubts and Fears I rove  
On the stormy Seas of Love;  
Far from Comfort, far from Port,  
Beauty's Prize, and Fortune's Sport:  
Yet my Heart disclaims Despair,  
While I trace my leading Star.

II.

But Reserv'dness, like a Cloud,  
Does too oft her Glories shroud.  
Pierce the gloom, reviving Sight,  
Be auspicious as you're bright,  
As you hide or dart your Beams,  
Your Adorer sinks or swims.

*Dorothea* thought it wou'd not be much amiss to give *Donna Clara* the Opportunity of hearing so excellent a Voice, wherefore jogging her gently, first on one side, and then on t'other, and the young Lady waking, I ask your Pardon, my Dear, cry'd

of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 207

*Dorothea*, for thus interrupting your Repose; and I hope you'll easily forgive me, since I only wake you that you may have the pleasure of hearing one of the most charming Voices, that possibly you ever heard in your Life. *Donna Clara*, who was hardly awake, did not perfectly understand what *Dorothea* said, and therefore desired her to repeat what she spoke to her before. *Dorothea* did so; which then oblig'd *Donna Clara* also to listen; but scarce had she heard the early Musician sing two Verses, ere she was taken with a strange trembling, as if she had been seiz'd with a violent Fit of a Quartan Ague, and then closely embracing *Dorothea*, Ah! dear Madam, cry'd she, with a Sigh, why did you wake me? Alas! the greatest Happiness I cou'd now have expected, had been to have stopt my Ears. That unhappy Musician! How's this, my Dear, cry'd *Dorothea*, have you not heard, that the young Lad who sung now is but a Muleteer? Oh no, he's no such thing, reply'd *Clara*, but a young Lord, Heir to a great Estate, and has such a full possession of my Heart, that if he does not slight it, it must be his for ever. *Dorothea* was strangely surpriz'd at the young Lady's passionate Expressions, that seem'd far to exceed those of Persons of her tender Years: You speak so mysteriously, Madam, reply'd she, that I can't rightly understand you, unless you will please to let me know more plainly, what you wou'd say of Hearts and Sighs, and this young Musician, whose Voice has caus'd so great an alteration in you. However, speak no more of 'em now; for I'm resolv'd I'll not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing. Hold, continu'd she, I fancy he's going to entertain us with another Song. With all my Heart, return'd *Clara*, and with that she stopt her Ears, that she might not hear him; at which again *Dorothea* cou'd not chuse

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chuse but admire; but listening to his Voice, she heard the following Song.

H O P E.

I.

**U**Nconquer'd Hope, thou Bane of Fear,  
And last Deserter of the Brave;  
Thou soothing Ease of Mortal Care,  
Thou Traveller beyond the Grave;  
Thou Soul of Patience, airy Food,  
Bold Warrant of a distant Good,  
Reviving Cordial, kind Decoy:  
Tho' Fortune frowns, and Friends depart,  
Tho' Sylvia flies me, flatt'ring Joy,  
Nor Thou, nor Love, shall leave my doating Heart.

II.

The Phoenix Hope can wing her flight  
Thro' the vast Desarts of the Skies,  
And still defying Fortune's spight,  
Revive, and from her Ashes rise.  
Then soar, and promise, tho' in vain,  
What Reason's self despairs to gain,  
Thou only, O presuming Trust,  
Can'st feed us still, yet never cloy:  
And ev'n a Virtue when unjust,  
Postpone our Pain, and antedate our Joy.

III.

No Slave, to lazy Ease resign'd,  
E'er triumph'd over noble Foes.  
The Monarch Fortune most is kind  
To him who bravely dares oppose.  
They say, Love sets his Blessings high,  
But who would prize an easy Joy!

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Then I'll my scornful Fair pursue,  
Tho' the coy Beauty still denies;  
I grovel now on Earth, 'tis true,  
But rais'd by her, the humble Slave may rise.

Here the Voice ended, and Donna Clara's Sighs began, which caus'd the greatest Curiosity imaginable in *Dorothea*, to know the Occasion of so moving a Song, and of so bad a Complaint; wherefore she then intreated her to pursue the Discourse she had begun before. Then *Clara*, fearing *Lucinda* wou'd over-hear her, getting as near *Dorothea* as was possible, laid her Mouth so close to *Dorothea*'s Ear, that she was out of danger of being understood by any other; and began in this manner. He who sung is a Gentleman's Son of *Aragon*, his Father is a great Lord, and dwelt just over-against my Father's at Court; and tho' our Windows in the Winter were cover'd with Oil'd-cloth, and in the Summer shaded with Lattice, yet (I can't tell by what Accident) this young Gentleman, who then went to School, had a Sight of me, and whether it were at Church, or at some other Place, I can't justly tell you; but (in short) he fell in love with me, and made me sensible of his Passion from his own Windows, which were opposite to mine, with so many Signs, and such Showers of Tears, that at once forc'd me both to believe and to love him, not knowing how great his Passion was for me. Amongst the usual Signs that he made me, one was that of joining his Hands together, intimating by that his Desire to marry me; which, tho' I heartily wish'd, I could not communicate to any one, being Motherless, and having none near me whom I might trust with the Management of such an Affair; and was therefore constrain'd to bear it in Silence, without permitting him any



other Favour, more than to let him gaze on me, by lifting up the Lattice or Oil'd-Cloth a little, when my Father and his were abroad. At which he wou'd be so transported with Joy, that you wou'd certainly have thought he had been distracted. At last my Father's Business call'd him away; yet not so soon, but that the young Gentleman had notice of it some time before his Departure; whence he had it I know not, for 'twas impossible for me to acquaint him with it. This so sensibly afflicted him, as far as I understand, that he fell sick; so that I cou'd not get a Sight of him all that Day of our Departure, so much as to look a Farewel on him. But after two Days Travel, just as we came into an Inn, in a Village a Day's Journey hence, I saw him at the Lodging-door, dress'd so exactly like a Muleteer, that it had been utterly impossible for me to have known him, had not his perfect Image been stamp'd in my Soul. Yes, yes, dear Madam, I knew him, and was amaz'd and overjoy'd at the Sight of him; and he saw me unknown to my Father, whose Sight he carefully avoids, when we cross the Ways in our Journey, and when we come to any Inn: And now, since I know what he is, and what Pain and Fatigue it must necessarily be to him to travel thus far a-foot, I am ready to die myself with the Apprehension of what he suffers; and wherever he sets his Feet, there I set my Eyes. I can't imagine what he proposes to himself in this Attempt; nor by what means he cou'd thus make his Escape from his Father, who loves him beyond Expression; both because he has no other Son to inherit, and because the young Gentleman's Merits oblige him to it; which you must needs confess when you see him: And I dare affirm, beside, that all he has sung was his own immediate Thought; for, as I have heard,

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he is an excellent Scholar, and a great Poet. And now whenever I see him, or hear him sing, I start and tremble, as at the sight of a Ghost, lest my Father shou'd know him, and so be inform'd of our mutual Affection. I never spoke one Word to him in my Life; yet I love him so dearly, that 'tis impossible I should live without him. This, dear Madam, is all the Account I can give you of this Musician, with whose Voice you have been so well entertain'd, and which alone might convince you that he is no Muleteer, as you were pleas'd to say, but one who is Master of a great Estate, and of my poor Heart, as I have already told you.

Enough, dear Madam, reply'd *Dorothea*, kissing her a thousand times: 'Tis very well, compose yourself till Day-light; and then I trust in Heaven I shall so manage your Affairs, that the End of them shall be as fortunate as the Beginning is innocent. Alas! Madam, return'd *Clara*, what End can I propose to myself; since his Father is so rich, and of so noble a Family, that he will hardly think me worthy to be his Son's Servant, much less his Wife? And then again, I would not marry without my Father's Consent for the Universe. All I can desire, is, that the young Gentleman would return home, and leave his Pursuit of me: Happily, by a long Absence, and the great Distance of Place, the Pain, which now so much afflicts me, may be somewhat mitigated; tho' I fear what I now propose as a Remedy, would rather increase my Distemper: Though I can't imagine whence, or by what means, this Passion for him seiz'd me, since we are both so young, being much about the same Age, I believe; and my Father says I shan't be Sixteen till next *Michaelmas*. *Dorothea* could not forbear laughing to

hear the young Lady talk so innocently. My Dear (said *Dorothea*) let us repose ourselves the little remaining Part of the Night, and when Day appears, we will put a happy Period to your Sorrows; or my Judgment fails me. Then they address'd themselves again to sleep; and there was a deep Silence through-out all the Inn; only the Inn-keeper's Daughter and *Maritornes* were awake, who knowing Don *Quixote*'s peccant Humour very well, and that he sat arm'd on Horse-back, keeping Guard without Doors, a Fancy took 'em, and they agreed to have a little Pastime with him, and hear some of his fine raving Speeches.

You must know then, that there was but one Window in all the Inn that look'd out into the Field, and that was only a Hole. out of which they us'd to throw their Straw: To this same Hole then came these two demy Ladies, whence they saw Don *Quixote* mounted, and leaning on his Javelin, and often fetching such mournful and deep Sighs, that his very Soul seem'd to be torn from him at each of them: They observ'd besides, that he said in a soft amorous Tone, O my divine *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*! the Heaven of all Perfections! the End and Quintessence of Discretion! the Treasury of sweet Aspect and Behaviour! the Magazine of Virtue! and, in a Word, the Idea of all that is profitable, modest or delightful in the Universe! What noble Thing employs thy Excellency at this present? May I presume to hope that thy Soul is entertain'd with the Thoughts of thy Captive-Knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many Dangers for thy sake? O thou Triformed Luminary, give me some Account of her! perhaps thou art now gazing with Envy on her, as she's walking either through some stately Gallery of her sumptuous Palaces, or leaning on her happy Window, there meditating

how

how with safety of her Honour and Grandeur, she may sweeten and alleviate the Torture which my poor afflicted Heart suffers for love of her; with what Glories she shall crown my Pains, what Rest she shall give to my Cares, what Life to my Death, and what Reward to my Services? And thou, more glorious Planet, which, by this time, I presume, art harnessing thy Horses to pay thy earliest Visit to my adorable *Dulcinea*; I entreat thee as soon as thou dost see her, to salute her with my most profound Respects: But take heed, that when thou look'st on her, and address'st thyself to her, that thou dost not kiss her Face; for if thou dost, I shall grow more jealous of thee, than ever thou wert of the swift Ingrate, who made thee run and sweat so over the Plains of *Thessaly*, or the Banks of *Peneus*: I have forgotten through which of them thou ran'st so raging with Love and Jealousy. At these Words the Inn-keeper's Daughter began to call to him softly: Sir Knight, said she, come a little nearer this way, if you please. At these Words Don *Quixote* turn'd his Head, and the Moon shining then very bright, he perceiv'd some Body call'd him from the Hole, which he fancy'd was a large Window full of Iron-bars, all richly gilt, suitable to the stately Castle, for which he mistook the Inn; and all on a sudden, he imagin'd that the Beautiful Damsel, Daughter to the Lady of the Castle, overcome by the Charms of his Person, return'd to court him, as she did once before. In this Thought that he might not appear uncivil or ungrateful, he turn'd *Rozinante* and came to the Hole; where seeing the two Lasses, Fair Damsels, said he, I cannot but pity you in your misplac'd Affection, since it is altogether impossible you should meet with any Return from the Object of your Wishes proportionable to your great Merits



and Beauty; but yet you ought not by any means to condemn this unhappy Knight-Errant for this Coldness, since Love has utterly incapacitated him to become a Captive to any other but to her, who, at first Sight, made herself absolute Mistress of his Soul. Pardon me therefore, excellent Lady, and retire to your Apartment. Let not, I beseech you any farther Arguments of Love force me to be less grateful or civil than I would: But if in your Passion you have for me, you can bethink yourself of any thing else wherein I may do you any Service, Love alone excepted, command it freely; and I swear to you by my absent, yet most charming Enemy, to sacrifice it to you immediately; though it be a Lock of *Medusa's* Hair, which are all Snakes, or the very Sun-beams enclos'd in a glass Vial.

My Lady needs none of those things, Sir Knight, reply'd *Maritornes*. What then would she command? ask'd Don *Quixote*. Only the Honour of one of your fair Hands, return'd *Maritornes*, to satisfy, in some measure, that violent Passion which has oblig'd her to come hither with the great hazard of her Honour: For if my Lord, her Father, should know it, one of her beautiful Ears were the least part he would take off her. Oh! that he durst attempt it cry'd Don *Quixote*; but I know he dare not, unless he has a mind to die the most unhappy Death that ever Father suffer'd, for sacrilegiously depriving his amorous Daughter of one of her delicate Members. *Maritornes* made no doubt that he would comply with her Desire, and having already laid her Design, got in a trice to the Stable, and brought *Sancho Panza's* Ass's Halter to the Hole, just as Don *Quixote*, standing upon *Rozinante's* Saddle, more easily to reach the barricado'd Window, where he imagin'd

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*Don Quixot's Inchantment*

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imagin'd the enamour'd Lady staid; and lifting up his Hand to her, said, Here, Madam, take the Hand, or rather, as I may say, the Executioner of all earthly Miscreants; take, I say, that Hand, which never Woman touch'd before; no, not even she her self who has intire Possession of my whole Body; nor do I hold it up to you, that you may kiss it, but that you may observe the Contexture of the Sinews, the Ligament of the Muscles, and the Largeness and Dilatation of the Veins; whence you may conclude how strong that Arm must be, to which such a Hand is join'd. We shall take notice of that presently, reply'd *Maritornes*, and cast the Noose she had made in the Halter on his Wrist; and then descending from the Hole, she ty'd the other end of the Halter very fast to the Lock of the Door. Don *Quixote* being sensible that the Bracelet she had bestow'd on him was very rough, cry'd, you seem rather to abuse than compliment my Hand; but I beseech you treat it not so unkindly, since that is not the Cause that I do not entertain a Passion for you; nor is it just or equal, you should discharge the whole Tempest of your Vengeance on so small a Part. Consider, those who love truly, can never be so cruel in their Revenge. But not a Soul regarded what he said; for as soon as *Maritornes* had fasten'd him, she and her Confederate, almost dead with laughing, ran away, and left him so strongly oblig'd, that 'twas impossible he should disengage himself.

He stood then, as I said, on *Rozinante's* Saddle, with all his Arm drawn into the Hole, and the Rope fasten'd to the Lock, being under a fearful Apprehension, that if *Rozinante* mov'd but never so little on any side, he should slip and hang by the Arm, and therefore durst not use the least Motion in the World, though he might reasonably



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have expected from *Rozinante's* Patience and gentle Temper, that if he were not urg'd, he wou'd never have mov'd for a whole Age together of his own accord. In short, the Knight perceiving himself fast, and that the Ladies had forsaken him, immediately concluded that all this was done by way of Inchantment, as in the last Adventure in the very same Castle, when the Inchant'd *Moor* (the Carrier) did so damnably mawl him. Then he began alone to curse his want of Discretion and Conduct, since having once made his Escape out of that Castle in so miserable a Condition, he should venture into it a second time: For, by the way, 'twas an Observation among all Knights-Errant, that if they were once foil'd in an Adventure, 'twas a certain Sign it was not reserv'd for them, but for some other to finish; wherefore they would never prove it again. Yet, for all this, he ventur'd to draw back his Arm, to try if he could free himself; but he was so fast bound, that his Attempt prov'd fruitless. 'Tis true 'twas with Care and Deliberation he drew it, for fear *Rozinante* should stir: And then fain would he have seated himself in the Saddle; but he found he must either stand, or leave his Arm for a Ransom. A hundred times he wish'd for *Amadis's* Sword, on which no Inchantment had Power; then he fell a cursing his Stars; then reflected on the great Loss the World would sustain all the time he should continue under this Inchantment, as he really believ'd it; then his adorable *Dulcinea* came afresh into his Thoughts; many a time did he call to his trusty Squire *Sancho Pança*; who bury'd in a profound Sleep, lay stretch'd at length on his Ass's Pannel, never so much as dreaming of the Pangs his Mother felt when she bore him; then the Aid of the Necromancers *Lirgandeo* an *Aquise*

was

was invok'd by the unhappy Knight. And, in fine, the Morning surpriz'd him, rack'd with Despair and Confusion, bellowing like a Bull; for he cou'd not hope from Day-light any Cure, or Mitigation of his Pain, which he believ'd would be eternal, being absolutely perswaded he was enchanted, since he perceiv'd that *Roxinante* mov'd no more than a Mountain; and therefore he was of Opinion, that neither he nor his Horse should eat, drink, or sleep, but remain in that State till the Malignancy of the Stars were o'er-past, or till some more powerful Magician should break the Charm.

But 'twas an erroneous Opinion; for it was scarce Day-break, when four Horsemen, very well accoutred, their Fire-locks hanging at the Pommels of their Saddles, came thither, and finding the Inn-Gate shut, call'd and knock'd very loud and hard: which Don *Quixote* perceiving from the Post where he stood Centinel, cry'd out with a rough Voice and a haughty Mien, Knights or Squires, or of whatsoever other Degree you are, knock no more at the Gates of this Castle; since you may assure your selves, that those who are within at such an Hour as this, are either taking their Repose, or are not accusom'd to open their Fortrefs, 'till *Phæbus* has display'd himself upon the Globe: Retire therefore, and wait till it is clear Day, and then we will see whether 'tis just or no, that they shou'd open their Gates to you. What a Devil (cry'd one of them) what Castle or Fortrefs is this, that we shou'd be oblig'd to so long a Ceremony? Pr'ythee, Friend, if thou art the Inn-keeper, bid them open the Door to us; for we ride Post, and can stay no longer than just to bait our Horses. Gentlemen, said Don *Quixote*, do I look like an Inn-keeper then? I can't tell what thou'rt like; reply'd another; but I'm sure thou

talk'st like a Mad-man, to call this Inn a Castle. It is a Castle, return'd Don *Quixote*, ay, and one of the best in the Province; and contains one who has held a Scepter in her Hand, and a Crown on her Head. It might more properly have been said exactly contrary. reply'd the Traveller, a Scepter in her Tail, and a Crown in her Hand: Yet 'tis not unlikely that there may be a Company of Strolers within; and those do frequently hold such Scepters, and wear such Crowns as thou pratest of: For certainly no Person worthy to sway a Scepter, or wear a Crown, would condescend to take up a Lodging in such a paltry Inn as this, where I hear so little Noise. Thou hast not been much conversant in the World (said Don *Quixote*) since thou art so miserably ignorant of Accidents so frequently met with in Knight-Errantry. The Companions of him that held this tedious Discourse with Don *Quixote*, were tired with their foolish Prattle so long together, and therefore they return'd with greater Fury to the Gate, where they knock'd so violently and loud, that they wak'd both the Inn-keeper and his Guests; and so the Host rose to attend 'em.

In the mean time *Rozinante*, pensive and sad, with Ears hanging down, and motionless, bore up his out-stretch'd Lord, when one of the Horses of those Four that came thither last, walk'd towards *Rozinante* to smell him, and he truly being real Flesh and Blood, tho' very like a Wooden Block, cou'd not choose but be sensible of it, nor forbear turning to smell the other, which so seasonably came to comfort and divert him; but he had hardly stirr'd one Inch from his Place, when Don *Quixote's* Feet, that were close together, slipt asunder, and tumbling from the Saddle, he had  
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inevitably fallen to the Ground, had not his Wrist been securely fasten'd to the Rope; which put him to so great a Torture, that he cou'd not imagine but that his Hand was cutting off, or his Arm tearing from his Body; yet he hung so near the Ground, that he cou'd just reach it with the tips of his Toes, which added to his Torment; for perceiving how little he wanted to the setting his Feet wholly on the Ground, he strove and tugg'd as much as he cou'd to effect it; not much unlike those that have the Strapado, who put themselves to greater Pain in striving to stretch their Limbs, deluded by the hopes of touching the Ground, if they could but inch themselves out a little longer.

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## C H A P. XVII.

*A Continuation of the strange Adventures in the Inn.*

THE miserable Clamours of Don *Quixote* presently drew the Inn-keeper to the Door, which he hastily opening, was strangely affrighted to hear such lamentable Shouts, and the Strangers stood noiseless surpriz'd. *Maritornes*, whom the Cries had also rous'd, guessing the Cause, ran strait to the Barn, and slipping the Halter, releas'd the Don, who made her a very prostrate Acknowledgment, by an unmerciful Fall on the Ground. The Inn-keeper and Strangers crouded immediately round him to know the Cause of his Misfortune. He, without regard to the Demands, unmanacles his Wrist, bounces from the Ground, mounts *Roxinante*, braces his Target, couches



couches his Lance; and taking a large Circumference in the Field, came up with a Hand-Gallop: Whoever, said he, dare deny the late wonderful Posture of my Affairs, the just Title of Inchantment (by the gracious Permission of my Lady the Princess *Micomicona*) I affirm, he lies, and will maintain my Assertion by immediate Combat. The Travellers stood amaz'd at Don *Quixote's* Words, till the Host remov'd their Wonder, by informing them of his usual Extravagancies in this kind, and that his Behaviour was not to be minded. They then ask'd the Inn-keeper if a certain Youth, near the Age of Fifteen, had set up at his House, mounted like a Muleteer; adding withal some farther Marks and Tokens, denoting *Donna Clara's* Lover: He told them, that among the number of his Guests, such a Person might pass him undistinguish'd; but one of them accidentally spying the Coach which the Judge rid in, call'd to his Companions; O Gentlemen, Gentlemen, here stands the Coach which we were told my young Master follow'd, and here he must be, that's certain: Let's lose no time, one guard the Door, the rest enter the House to ferret him — hold — stay ——— (continu'd he) ride one about to the other side o'th' House, lest he 'scape us through the Back-Yard. Agreed, says another; and they posted themselves accordingly. The Inn keeper, though he might guess that they sought the young Gentleman whom they had describ'd, was nevertheless puzzl'd in the Cause of their so diligent Search. By this time, fair Day-light and the Out-cries of Don *Quixote* had rais'd the whole House; the two Ladies, *Clara* and *Dorothea*, having rested ill, being otherwise disturb'd, one through Concern of being so near her Lover, and t'other by Grief of being distanc'd from hers. Don *Quixote* seeing the Travellers

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Travellers neither regard him nor his Challenge; was ready to burst with Fury and Indignation; and could he have dispens'd with the Rules of Chivalry, which oblige a Knight-Errant to the finishing one Adventure before his embarking in another, he had assaulted them all, and forc'd them to answer him to their Cost; but being unfortunately engag'd to re-instate the Princess *Micomicona*, his Hands were ty'd up, and he was compell'd to desert, expected where the Search and Diligence of the four Travellers would terminate: One of them found the young Gentleman fast asleep by a Footman, little dreaming of being follow'd or discover'd: The Fellow lugging him by the Arm, cries out, Ay, Ay, Don *Lewis*, these are very fine Clothes you have got on, and very becoming a Gentleman of your Quality, indeed; this scurvy Bed too is very suitable to the Care and Tenderness your Mother brought you up with. The Youth having rub'd his drowsy Eyes, and fixing them stedfastly on the Man, knew him presently for one of his Father's Servants, which struck him speechless with Surprise: The Fellow went on; There is but one way, Sir, pluck up your Spirits, and return with us to your Father, who is certainly a dead Man unless you be recover'd. How came my Father to know, answer'd Don *Lewis*, that I took this Way and this Disguise? One of your Fellow Students, reply'd the Servant, whom you communicated your Design to; mov'd by your Father's Lamentation for your Loss, discover'd it; the good old Gentleman dispatch'd away four of his Men in search of you; and here we are all at your Service, Sir, and the joyfullest Men alive; for our old Master will give us a hearty Welcome, having so soon restor'd him what he lov'd so much. That, next to Heaven, is as I please,

please, said Don *Lewis*. What would you, or Heaven either, please, Sir, but return to your Father? Come, come, Sir, talk no more on't, home you must go, and home you shall go. The Footman that lay with Don *Lewis*, hearing this Dispute, rose, and related the Business to Don *Ferdinand*, *Cardenio*, and the rest that were now dress'd; adding withal, how the Man gave him the Title of Don, with other Circumstances of their Conference. They being already charm'd by the Sweetness of his Voice, were curious to be inform'd more particularly of his Circumstances, resolving to assist him, in case of any Violence offer'd, went presently to the Place where he stood contending with the Servant.

By this *Dorothea* had left her Chamber, and with her *Donna Clara* in great Disorder. *Dorothea* beckoning *Cardenio* aside, gave him a short Account of the Musician and *Donna Clara*; and he told her how the Servants that pursu'd him were arriv'd: *Donna Clara* over-hearing him, suffer'd such Alterations, that had not *Dorothea* run and supported her, she had sunk to the Ground. *Cardenio* promising to bring the Matter to a fair and successful End, advis'd *Dorothea* to retire with the indispos'd Lady to her Chamber. All the four that pursu'd Don *Lewis* were now come about him, pressing his Return without Delay, to comfort his poor Father; he answer'd 'Twas impossible, being engag'd to put a Business in Execution first, on which depended no less than his Honour, and his present and future Happiness. They urg'd, that since they had found him, there was no returning for them without him, and if he would not go, he should be carry'd; Not unless you kill me, answer'd the young Gentleman; upon which, all the Company were join'd in the

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the Dispute, Cardenio, Don Ferdinand and his Companions, the Judge, the Curate, the Barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it needless now to guard the Castle any longer. Cardenio who knew the young Gentleman's History, ask'd the Fellows upon what Pretence, or by what Authority they could carry the Lad away against his Will: Sir, answer'd one of them, we have Reason good for what we do; no less than his Father's Life depends upon his Return, Gentlemen, said Don Lewis, 'tis not proper perhaps to trouble you with a particular Relation of my Affairs; only thus much, I am a Gentleman, and have no Dependance that should force me to any thing beside my Inclination: Nay, but Sir, answer'd the Servant, Reason, I hope, will force you; and though it cannot move you, it must govern us, who must execute our Orders, and force you back; we only act as we are order'd, Sir. Hold; said the Judge, and let us know the whole State of the Case. O Lord, Sir, answer'd one of the Servants that knew him, my Lord Judge, does not your Worship know your next Neighbour's Child? See here, Sir, he has run away from his Father's House, and has put on these dirty tatter'd Rags to the Scandal of his Family, as your Worship may see. The Judge then viewing him more attentively knew him, and saluting him, What Jest is this, Don Lewis, cry'd he? What mighty Intrigue are you carrying on, young Sir, to occasion this Metamorphosis, so unbecoming your Quality? The young Gentleman could not answer a Word, and the Tears stood in his Eyes; the Judge perceiving his Disorder, desir'd the four Servants to trouble themselves no farther, but leave the Youth to his Management, engaging his Word to act to their Satisfaction;



tisfaction; and retiring with Don *Lewis*, he begg'd to know the Occasion of his Flight.

During their Conference, they heard a great Noise at the Inn-door, occasion'd by two Strangers, who, having lodg'd there over Night, and seeing the whole Family so busied, in a curious Enquiry into the Four Horsemen's Business, thought to have made off without paying their shot; but the Inn-keeper, who minded no Man's Business more than his own, stopp'd them in the nick, and demanding his Money, upbraided their ungenteel Design very sharply: They return'd the Compliment with Kick and Cuff so roundly, that the poor Host cry'd out for Help; his Wife and Daughter saw none so idle as Don *Quixote*, whom the Daughter addressing, I conjure you, Sir Knight, said she, by that Virtue deliver'd to you from Heaven, to succour my distress'd Father, whom two Villains are beating to Jelly. Beautiful Damsel, answer'd Don *Quixote* with a slow Tone and profound Gravity, your Petition cannot at the present Juncture prevail, I being withheld from undertaking any new Adventure, by an engaging Promise first to finish another; and all the Service you can expect, is only my Counsel in this important Affair; go with all speed to your Father, with Advice to continue and maintain the Battle with his utmost Resolution, till I obtain Permission from the Princess *Micomicona* to reinforce him, which once granted, you need make no doubt of his Safety. Unfortunate Wretch that I am, said *Maritornes*, who over-heard him; before you can have this Leave, my Master will be sent to the other World. Then, Madam, said he, procure me the Permission I mention'd, and tho' he were sent into the other World, I'll bring him back in spite of Hell and the Devil, or at least so revenge his Fall on his

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Enemies, as shall give ample Satisfaction to his surviving Friends; whereupon breaking off the Discourse, he went and threw himself prostrate before *Dorothea*, imploring her, in Romantick Stile, to grant him a Commission to march and sustain the Governor of that Castle, who was just fainting in a dangerous Engagement. The Princess dispatch'd him very willingly; whereupon presently buckling on his Target, and taking up his Sword, he ran to the Inn-door, where the two Guests stood handling their Landlord very unmercifully: He there made a sudden Stop, tho' *Maritornes* and the Hostess press'd him twice or thrice to tell the Cause of his Delay in his promis'd Assistance to his Host. I make a Pause, said Don *Quixote*, because I am commanded by the Law of Arms to use my Sword against none under the Order of Knighthood; but let my Squire be call'd, this Affair is altogether his Province. In the mean time Drubs and Bruises were interchangeably given and taken, and the poor Host soundly beaten. His Wife, Daughter and Maid, who stood by, were like to run mad at Don *Quixote's* hanging back, and the Inn-keeper's unequal Combat; where we shall leave him, with a Design to return to his Assistance presently, tho' his Fool-hardiness deserves a sound beating, for attempting a thing he was not likely to compass. We now return to what Don *Lewis* answer'd the Judge, whom we left retir'd with him; and demanding the Reason of his travelling on Foot, and in so mean a Disguise. The young Gentleman pressing his Hands very passionately, made this Reply, not without giving a Proof of the Greatness of his Sorrow by his Tears.

Without Ceremony or Preamble, I must tell you, dear Sir, that from the Instant that Heaven made us Neighbours, and I saw *Donna Clara*, your Daugh-

Daughter and my Mistress, I resign'd to her the whole Command of my Affections; and if you whom I most truly call my Father, don't prevent me, I shall this Day be happy in her Embraces for her sake I have abandon'd my Father's House for her have I thus disguis'd my Quality; he would I thus have follow'd thro' the World: She was the North-Star to guide my wand'ring Course and the Mark at which my Wishes flew. Her Ears indeed are utter Strangers to my Passion; but yet her Eyes may guess, by the Tears she saw distill'd from mine. You know my Fortune and my Quality, if these can plead Sir, I lay them at her Feet; then make me this Instant your happy Son, and if my Father, bias'd by contrary Designs should not approve my Choice, yet Time may work some favourable Chance; and alter his Mind. The Amorous Gentleman thus concluded. The Judge was much surpriz'd at the handsome Discovery he made of his Affections, and was not a little puzzled how to behave himself in so sudden and unexpected a Matter; he therefore, without any positive Answer, advis'd him only to compose his Thoughts, to divert himself with his Servants, and to prevail with them to allow him that Day to consider on what was proper to be done. Don Lewis express'd his Gratitude by forcibly kissing the Judge's Hands, and bathing them in his Tears, enough to move the Heart of a Rock, much more a Judge's, who (being a Man o'th' World) had presently the Advantage of the Match and Preferment of his Daughter in the Wind; tho' he much doubted the Consent of Don Lewis's Father, who he knew design'd to match his Son into the Nobility.

By this time Don Quixote's Intreaties more than Threats had parted the Fray at the Inn-door, the Strangers paying their Reckoning, went off

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and Don *Lewis's* Servants stood expecting the Result of the Judge's Discourse with their young Master: When (as the Devil would have it) who should come into the Inn but the Barber whom Don *Quixote* had robb'd of *Mambrino's* Helmet, and *Sancho* of the Pack-Saddle. As he was leading his Beast very gravely to the Stable, he spies *Sancho* mending something about the Pannel; he knew him presently, and setting upon him very roughly, Ah, Mr. Thief, Mr. Rogue, said he, have I caught you at last, and all my Afs's Furniture in your Hands too? *Sancho* finding himself so unexpectedly assaulted, and nettled at the dishonourable Terms of his Language, laying fast hold on the Pannel with one Hand, gave the Barber such a Douce on the Chops with t'other, as made his Mouth over-run with Blood; for all this the Barber stuck by his Hold, and cried out so loud, that the whole House was alarm'd at the Noise and Scuffle; I command you, Gentlemen, continu'd he, to assist me in the King's Name; for this Rogue has rob'd me on the King's High-way, and would now murder me, because I seize upon my Goods: That's a Lie, cry'd *Sancho*, 'twas no Robbery on the King's High-way; but lawful Plunder, won by my Lord Don *Quixote* fairly in the Field. The Don himself was now come up, very proud of his Squire's Behaviour on this Occasion, accounting him thenceforth a Man of Courage, and designing him the Honour of Knighthood on the first Opportunity, thinking his Courage might prove a future Ornament to the Order. Among other things which the Barber urged to prove his Claim; Gentlemen, said he, this Pack-Saddle is as certainly my Pack-Saddle, as I hope to die in my Bed; I know it as well as if it had been bred and born with me; nay, my very Afs will witness for me; do but try  
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the Saddle on him, and if it does not fit him as close as close can be, then call me a Liar — Nay more than that, Gentlemen, that very Day when they robb'd me of my Pack-Saddle, they took away a special new Bason which was never us'd, and which cost me a Crown. Here Don *Quixote* could no longer contain himself; but thrusting between them, he parted them; and having caus'd the Pack-Saddle to be deposited on the Ground to open View, till the mighty Truth came to a final Decision: That this honourable Company may know, cry'd he, in what a manifest Error this good Squire persists, take notice how he degrades that with the Name of Bason, which was, is, and shall be the Helmet of *Mambrino*, which I fairly won from him in the Field, and lawfully made my self Lord of by Force of Arms. As to the Pack-Saddle, 'tis a Concern that's beneath my Regard; all I have to urge in that Affair, is, That my Squire beg'd my Permission to strip that vanquish'd Coward's Horse of his Trappings to adorn his own; he had my Authority for the Deed, and he took them: And now for his converting it from a Horse's Furniture to a Pack-Saddle, no other Reason can be brought, but that such Transformations frequently occur in the Affairs of Chivalry. For a Confirmation of this, dispatch, run *Sancho* and produce the Helmet which this Squire would maintain to be a Bason. O' my Faith, Sir, said *Sancho*, if this be all you can say for your self, *Mambrino's* Helmet will prove as arrant a Bason, as this same Man's Furniture is a meer Pack-Saddle. Obey my Orders, said Don *Quixote*, I cannot believe that every thing in this Castle will be guided by Enchantment. *Sancho* brought the Bason, which Don *Quixote* holding up in his Hands, Behold Gentlemen, continu'd he, with what Face can this im-

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impudent Squire affirm this to be a Bason, and not the Helmet I mention'd? Now I swear before you all, by the Order of Knighthood, which I profess, That this is the same individual Helmet which I won from him, without the least Addition or Diminution. That I'll swear, said *Sancho*; for since my Lord won it, he never fought but once in it, and that was the Battle wherein he freed those ungracious Gally-Slaves, who by the same Token would have knock'd out his Brains with a Shower of Stones, had not this same honest Bason-Helmet sav'd his Skull.

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C H A P. XVIII.

*The Controversy upon Mambrino's Helmet and the Pack-Saddle disputed and decided; with other Accidents, not more strange than true.*

PRAY good Gentlemen (said the Barber) let's have your Opinion in this Matter, I suppose you will grant this same Helmet to be a Bason. He that dares grant any such thing (said *Don Quixote*) must know that he lies plainly, if a Knight; but if a Squire, he lies abominably. Our Barber (who was privy to the whole Matter) to humour the Jest, and carry the Diversion a little higher, took up'r other Shaver. Mr. Barber, (you must pardon me Sir, if I don't give you your Titles) I must let you understand (said he) that I serv'd an Apprenticeship to your Trade, and have been a Free Man in the Company these thirty Years, and therefore am not to learn what belongs to Shaving. You must likewise know that I have been a  
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Soldier too in my younger Days, and consequently understand the Differences between a Helmet, a Morion, and a Close-Helmet, with all other Accoutrements belonging to a Man of Arms. Yet I say (with Submission still to better Judgment) that this Piece, herein Dispute before us, is as far from being a Bason, as Light is from Darknes. Withal I affirm, on the other Hand, that altho' it be a Helmet, 'tis not a compleat one: Right, (said the Don) for the lower Part and the Beaver are wanting. A clear Case, a clear Case, said the Curate, *Cardenio*, Don *Ferdinand* and his Companions, and the Judge himself (had not *Lewis's* Concern made him thoughtful) would have humour'd the Matter. Lord have Mercy upon us now, (said the poor Barber half distracted) is it possible that so many fine honourable Gentlemen should know a Bason or a Helmet no better than this comes to? Gadzookers, I defy the wisest University in all *Spain* with their Scholarship, to shew me the like again. Well ——— if it must be a Helmet, it must be a Helmet, that's all. ——— And by the same Rule my Pack-Saddle must troop too; as this Gentleman says. I must confess, said Don *Quixote*, as to outward Appearance it is a Pack-Saddle; but as I have already said, I will not pretend to determine the Dispute of this Point. Nay, said the Curate, if Don *Quixote* speak not, the Matter will never come to a Decision; because in all Affairs of Chivalry, we must all give him the Preference. I swear, worthy Gentlemen, said Don *Quixote*, that the Adventures I have encounter'd in this Castle are so strange and supernatural, that I must infallibly conclude them the Effects of pure Magick and Inchantment. The first time I ever enter'd its Gates, I was strangely embarrass'd by an enchanted Moor that inhabited it, and *Sancho* himself had ne-

better Entertainment from his Attendants; and last Night I hung suspended almost two Hours by this Arm, without the Power of helping my self, or of assigning any reasonable Cause of my Misfortune. So that for me to meddle or give my Opinion in so confus'd and intricate Events, would appear Presumption; I have already given my final Determination as to the Helmet Controversy, but dare pronounce no definitive Sentence on the Pack-Saddle, but shall remit it to the discerning Judgment of the Company; perhaps the Power of Incantment may not prevail on you that are not Club'd Knights, so that your Understandings may be free, and your judicial Faculties more piercing to enter into the true Nature of these Events, and not conclude upon them from their Appearances. Undoubtedly, answer'd Don *Ferdinand*, the Decision of this Process depends upon our Sentiments, according to Don *Quixote's* Opinion; that the Matter therefore may be fairly discuss'd, and that we may proceed upon solid and firm Grounds, we'll put it to the Vote. Let every one give me his Suffrage in my Ear, and I will oblige my self to report them faithfully to the Board.

To those that knew Don *Quixote* this prov'd excellent Sport; but to others unacquainted with his Humour, as Don *Lewis* and his four Servants, appear'd the most ridiculous Stuff in Nature; three Travellers too that happen'd to call in by the Way, and were found to be *Officers of the holy Brotherhood*, or *Pursuivants*, thought the People were all bewitch'd in good earnest. But the Barber was quite at his Wit's end, to think that his Basen, when and there present before his Eyes, was become the Helmet of *Mambrino*; and that his Pack-Saddle was likewise going to be chang'd into some rich Caparison. Every Body laugh'd very



ry heartily to see Don *Ferdinand* whispering each particular Person very gravely to have his Vote upon the important Contention of the Pack-Saddle. When he had gone the Rounds among his own Faction, that were all privy to the Jest; Honest Fellow, said he very loudly, I grow weary of asking so many impertinent Questions; every Man has his Answer at his Tongue's End, that 'tis meer Madness to call this a Pack-Saddle, and that 'tis positively, *Nemine Contradicente*, right Horse-Furniture, and great Horse-Furniture too; besides, Friend, your Allegations and Proofs are of no Force, therefore in spite of your Ass and you, we will give it for the Defendant, that this is, and will continue the Furniture of a Horse, nay, and of a great Horse too. Now the Devil take me, said the Barber, if you be not all damnably deceiv'd; and may I be hang'd if my Conscience does not plainly tell me 'tis a downright Pack-Saddle; but I have lost it according to Law, and so fare it well. — But I am neither mad nor drunk sure, for I am fresh and fasting this Morning from every thing but Sin.

The Barber's Raving was no less diverting than Don *Quixote's* Clamours; Sentence is pass'd, cry'd he; and let every Man take Livery of his Goods and Chattels, and Heaven give him Joy. This is a Jest, a meer Jest, said one of the four Servants, certainly, Gentlemen, you can't be in earnest, you're too wise to talk at this rate: For my part, I say and will maintain it, for there's no Reason the Barber should be wrong'd, that this is a Basson and that the Pack-Saddle of a He-Ass. Mayn't it be a She-Ass's Pack-Saddle, Friend, said the Curate? That's all one, Sir, said the Fellow; the Question is not whether it be a He or a She-Ass Pack-Saddle; but whether it be a Pack-Saddle or not that's

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that's the Matter, Sir. One of the Officers of the Holy Brotherhood, who had heard the whole Controversy, very angry to hear such an Error maintain'd: Gentlemen, said he, this is no more a Horse's Saddle than 'tis my Father, and he that says the contrary is drunk or mad. You lye like an unmannerly Rascal, said the Knight; and at the same time with his Lance, which he had always ready for such Occasions, he discharg'd such a Blow on the Officer's Head, that had not the Fellow leap'd aside it would have laid him flat. The Lance, by the force of the Stroke, flew to pieces, and the rest of the Officers seeing their Comrade so abus'd, cry'd out for Help, charging every one to aid and assist the Holy Brotherhood. The Inn-keeper being one of the Fraternity, ran for his Sword and Staff, and then join'd his Fellows. Don Lewis's Servants got round their Master to defend him from Harm, and secure him lest he should make his Escape in the Scuffle. The Barber seeing the whole House turn'd topsy-turvy, laid hold again on his Pack-Saddle; but Sancho, who watch'd his Motions, was as ready as he, and secur'd t'other End of it.

Don Quixote drew and assaulted the Officers pell-mell. Don Lewis call'd to his Servants to join Don Quixote, and the Gentlemen that sided with him; for Cardenio, Don Ferdinand and his Friends had engag'd on his Side. The Curate cry'd out, the Landlady shriek'd, her Daughter wept, Mari-tornes howl'd, Dorothea was distracted with Fear, Lucinda could not tell what to do, and Donna Clara was strangely frighted; the Barber pommell'd Sancho, and Sancho belabour'd the Barber. One of Don Lewis's Servants went to hold him, but he gave him such a Rebuke on his Jaws, that his Teeth had like to have forsook their Station; and then

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the Judge took him into his Protection. Don *Ferdinand* had got one of the Officers down, and laid him on Back and Side. The Inn-keeper still cry'd out, Help the *Holy Brotherhood*; so that the whole House was a Medly of Wailings, Cries, Shrieks, Confusions, Fears, Terrors, Disasters, Slashes, Buffets, Blows, Kicks, Cuffs, Battery, and Bloodshed.

In the greatest Heat of this Hurly-burly it came into Don *Quixote's* Head, that he was certainly involv'd in the Disorder and Confusion of King *Agramant's* Camp; and calling out with a Voice that shook the whole House; Hold, valorous Knights, said he, all hold your furious Hands sheath all your Swords, let none presume to strike on pain of Death, but hear me speak. The loud and monstrous Voice surpriz'd every Body into Obedience, and the Don proceeded: I told you before, Gentlemen, that this Castle was enchanted, and that some Legion of Devils did inhabit it: now let your own Eyes confirm my Words: Don you behold the strange and horrid Confusion of King *Agramant's* Army remov'd hither, and put in Execution among us? See, see how there they fight for the Sword, and yonder for the Horse; behold how some contend for the Helmet, and here others battle it for the Standard; and all fight we don't know how, nor can tell why. Let therefore my Lord Judge, and his Reverence Mr. Curate represent, one, King *Agramant*, and the other King *Sobrino*; and by their Wisdom and Conduct appease this Tumult; for, by the Powers Divine 'twere a wrong to Honour, and a blot on Chivalry to let so many Worthies, as here engage, fall on slight a Cause.

Don *Quixote's* Words were *Hebrew* to the Officers, who having been roughly handl'd by C

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denio, Ferdinand, and his Friends, would not give it over so. But the Barber was content, for Sancho had demolish'd his Beard and Pack-Saddle both in the Scuffle: The Squire dutifully retreated at the first sound of his Master's Voice; Don Lewis's Servants were calm, finding it their best way to be quiet; but the Inn-keeper was refractory. He swore that Mad-man ought to be punish'd for his Ill-behaviour, and that every Hour he was making some Disturbance or another in his House. But at last, the Matter was made up, the Pack-saddle was agreed to be Horse-Furniture, the Bason a Helmet, and the Inn a Castle, till the Day of Judgment, if Don Quixote would have it so. Don Lewis's Business came next in play. The Judge, in concert with Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the Curate, resolv'd that Don Ferdinand should interpose his Authority on Don Lewis's behalf, and let his Servants know, That he would carry him to Andalusia, where he should be entertain'd according to his Quality by his Brother the Marquis; and they should not oppose this Design, seeing Don Lewis was positively resolv'd not to be forc'd to go back to his Father yet. Don Ferdinand's Quality, and Don Lewis's Resolution prevail'd on the Fellows to order Matters so, that three of them might return to acquaint their old Master, and the fourth wait on Don Lewis. Thus this monstrous heap of Confusion and Disorder was digested into Form, by the Authority of Agramant, and Wisdom of King Sobrino.

But the Enemy of Peace, finding his Project of setting them all by the Ears so eluded, resolv'd once again to have another Tryal of Skill, and play the Devil with them all the second Bout: For though the Officers, understanding the Quality of their Adversaries, were willing to desist, yet

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one of them, whom *Don Ferdinand* had kick'd most unmercifully, remeinbring that among other Warrants, he had one to apprehend *Don Quixote* for setting free the Gally-Slaves (which *Sancho* was sadly afraid would come about) he resolv'd to examine if the Marks and Tokens given of *Don Quixote* agreed with this Person; then drawing out a Parchment, and opening his Warrant, he made a shift to read it, at every other Word looking cunningly on *Don Quixote's* Face; whereupon having folded up the Parchment, and taking his Warrant in the left Hand, he clap'd his right Hand fast in the Knight's Collar, crying you're the King's Prisoner: Gentlemen, I am an Officer here's my Warrant. I charge you all to aid and assist the *Holy Brotherhood*. *Don Quixote*, finding himself us'd so rudely by one whom he took to be a pitiful Scoundrel, kindl'd up into such a Rage, that he shook with Indignation; and catching the Fellow by the Neck, with both his Hands throttled him so eagerly, that if his Companions had not presently freed him, the Knight would have squeez'd out his Life before he had quitted his Hold.

The Inn-keeper being oblig'd to assist his Brother Officer, presently join'd him: The Hostess seeing her Husband engaging a second time, rais'd a new Out-cry, her Daughter and *Maritornes* bore the burden of the Song, sometimes praying, sometimes crying, sometimes scolding: *Sancho*, seeing what pass'd, By the Lord, said he, my Master is in the right; this Place is haunted, that's certain there's no living quietly an Hour together. At last *Don Ferdinand* parted *Don Quixote* and the Officer, who were both pretty well pleas'd to quyte their Bargain. However, the Officers still demanded their Prisoner, and to have him deliver'd

bound

bound into their Hands, commanding all the Company a second time to help and assist them, in securing that publick Robber upon the King's high Road.

Don *Quixote* smil'd at the supposed Simplicity of the Fellows; at last, with solemn Gravity, Come hither, said he, you Offspring of Filth, and Extraction of Dunghils, dare you call loosing the Fetter'd, freeing the Captiv'd, helping the Miserable, raising the Fall'n, and supplying the Indigent, dare you, I say, base-spirited Rascals, call these Actions Robbery? Your Thoughts, indeed, are too grovelling and servile to understand, or reach the Pitch of Chivalry, otherwise you had understood, that even the Shadow of a Knight Errant had Claim to your Adoration. You a Band of Officers; you're a Pack of Rogues, indeed, and Robbers on the Highway by Authority. What Blockhead of a Magistrate durst issue out a Warrant to apprehend a Knight-Errant like me? Could not his Ignorance find out that we are exempt from all Courts of Judicature? That our Valour is the Bench, our Will the Common-Law, and our Sword the Executioner of Justice. Could not his Dulness inform him that no Rank of Nobility or Peerage enjoys more Immunities and Privileges? Has he any Precedent that a Knight-Errant ever paid Taxes, Subsidy, Poll-Money, or so much as Fare or Ferry? What Taylor ever had Money for his Cloaths, or what Constable ever made him pay a Reckoning for his Lodging in his Castle? What Kings are not proud of his Company; and what Damsels of his Love? And lastly, did you ever read of any Knight-Errant that ever was, is, or shall be, that could not, with his single Force, cudgel four hundred such Rogues as you to pieces, if they have the Impudence to oppose him?



## C H A P. XIX.

*The notable Adventure of the Officers of the Holy Brotherhood, with Don Quixote's great Ferocity and Incantment.*

**W**HILST Don *Quixote* talk'd at this rate, the Curate endeavoured to perswade the Officers that he was distracted, as they might easily gather from his Words and Actions; and therefore, though they should carry him before a Magistrate, he would be presently acquitted, as being a Mad-man: He that had the Warrant made Answer, That 'twas not his Business to examine whether he were mad or not; he was an Officer in Commission, and must obey Orders; and accordingly was resolv'd to deliver him up to the superior Power, which once done, they might acquit him five hundred times if they wou'd. But for all that the Curate persisted they should not carry Don *Quixote* away with them this time, adding, that the Knight himself wou'd by no means be brought to it; and in short, said so much, and the Knight did so much, that they had been greater Fools than he, could they not have plainly seen his Madness. They therefore not only desisted, but offer'd their Service in compounding the Difference between *Sancho* and the Barber; their Mediation was accepted, they being Officers of Justice, and succeeded so well, that both Parties stood to their Arbitration, though not entirely satisfied with their Award, which order'd them to change their Pannels, but not their Halters nor the Girths. The Curate made up the Business of the Bason, paying the Barber, underhand, eight Reals

for his Interest, and getting a general Release under his Hand of all Claims or Actions concerning it. These two important Differences being happily decided, the only Obstacle to a general Peace, were Don *Lewis's* Servants and the Inn-keeper; the first were at last prevail'd upon to accept the Proposals offer'd, which were, that three of them should go home, and the fourth attend Don *Lewis*, where Don *Ferdinand* should appoint. Thus this Difference was also made up, to the unspeakable Joy of *Donna Clara*. *Zoraida* not understanding every thing that past, was sad and chearful by turns, as she observ'd others to be by their Countenances, especially her belov'd *Spaniard*, on whom her Eyes were more particularly fix'd. The Inn-keeper made a hideous Bawling; having discover'd that the Barber had receiv'd Money for his Bason; he knew no Reason, he said, why he should not be paid as well as other Folks, and swore that *Rozinante* and *Sancho's* Asses should pay for their Master's Extravagance before they should leave his Stable: The Curate pacify'd him, and Don *Ferdinand* paid him his Bill. All things thus accommodated, the Inn no longer resembled the Confusion of *Agramant's* Camp, but rather the universal Peace of *Octavius Cæsar*: Upon which the Curate and Don *Ferdinand* had the Thanks of the House, as a just Acknowledgment for their so effectual Mediation.

Don *Quixote* being now free from the Difficulties and Delays that lately embarrass'd him, held it high time to prosecute his Voyage, and bring to some Decision the general Enterprize which he had the Voice and Election for. He therefore fully resolv'd to press his Departure, and fell on his Knees before *Dorothea*, but she would not hear him in that Posture, but prevail'd upon him to rise:

He then addressing her in his usual Forms; Most beautiful Lady, said he, 'tis a known Proverb, *That Diligence is the Mother of Success*; and we have found the greatest Successes in War still to depend on Expedition and Dispatch, by preventing the Enemy's Design, and forcing a Victory before an Assault is expected. My Inference from this, most high and illustrious Lady, is, that our Residence in this Castle appears nothing conducive to our Designs, but may prove dangerous; for we may reasonably suppose that our Enemy the Giant may learn by Spies, or some other secret Intelligence, the Scheme of our Intentions, and consequently fortify himself in some inexpugnable Fortress, against the Power of our utmost Force, where the Strength of my invincible Arm may be unequal. Let us therefore, dear Madam, by our Diligence and sudden Departure hence, prevent any such his Designs, and force our good Fortune, by missing no Opportunity that we may lay hold of. Here he stopt, waiting the Princess's Answer. She, with a grave Aspect, and Stile suiting his Extravagance, reply'd, The great Inclination and indefatigable Desire you shew, worthy Knight, in redressing the Injur'd, and restoring the Oppress'd, lay a fair Claim to the Praises and universal Thanks of Mankind; but your singular Concern, and industrious Application in assisting me, deserve my particular Acknowledgments and Gratification; and I shall make it my peculiar Request to Heaven, that your generous Designs, in my Favour, may be soon accomplish'd, that I may be enabl'd to convince you of the Honour and Gratitude that may be found in some of our Sex. As to our Departure, I shall depend upon your Pleasure, to whose Management I have not only committed the Care of my Person, but also resign'd the whole Power

Power of Command. Then, by the Assistance of the Divine Power, answer'd he, I will lose no Opportunity of exalting your Highness, which you thus condescend to humble to my Orders; let our March be sudden, for the Eagerness of my Desires, the Length of the Journey, and the Dangers of Delay, are great Spurs to my Dispatch; since therefore Heaven has not created, nor Hell seen the Man I ever fear'd; fly *Sancho*, saddle *Roxinante*, harness your Ass, and make ready the Lady's Palfrey; let us take leave of the Governor here, and these other Lords, and set out from hence immediately.

Poor *Sancho* hearing all that pass'd, shook his Head. Lord, Lord, Master, said he, there's always more Tricks in a Town than are talk'd of (with Reverence be it spoken.) Ho! Villian, cry'd Don *Quixote*; What Tricks can any Town or City shew to impair my Credit? Nay, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, if you grow angry, I can hold my Tongue, if that be all; but there are some Things which you ought to hear, and I should tell as becomes a trusty Squire and honest Servant. Say what thou wilt, said the Knight, so it tend not to Cowardice; for if thou art afraid, keep it to thy self, and trouble not me with the mention of Fear, which my Soul abhors. Pshaw, hang, Fear, Sir, answer'd *Sancho*, that's not the Matter; but I must tell you, Sir, that which is as certain and plain as the Nose on your Face. This same Madam here, that calls her self the Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon*, is no more a Queen than my Grandam. For, do but consider, Sir, if she were such a fine Queen, as you believe, can you imagine she wou'd always be kissing and flabbering a certain Person, that shall be nameless in this Company? *Dorothea* blush'd at *Sancho's* Words, for Don *Ferdinand* had,



indeed, sometimes, and in private, taken the Freedom with his Lips, to reap some Part of the Reward his Affection deserv'd; which *Sancho* spying by chance, made some Constructions upon it, very much to the Disadvantage of her Royalty; for, in short, he concluded her no better than a Woman of Pleasure. She nevertheless wou'd take no Notice of his Aspersions, but let him go on; I say this, Sir, continu'd he, because after our trudging thro' all Weathers, fair after foul, Day after Night and Night after Day, this same Person in the Inn here, is like to divert himself at our Expence, and to gather the Fruit of our Labours. I think therefore, Master, there is no Reason, d'ye see, for saddling *Rozinante*, harnessing my Ass, or making ready the Lady's Palfrey; for we had better stay where we are; and let every Whore brew as she bakes, and every Man that is hungry go to Dinner.

Heavens! Into what a Fury did these disrespectful Words of *Sancho* put the Knight? his whole Body shook, his Tongue falter'd, his Eyes glow'd. Thou Villanous, Ignorant, Rash, Unmannerly, Blasphemous Detractor, said he, how dar'st thou entertain such base and dishonourable Thoughts, much more utter thy rude and contemptible Suspensions before me and this Honourable Presence? Away from my Sight, thou Monster of Nature, Magazine of Lies, Cupboard of Deceits, Granary of Guile, Publisher of Follies, Foe of all Honour! Away, and never let me see thy Face again, on Pain of my most furious Indignation. Then bending his fowre Brows, puffing his Cheeks, and stamping on the Ground, he gave *Sancho* such a Look as almost frighted the poor Fellow to Annihilation.

In the height of this Consternation, all that the poor Squire could do, was to turn his Back, and sneak out of the Room. But *Dorothea* knowing the Knight's Temper, undertook to mitigate his Anger; Sir Knight of the Woful Figure, said she, assuage your Wrath, I beseech you; 'tis below your Dignity to be offended at these idle Words of your Squire; and I dare not affirm but that he has some colour of Reason for what he said; for it were uncharitable to suspect his sincere Understanding, and honest Principles, of any false or malicious Slanders or Accusation. We must therefore search deeper into this Affair, and believe, That as you have found all Transactions in this Castle govern'd by Inchantments; so some diabolical Illusion has appear'd to *Sancho*, and represented to his enchanted Sight what he asserts to my Dishonour. Now by the Powers supreme, said the Knight, your Highness has cut the Knot. The Misdemeanour of that poor Fellow must be attributed purely to Inchantment, and the Power of some malicious Apparition; for the Good-nature and Simplicity of the poor Wretch could never invent a Lye, or be guilty of an Aspersion to any one's Disadvantage. 'Tis evident, said Don *Ferdinand*, we therefore all intercede in behalf of honest *Sancho*, that he may be again restor'd to your Favour, *sicut erat in Principio*, before these Illusions had impos'd upon his Sense. Don *Quixote* comply'd, and the Curate brought in poor *Sancho* trembling, who on his Knees made an humble Acknowledgment of his Crime, and begg'd to have his Pardon confirm'd by a gracious Kiss of his Master's Hand. Don *Quixote* gave him his Hand and his Blessing. Now *Sancho*, said he, will you hereafter believe what I so often have told you,  
that

that the Power of Inchantment over-rules every thing in this Castle? I will, and like your Worship, quoth *Sancho*, all but my tossing in a Blanket; for really, Sir, that happen'd according to the ordinary course of Things. Believe it not, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*, for were I not convinc'd of the contrary, you should have plentiful Revenge; but neither then, nor now, could I ever find any Object to reek my Fury or Resentment on. Every one desir'd to know what was the Business in Question; whereupon the Inn-keeper gave them an Account of *Sancho's* tossing, which set them all a laughing, and would have made *Sancho* angry, had not his Master afresh assur'd him that 'twas only a meer Illusion, which though the Squire believ'd not, he held his Tongue. The whole Company having pass'd two Days in the Inn, bethought themselves of departing; and the Curate and Barber found out a Device to carry home Don *Quixote*, without putting Don *Ferdinand* and *Dorothea* to the trouble of humouring his Impertinence any longer. They first agreed with a Waggoner that went by with his Team of Oxen, to carry him home: Then had a kind of a wooden Cage made, so large that the Knight might conveniently sit, or lie in it. Presently after, all the Company of the Inn disguis'd themselves, some with Masks, others by disfiguring their Faces, and the rest by Change of Apparel, so that Don *Quixote* shou'd not take them to be the same Persons. This done, they all silently enter'd his Chamber, where he slept very soundly after his late Fatigues: They immediately laid hold on him so forcibly, and held his Arms and Legs so hard, that he was not able to stir, or do any thing but stare on those strange Shapes which stood round him. This instantly confirm'd him in the strange Fancy that had so long

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long disturb'd his craz'd Understanding, and made him believe himself undoubtedly enchanted : and those frightful Figures to be the Spirits and Demons of the enchanted Castle. So far the Curate's Invention succeeded to his Expectation. *Sancho* being the only Person there in his right Shape and Senses, beheld all this very patiently, and tho' he knew them all very well, yet was resolv'd to see the End on't ere he ventur'd to speak his Mind. His Master likewise said nothing, patiently expecting his Fate, and waiting the Event of his Misfortune. They had by this lifted him out of Bed, and placing him in the Cage, they shut him in, and nail'd the Bars of it so fast, that no small Strength could force them open. Then mounting him on their Shoulders, as they convey'd him out of the Chamber-Door, they heard as dreadful a Voice as the Barber's Lungs cou'd bellow, speak these Words.

Be not impatient, O Knight of the woful Figure, at your Imprisonment, since 'tis ordain'd by the Fates, for the more speedy Accomplishment of that most noble Adventure, which your incomparable Valour has intended. For accomplish'd it shall be, when the rampant *Manchegan* Lion, and the white *Tobofian* Dove shall be united, by humbling their lofty and erected Chests to the soft Yoke of Wedlock, from whose wonderful Coition shall spring, to light the World, fierce Whelps which shall imitate the ravaging Paws of their valorous Sire. And this shall happen before the bright Pursuer of the fugitive Nymph shall, by his rapid and natural Course, take a double Circumference in Visitation of the Luminous Signs. And thou, the most noble and faithful Squire that ever had Sword on Thigh, Beard on Face, or Sense of Smell in Nose, be not dispirited or discontented at this

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Captivity of the Flower of all Chivalry; for very speedily, by the eternal Will of the World's Creator, thou shalt find thy self ennobled and exalted beyond the Knowledge of thy Greatness. And I confirm'd to thee, from the Sage *Mentironiana*, that thou shalt not be defrauded of the Premises made by the noble Lord. I therefore conjure thee to follow closely the Steps of the courageous and enchanted Knight; for it is necessarily enjoind, that you both go where you both shall stay. The Fates have commanded me no more, farewell. For I now return, I well know whither.

The Barber manag'd the Cadence of his Voice so artificially towards the latter end of his Prophecy, that even those who were made acquainted with the Jest, had almost taken it for Supernatural.

Don *Quixote* was much comforted at the Prophecy, apprehending presently the Sense of it, and applying it to his Marriage with *Dulcinea del Toboso*, from whose happy Womb should issue the Cubs (signifying his Sons) to the eternal Glory of *La Mancha*; upon the Strength of which Belief raising his Voice, and having a profound Sight; Whatsoever thou art, said he, whose happy Prognostication I own and acknowledge, I desire thee to implore (in my Name) the wise Magician, whose Charge I am, that his Power may protect me in this Captivity, and not permit me to perish before the Fruition of these grateful and incomparable Promises made to me; for the Confirmation of such Hopes, I wou'd think my Prison a Palace, my Fetters Freedom, and this hard Field-bed on which I lie, more easy than the softest Down, or most luxurious Lodgings. And as to the Consolation offer'd my Squire *Sancho Pança*, I am so convinc'd of his Honesty, and he has prov'd his Honour in so many Adventures, that I mistrust not his

his deserting me, through any Change of Fortune. And tho' his or my harder Stars shou'd disable me from bestowing on him the Island I have promis'd, or some Equivalent; his Wages at least are secur'd to him by my last Will and Testament, tho' what he will receive, is more answerable, I confess, to my Estate and Ability, than to his Services and great Deserts. *Sancho Pança* made him three or four very respectful Bows, and kiss'd both his Hands (for one alone he cou'd not, being both ty'd together) and in an instant the Dæmons hoisted up the Cage, and yoked it very handsomely to the Team of Oxen.

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## CHAP. XX.

*Prosecuting the Course of Don Quixote's Inchantment, with other Memorable Occurrences.*

**D**ON *Quixote* was not so much amaz'd at his Inchantment, as the Manner of it: Among all the Volumes of Chivalry that I have turn'd over, said he, I never read before of Knight-Errants drawn in Carts, or tug'd along so leisurely, by such slothful Animals as Oxen. For they us'd to be hurry'd along with prodigious speed, envelop'd in some dark and dusky Cloud; or in some fiery Chariot drawn by winged Griffins, or some such expeditious Creatures; but I must confess, to be drawn thus by a Team of Oxen, staggers my Understanding not a little; tho' perhaps the Inchantments of our Times take a different Method from those in former Ages. Or rather the wise Magicians have invented some new Course in their Proceedings for me, being the  
first

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first Reviver and Restorer of Arms, which have so long been lost in Oblivion, and rusted thro' the Disuse of Chivalry. -- What is thy Opinion, my dear *Sancho*? Why truly, Sir, said *Sancho*, I can't tell what to think, being not so well read in these Matters as your Worship; yet for all that, I'm positive and can take my Oath on't, that these same Visions that run up and down here are not Orthodox. Orthodox, my Friend, said Don *Quixote*, how can they be Orthodox, when they are Devils, and have only assumed these Phantastical Bodies to surprize us into this Condition? To convince you, endeavour to touch them, and you will find, their Substances are not material, but only subtile Air, and outward Appearance. Gadzookers, Sir, said *Sancho*, I have touch'd them, and touch'd them again, Sir; and I find this same busy Devil here, that's fidling about, is as plump and fat as a Capon: Besides, he has another Property, very different from a Devil; for the Devils, they say, smell of Brimstone and other filthy Things, and this Spark has such a fine Scent of Essence about him, that you may smell him at least half a League. (Meaning Don *Ferdinand*, who, in all probability, like other Gentlemen of his Quality, had his Clothes perfum'd.)

Alas, honest *Sancho*, answer'd Don *Quixote*, the Cunning of these Fiends is above the reach of thy Simplicity; for you must know, the Spirits, as Spirits, have no Scent at all; and if they shou'd, it must necessarily be some unfavoury Stench, because they still carry their Hell about them, and the least of a Perfume or grateful Odour were inconsistent with their Torments; so that this Mistake of yours must be attributed to some farther Delusion of your Sense. Don *Ferdinand* and *Cardenio*, upon these Discourses between Master and

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and Man, were afraid that *Sancho* would spoil all, and therefore order'd the Inn-keeper privately to get ready *Rozinante* and *Sancho's* As's; while the Curate agreed with the Officers for so much a Day to conduct them home. *Cardenio* having hung Don *Quixote's* Target on the Pommel of *Rozinante's* Saddle, and the Bason on t'other side, he signify'd to *Sancho* by Signs, that he shou'd mount his As's, and lead *Rozinante* by the Bridle; and lastly plac'd two Officers with their Fire-locks on each side of the Cart.

Being just ready to march, the Hostess, her Daughter, and *Maritornes*, came to the Door to take their Leave of the Knight, pretending unsupportable Grief for his Misfortune. Restrain your Tears, most honourable Ladies, said Don *Quixote*, for these Mischances are incident to those of my Profession; and from these Misfortunes it is, we date the Greatness of our Glory and Renown; they are the Effects of Envy, which still attend virtuous and great Actions, and brought upon us by the indirect means of such Princes and Knights as are emulous of our Dignity and Fame; but spite of all Oppression, spite of all the Magick that ever its first Inventor *Zoroastres* understood, Virtue will come off victorious; and triumphing over every Danger, will at last shine out in its proper Lustre like the Sun to enlighten the World. Pardon me, fair Ladies, if (thro' Ignorance or Omission of the Respects due to your Qualities) I have not behav'd myself to please you; for to the best of my Knowledge I never committed a wilful Wrong. And I crave the Assistance of your Prayers, towards my Enlargement from this Prison, which some malicious Magician has confin'd me to; and the first Business of my Freedom, shall be a grateful Acknowledgment for the many and obliging



ging Favours confer'd upon me in this your Castle. Whilst the Ladies were thus entertain'd by Don *Quixote*, the Curate and Barber were busy taking their Leaves of their Company; and after mutual Compliments and Embraces, they engag'd to acquaint one another with their succeeding Fortunes. Don *Ferdinand* intreated the Curate to give him a particular Relation of Don *Quixote's* Adventures, assuring him, that nothing would be a greater Obligation; and at the same time engag'd to inform him of all Occurrences in his own and *Lucinda's* Return; with an Account of *Zoraida's* Baptisin, and Don *Lewis's* Success in his Amour.

The Curate having given his Word and Honour, to satisfy Don *Ferdinand*, and the last Compliments being past, was just going, when the Inn-keeper made him a proffer of a Bundle of Papers found in the Folds of the same Cloak-Bag, where he got *The Curious Impertinent*, telling him withal, That they were all at his Service; because since the Owner was not liketo come and demand them, and he could not read; they cou'd not better be dispos'd of. The Curate thank'd him heartily, and opening the Papers, found them Entitl'd, *The Story of Rinconete, and Cortadillo*: The Title shewing it to be a Novel, and probably written by the Author of *The Curious Impertinent*, because found in the same Waller; he put it in his Pocket, with a Resolution to peruse it the very first Opportunity: Then mounting with his Friend the Barber and both putting on their Masks, they follow'd the Procession, which march'd in this Order. The Carter led the Van, and next his Cart, flank'd on right and left with two Officers and their Fire-locks; then follow'd *Sancho* on his Ass, leading *Rozinante*; and lastly the Curate and Barber on their mighty Mules brought up the Rear of the Body, all with

a grave and profound Air, marching no faster than their heavy Oxen allow'd. Don *Quixote* sat leaning against the back of the Cage with his Hands ty'd, and his Legs at length; but so silent and motionless, that he seem'd rather a Statue than a Man.

They had travell'd about two Leagues this slow and leisurely pace, when their Conductor stopping in a little Valley, propos'd it as a fit Place to bait in; but he was prevail'd upon to defer halting a little longer, being inform'd by the Barber of a certain Valley beyond a little Hill in their View, better stor'd with Grass, and more convenient for their Purpose: They had not travell'd much farther when the Curate spy'd coming a round pace after them six or seven Men very well mounted; they appear'd, by their brisk riding, to be mounted on Church-men's Mules, not carry'd as the Don was, by the slow Pace of an Ox: they endeavour'd before the Heat of the Day to reach their Inn, which was about a League farther. In short, they soon came up with our slow Itinerants; and one of them, that was Canon of *Toledo*, and Master of those that came along with him, marking the formal Procession of the Cart, Guards, *Sancho*, *Rozinante*, the Curate, and the Barber; but chiefly the incag'd Don *Quixote*, cou'd not forbear asking what meant their strange Method of securing that Man; tho' he already believ'd (having observ'd the Guards) that he was some notorious Criminal in custody of the *Holy Brotherhood*. One of the Fraternity told him, That he cou'd not tell the Cause of that Knight's Imprisonment, but that he might answer for himself, because he best cou'd tell.

Don *Quixote* over-hearing their Discourse, Gentlemen, said he, if you are conversant and skill'd  
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in Matters of Knight-Errantry, I will communicate my Misfortunes to you; if you are not, I have no reason to give my self the trouble. Truly, Friend, answer'd the Canon, I am better acquainted with Books of Chivalry than with *Villalpando's Summula*; and if that be all your Objection, you may safely impart to me what you please. With Heaven's Permission be it so, said Don *Quixote*; you must then understand, Sir Knight, that I am born away in this Cage by the force of Inchantments, thro' the envious Spight and Malice of some curst Magicians; for Virtue is more zealously persecuted by ill Men, than 'tis belov'd by the Good. I am by Profession, a Knight-Errant, and none of those, I assure you, whose Deeds never merited a Place in the Records of Fame; but one, who in spight of Envy's self, in spight of all the Magi of *Persia*, the Brachmans of *India*, or the Gymnosophists of *Ethiopia*, shall secure to his Name a place in the Temple of Immortality, as a Pattern and Model to following Ages; that ensuing Knight-Errants, following my Steps, may be guided to the Top and highest Pitch of Heroick Honour: The noble Don *Quixote de la Mancha* speaks truth, said the Curate coming up to the Company, he is indeed enchanted in this Cart, not thro' his own Demerits or Offences, but the malicious Treachery of those whom Virtue displeases and Valour offends. This is, Sir, the Knight of the Woolf Figure, of whom you have undoubtedly heard, whose mighty Deeds shall stand engrav'd in lasting Brass and time-surviving Marble, till Envy grows tir'd with labouring to deface his Fame, and Malice to conceal 'em.

The Canon hearing the Prisoner and his Guard talk thus in the same Stile, was in amaze, and blest'd himself for wonder, as did the rest of the

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Company; till *Sancho Panza* coming up to mend the Matter, Look ye, Sirs, said he, I will speak the Truth, take it well, or take it ill. My Master here, is no more enchanted than my Mother: He's in his sober Senses, he eats and drinks, and does his Needs, like other Folks, and as he us'd to do; and yet you'll perswade me that a Man, who can do all this, is enchanted forsooth; he can speak too, for if you'll let him alone, he'll prattle you more than thirty Attorneys. Then turning towards the Curate, O Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate, continu'd he, do you think I don't know you, and that I don't guess what all these new Inchantments drive at! Yes I do know you well enough, for all you hide your Face; and understand your Design, for all your sly Tricks, Sir. But 'tis an old Saying, There's no striving against the Stream; and the Weakest still goes to the Wall. The Devil take the luck on't; had not your Reverence spoil'd our Sport, my Master had been marry'd before now to the Princess *Micomicona*, and I had been an Earl at least; nay, that I was sure of, had the worst come to the worst; but the old Proverb is true again, Fortune turns round like a Mill-wheel, and he that was yesterday at the Top, lies to day at the Bottom. I wonder Mr. Curate, you that are a Clergyman should not have more Conscience; consider, Sir, that I have a Wife and Family who expect all to be great Folks, and my Master here is to do a World of good Deeds: and don't you think, Sir, that you won't be made to answer for all this one Day? Snuff me those Candles, said the Barber, hearing *Sancho* talk at this rate: What, Fool? are you brain-sick of your Master's Disease too? if you be, you're like to bear him Company in his Cage, I'll assure you, Friend. What enchanted Island is this that floats in your Scull, or what

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Succubus has been riding thy Fancy, and got it with Child of these Hopes? With Child! Sir, what dy'e mean, Sir? said *Sancho*, I scorn your Words, Sir; the best Lord in the Land shou'd not get me with Child, no, not the King himself, Heaven bless him. For tho' I'm a poor Man, yet I'm an honest Man, and an old Christian, and don't owe any Man a Farthing; and tho' I desire Islands, there are other Folks, not far off, that desire worse things. Every one is the Son of his own Works; I am a Man, and may be Pope of *Rome*, much sooner Governor of an Island; especially considering my Master may gain so many as he may want Persons to bestow 'em on. Therefore pray Mr. Barber, take heed what you say; for all consists not in shaving of Beards, and there's some difference between a Hawk and a Hand-saw. I say so, because we all know one another, and no Body shall put a false Card upon me. As to my Master's Inchantment, let it stand as it is, Heaven knows best: and a Stink is still worse for the stirring. The Barber thought Silence the best way to quiet *Sancho's* Impertinence; and the Curate, doubting that he might spoil all, intreated the Canon to put on a little before, and he would unfold the Mystery of the encag'd Knight, which perhaps he would find one of the pleasantest Stories he had ever heard: The Cannon rid forward with him, and his Men follow'd, while the Curate made them a Relation of *Don Quixote's* Life and Quality, and Madness and Adventures, with the original Cause of his Distraction, and the whole Progress of his Adventures, till his being shut up in the Cage, to get him home, in order to have him cur'd. They all admired at this strange Account; and then the Canon turning to the Curate,

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Believe me, Mr. Curate, said he, I am fully convince'd, that these they call Books of Knight-Errantry, are very prejudicial to the Publick. And tho' I have been led away by an idle and false Pleasure, to read the Beginnings of almost as many of 'em as have been Printed, I could never yet perswade myself to go through with any one to the End; for to me they all seem to contain one and the same thing; and there is as much in one of them as in all the rest. The whole Composition and Stile resemble that of the *Milesian* Fables, which are a sort of idle Stories, design'd only for Diversion, and not for Instruction. It is not so with those Fables which are call'd Apologues, that at once delight and instruct. But tho' the main Design of such Books is to please; yet I cannot conceive how it is possible they should perform it, being fill'd with such a Multitude of unaccountable Extravagancies. For the Pleasure which strikes the Soul, must be deriv'd from the Beauty and Congruity it sees or conceives in those things the Sight or Imagination lays before it; and nothing in itself deformed or incongruous can give us any real Satisfaction. Now what Beauty can there be, or what Proportion of the Parts to the whole, or of the whole to the several Parts, in a Book, or Fable, where a Stripling at Sixteen Years of Age at one Cut of a Sword cleaves a Giant, as tall as a Steeple, through the Middle, as easily as if he were made of Past-board? Or when they give us the Relation of a Battle, having said the Enemy's Power consisted of a Million of Combatants; yet provided the Hero of the Book be against them, we must of necessity, tho' never so much against our Inclination, conceive that the said Knight obtain'd the Victory only by his own Valour, and the Strength of his Powerful Arm? And what

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what shall we say of the great Ease and Facility with which an absolute Queen or Empress casts herself into the Arms of an Errant and unknown Knight? What Mortal, not altogether barbarous and unpollished, can be pleased to read, that a great Tower, full of armed Knights, cuts thro' the Sea like a Ship before the Wind; and setting out in the Evening from the Coast of *Italy*, lands by break of Day in *Prestor John's* Country, or in some other never known to *Ptolomy* or discover'd by *Columbus*? If it shou'd be answer'd, That those Persons who compose these Books, write them as confess'd Lies; and therefore are not oblig'd to observe Niceties, or have regard to Truth; I shall make this Reply, That Falshood is so much the more commendable, by how much it more resembles Truth, and is the more pleasing, the more it is doubtful and possible. Fabulous Tales ought to be suited to the Reader's Understanding, being so contrived, that all Impossibilities ceasing, all great Accidents appearing easy, and the Mind wholly hanging in Suspence, they may at once surprize, astonish, please and divert; so that Pleasure and Admiration may go hand in hand. This cannot be perform'd by him that flies from Probability and Imitation, which is the Perfection of what is written. I have not yet seen any Book of Knight-Errantry, that composes an entire Body of a Fable with all its Parts, so that the Middle is answerable to the Beginning, and the End to the Beginning and Middle; but on the contrary, they form them of so many Limbs, that they rather seem to design a Chimera or Monster, than a well-proportion'd Figure. Besides all this, their Stile in uncouth, their Exploits incredible, their Love immodest, their Civility impertinent, their Battles tedious, their Language absurd, their Voyages preposterous

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and in short, they are altogether void of solid Ingenuity, and therefore fit to be banish'd a Christian Commonwealth, as useless and prejudicial. The Curate was very attentive, and believ'd him a Man of a sound Judgment, and much in the right in all he had urg'd; and therefore told him, That he being of the same Opinion, and an Enemy to Books of Knight-Errantry, had burnt all that belong'd to Don *Quixote*, which were a considerable number. Then he recounted to him the Scrutiny he had made among them, what he had condemn'd to the Flames, and what spar'd; at which the Canon laugh'd heartily, and said, That notwithstanding all the Harm he had spoken of those Books, yet he found one good thing in them, which was the Subject they furnish'd a Man of Understanding with to exercise his Parts, because they allow a large Scope for the Pen to dilate without any Check, describing Shipwrecks, Storms, Skirmishes and Battles; representing to us a brave Commander, with all the Qualifications requisite in such a one, shewing his Prudence in disappointing the Designs of the Enemy, his Eloquence in persuading or dissuading his Soldiers, his Judgment in Council, his Celerity in Execution, and his Valour in assailing or repulsing an Assault; laying before us sometimes a dismal and melancholy Accident, sometimes a delightful and unexpected Adventure; in one Place, a beautiful, modest, discreet and reserv'd Lady; in another, a Christian-like, brave and courteous Gentleman; here a boisterous, inhuman, boasting Russian; there an affable, warlike and wise Prince; lively expressing the Fidelity and Loyalty of Subjects, Generosity and Bounty of Sovereigns. He may no less, at times, make known his Skill in Astrology, Cosmography, Music and Policy; and if he pleases, he cannot want an Opportunity of appearing knowing even in Necromancy. He may describe the Subtilty of *Ulysses*, the



Piety of *Æneas*, the Valour of *Achilles*, the Misfortunes of *Hector*, the Treachery of *Cinon*, the Friendship of *Euryalus*, the Liberality of *Alexander*, the Valour of *Cæsar*, the Clemency and Sincerity of *Trajan*, the Fidelity of *Zopyrus*, the Prudence of *Cato*; and in fine, all those Actions that may make up a compleat Hero, sometimes attributing them all to one Person, and at other times dividing them among many. This being so perform'd in a grateful Stile, and with ingenious Invention, approaching as much as possible to Truth, will doubtlets compose so beautiful and various a Work, that, when finish'd, its Excellency and Perfection must attain the best end of Writing, which is at once to delight and instruct, as I have said before: For the loose Method practis'd in these Books, gives the Author liberty to play the Epick, the Lyrick, and the Dramatick Poet, and to run through all the other Parts of Poetry and Rhetorick; for Epicks may be as well writ in Prose as in Verse.

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## C H A P. XXI.

*Containing a Continuation of the Canon's Discourse upon Books of Knight-Errantry, and other curious Matters.*

**Y**OU are much in the right, Sir, reply'd the Curate; and therefore those who have hitherto publish'd Books of that Kind, are the more to be blam'd, for having had no regard to good Sense, Art or Rules; by the Observation of which they might have made themselves as famous in Prose, as the two Princes

Princes of *Greek* and *Latin* Poetry are in Verse. I must confess, said the Canon, I was once tempted to write a Book of Knight-Errantry my self, observing all those Rules; and to speak the Truth, I writ above an hundred Pages, which, for a better Tryal, whether they answer'd my Expectation, I communicated it to some learned and judicious Men fond of those Subjects, as well as to some of those ignorant Persons, who only are delighted with Extravagancies; and they all gave me a satisfactory Approbation. And yet I made no farther Progress, as well in regard I look upon it to be a thing no way agreeable with my Profession, as because I am sensible the Illiterate are much more numerous than the Learned; and tho' it is better to be commended by the small Number of the Wise, than scorn'd by the ignorant Multitude; yet I will not expose my self to the Censure of the giddy Vulgar, whose principal Business it is to read such Books. But the greatest Motive I had to lay aside, and think no more of finishing it, was the Argument I form'd to my self, deduc'd from the Plays now usually acted: For, thought I, if Plays now in use, as well those which are altogether of the Poets Invention, as those that are grounded upon History, be all of them, or at least, the greatest part, made up of most absurd Extravagancies and Incoherences; and yet the Multitude sees them with Satisfaction, esteems and approves them, tho' they are so far from being good; if the Poets who write, and the Players who act them, say they must be so contriv'd and no otherwise, because they please the Generality of the Audience; and if those which are regular and according to Art, serve only to please half a score judicious Persons who understand them, whilst the rest of the Company cannot reach the Contrivance; and therefore the Poets and Actors say, they had rather

get their Bread by the greater Number, than the Applause of the less: Then may I conclude the same will be the Success of this Book; so that when I have rack'd my Brains to observe the Rules, I shall reap no other Advantage, than to be laugh'd at for my Pains. I have sometimes endeavour'd to convince the Actors that they are deceiv'd in their Opinion, and they will draw more Company and get better Credit by regular Plays, than by those preposterous Representations now in use; but they are so positive in their Humour, that no Strength of Reason, nor even Demonstration, can divert them from their Conceit. I remember I once was talking to one of those obstinate Fellows; Do you not remember, said I, that within these few Years three Tragedies were acted in *Spain*, written by a famous Poet of ours, which were so excellent, that they surpriz'd, delighted, and rais'd the Admiration of all that saw them, as well the Ignorant as the Judicious; and the Actors got more by those three, than by thirty of the best that have been writ since? Doubtless, Sir, said the Actor, you mean the Tragedies of *Isabella*, *Phyllis*, and *Alexandra*? The very same, I reply'd, and do you judge whether they observ'd the Rules of the Drama; and whether by doing so they lost any thing of their Esteem, or fail'd of pleasing all sorts of People? So that the Fault lies not in the Audience's desiring Absurdities, but in those who know not how to give 'em any thing else. Nor was there any thing preposterous in several other Plays, as for Example, *Ingratitude reveng'd*, *Numancia*, *the amorous Merchant*, and *the favourable Enemy*; nor in some others, compos'd by judicious Poets to their Honour and Credit, and to the Advantage of those that acted them. Much more I added, which, in my Opinion, somewhat confounded, but no way satisfy'd or convinc'd him, so as to

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change his Opinion. You have touch'd upon a Subject, Sir, said the Curate, which has stir'd up in me an old Aversion, I have for the Plays now in use, which is not inferior to that I bear to Books of Knight-Errantry. For whereas Plays, according to the Opinion of *Cicero*, ought to be Mirrors of Human Life, Patterns of good Manners, and the very Representatives of Truth; those now acted are Mirrors of Absurdities, Patterns of Follies, and Images of Lewdness. For instance, what can be more absurd, than for the same Person to be brought on the Stage a Child in Swadling-bands, in the first Scene of the first Act, and to appear in the second grown a Man? What can be more ridiculous than to represent to us a fighting old Fellow, a cowardly Youth, a rhetorical Footman, a politick Page, a churlish King, and an unpolish'd Princess? What shall I say of their Regard to the Time in which those Actions they represent, either might or ought to have happen'd, having seen a Play, in which the first Act began in *Europe*, the Second in *Asia*, and the Third ended in *Africk*? Probably, if there had been another Act, they would have carry'd it into *America*; and thus it would have been acted in the four Parts of the World. But if Imitation is to be a principal Part of the Drama, how can any tolerable Judgment be pleas'd, when representing an Action that happen'd in the time of King *Pepin* or *Charlemaign*, they shall attribute it to the Emperor *Heraclius*, and bring him in carrying the Cross into *Jerusalem*, and recovering the Holy Sepulchre, like *Godfrey* of *Boulogne*, there being a vast distance of Time betwixt these Actions? Thus they will clap together pieces of History in a Play of their own framing, mixing in it Relations

'Tis to be observ'd that the Spanish Plays have only three Jornadas or Acts.



of things that have happen'd to different People and in several Ages. This they do without any Contrivance that might make it the more probable, and with such visible Mistakes as are altogether inexcusable; but the worst of it is, that there are Idiots who look upon this as Perfection, and think every thing else to be mere Pedantry. But if we look into the pious Plays, what a multitude of false Miracles shall we find in them. how many Errors and Contradictions, how often the Miracles wrought by one Saint attributed to another? Nay. even in the profane Plays, they presume to work Miracles upon the bare Imagination and Conceit that such a supernatural Work, or a Machine, as they call it, will be Ornamental, and draw the common Sort to see the Play.

These things are a Reflection upon Truth it self, a less'ning of History, and a Reproach to all *Spanish* Wits; because Strangers, who are very exact in observing the Rules of the Drama, look upon us as an ignorant and barbarous People, when they see the Absurdities and Extravagancies of our Plays. Nor would it be any Excuse to alledge, that the principal Design of all good Governments, in permitting Plays to be publickly acted, is to amuse the Commonalty with some lawful Recreation, and so to divert those ill Humours which Idleness is apt to breed: And that since this End is attain'd by any sort of Plays, whether good or bad, it is needless to prescribe Laws to them, or oblige the Poets or Actors to compose and represent such as are approv'd by them. I say, that this End propos'd wou'd be infinitely better answer'd by good Plays, than by bad ones. He who sees a Play that is regular and answerable to the Rules of Poetry, is pleas'd with the Comedy, inform'd by the serious Part, surpriz'd at the

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variety of Accidents, improv'd by the Language, warn'd by Frauds, instructed by Examples, incens'd against Vice, and enamour'd with Virtue; for a good Play must cause all these Emotions in the Soul of him that sees it, tho' he were never so insensible and unpolish'd. And it is absolutely impossible, that a Play which has all these Qualifications, should not infinitely divert, satisfy and please beyond another that wants them, as most of them do which are now usually acted. Neither are the Poets who write them in Fault, for some of them are very sensible of their Errors, and capable of performing their Duty; but Plays being now altogether become Venial, they say, and with Reason, that the Actors would not purchase them, unless they were of that Stamp; and therefore the Poet endeavours to suit the Humour of the Actors, who is to pay him for his Labour. For proof of this let any Man observe that infinite number of Plays compos'd by an exuberant *Spanish* Wit, so full of Gaiety and Humour, in such lofty Verse and Language, so sententious; and to conclude, in such a majestick Style, that his Fame is spread through the Universe: Yet because he suited himself to the Fancy of the Actors, many of them have fallen short of their due Perfection, tho' some have reach'd it. Others write Plays so inconsiderately, that after they have appear'd on the Stage, the Actors have been forc'd to fly and abscond, for fear of being punish'd, as it has often happen'd, for having affronted Kings, and dishonour'd whole Families. These, and many other ill Consequences, I omit, would cease, by appointing an intelligent and judicious Person at Court to examine all Plays before they were acted, that is, not only those which are represented at Court, but throughout all *Spain*:

Lopez de Vega,  
who writ an incredible Number  
of Plays.

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so that, without his Licence, no Magistrate should suffer any Play to appear in Publick. Thus Players would be careful to send their Plays to Court, and might then act them with Safety, and those who writ would be more circumspect, as standing in awe of an Examiner that could judge of their Works. By these means we should be furnish'd with good Plays, and the End they are design'd for would be attain'd, the People diverted, the *Spanish* Wits esteem'd, the Actors secur'd, and the Government sav'd the trouble of punishing them. And if the same Person, or another, were intrusted to examine all new Books of Knight-Errantry, there is no doubt but some might be publish'd with all that Perfection you, Sir, have mention'd, to the Increase of Eloquence in our Language, to the utter Extirpation of the old Books, which would be born down by the new; and for the innocent Pastime, not only of idle Persons, but of those who have most Employment; for the Bow cannot always stand bent, nor can humane Frailty subsist without some lawful Recreation.

The Canon and Curate were come to this Period, when the Barber, overtaking them, told the latter, that this was the Place he had pitch'd on for baiting, during the heat of the Day. The Canon, induc'd by the Pleasantness of the Valley, and the Satisfaction he found in the Curate's Conversation, as well as to be farther inform'd of Don *Quixote*, bore them company, giving order to some of his Men to ride to the next Inn; and if his Sumpter-mule were arriv'd, to send him down all Provisions to that Valley, where the Coolness of the Shade, and the Beauty of the Prospect gave him a fair Invitation to dine; and that they should make much of themselves and their Mules with what the Inn cou'd afford.

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In the mean time *Sancho* having disengag'd himself from the Curate and Barber, and finding an Opportunity to speak to his Master alone, he brush'd up to the Cage where the Knight sat. That I may clear my Conscience, Sir, said he, 'tis fitting that I tell you the plain Truth of your Inchantment here: Who, wou'd you think now, are these two Fellows that ride with their Faces cover'd? Even the Parson of our Parish, and the Barber; none else I'll assure you, Sir. And they are in a Plot against you, out of meer Spite because your Deeds will be greater than theirs: This being presuppos'd, it follows, that you are not enchanted, but only cozen'd and abus'd; and if you'll but answer me one Question fairly and squarely, you shall find this out to be a palpable Cheat, and that there is no Inchantment in the Case, but meerly your Senses turn'd topsy turvy.

Ask me what Questions you please, dear *Sancho*, said the Knight, and I will as willingly resolve them. But for thy Assertion, that those who guard us are my old Companions the Curate and Barber, 'tis Illusion all. The power of Magick indeed, as it has an Art to clothe any thing in any Shape, may have dress'd these Dæmons in their Appearances to infatuate thy Sense, and draw thee into such a Labyrinth of Confusion, that even *Theseus's* Clue cou'd not extricate thee out of it; and this with a Design, perhaps, to plunge me deeper into Doubts, and make me endanger my Understanding, in searching into the strange Contrivance of my Inchantment, which in every Circumstance; is so different from all I ever read, Therefore rest satisfy'd that these are no more what thou imaginest, than I am a *Turk*. But now to thy Questions, propose them, and I will endeavour to answer.

Bless me, said *Sancho*, this is Madness upon Madness; but since 'tis so, answer me one Question. Tell



me, as you hope to be deliver'd out of this Cage here, and as you hope to find your self in my Lady Dulcinea's Arms when you least think on't; as you— Conjure me no more, answer'd Don *Quixote*, but ask freely, for I have promis'd to answer punctually. That's what I want, said *Sancho*, and you must tell me the Truth, and the whole Truth, neither more nor less, upon the Honour of your Knighthood. Pr'ythee no more of your Preliminaries or Preambles, cry'd Don *Quixote*, I tell thee I will answer to a tittle. Then, said *Sancho*, I ask, with Reverence be it spoken, whether your Worship, since your being cag'd up, or enchanted, if you will have it so, has not had a Motion, more or less, as a Man may say? I understand not that Phrase, answer'd the Knight. Heighday! quoth *Sancho*, don't you know what I mean? Why there's ne'er a Child in our Country, that understands the Christ cross-Row, but can tell you. I mean, have you a mind to do what another can't do for you? O now I understand thee, *Sancho*, said the Knight; and to answer directly to thy Question, positively yes, very often; and therefore pr'ythee help me out of this Strait; for, to be free with you, I am not altogether so sweet and clean as I cou'd wish.

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C H A P. XXII.

*A Relation of the wise Conference between Sancho and his Master.*

AH! Sir, said *Sancho*, have I caught you at last? This is what I wanted to know from my Heart and Soul: Come, Sir, you can't deny, that when any Body is out of sorts, so as not to eat, or drink, or sleep, or do any natural Occasions that you guess, then we say commonly they're bewitch'd or so; from whence may be gather'd, that those who can eat their Meat, drink their Drink, speak when they're spoken to, and go to the Back-side when they have Occasion for't, are not bewitch'd or enchanted. Your Conclusion is good, answer'd *Don Quixote*, as to one sort of Inchantment; but as I said to thee, there's variety of Inchantments, and the Changes in them thro' the Alterations of Times and Customs branch them into so many Parts, that 'tis impossible to fix them under the Force of any single Conclusion. In my own Conscience I am verily perswaded of my Inchantment, and this suppresses any Uneatiness in my Conscience, which might arise upon any Suggestion to the contrary. To think my self thus idly and dishonourably borne about in a Cage, and withheld like a lazy idle Coward from the great Offices of my Function, when at this Hour perhaps Hundreds of Wretches may want my Assistance, wou'd be unsupportable. Then your Worship's only way is to endeavour to get your Heels at Liberty, said *Sancho*. Come, Sir, let me alone, I'll get you out I warrant you; and then get you on your trusty *Rozinante's* Back, and a Fig;

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Fig for them all. The poor thing here jogs on as drooping and heartless, as if he were enchanted too. Take my Advice for once now, and if things don't go as your Heart cou'd wish, we have time enough to creep into our Cage again, and on the Word of a loyal Squire I'll go in with you, and be content to be enchanted as long as you please.

I commit the Care of my Freedom to thy Management, said Don *Quixote*: Lay hold on the Opportunity, Friend *Sancho*, and thou shalt find me ready to be govern'd in all Particulars; tho' I am still afraid thou wilt find thy Cunning strangely over-reach'd in thy pretended Discovery. The Knight and Squire had laid their Plot, when they reach'd the Place that the Canon, Curate, and Barber had pitch'd upon to alight in. The Cage was taken down, and the Oxen unyok'd to graze; when *Sancho* addressing the Curate, Pray, said he, will you do so much, as let my Lord and Master come out a little to slack a Point, or else the Prison will not be so clean as the Presence of so worthy a Knight as my Master requires. The Curate understanding him, answer'd that he would comply, but that he fear'd Don *Quixote*, finding himself once at Liberty, would give them the slip. I'll be Bail for him, said *Sancho*, Body for Body, Sir; and I, said the Canon, upon his bare Parole of Honour. That you shall have, said the Knight; besides, you need no Security beyond the Power of Art, for enchanted Bodies have no Free-will to dispose of themselves, nor to move from one Place to another, without Permission of the Necromancer, in whose Charge they are. The Magical Charms might rivet 'em for three whole Centuries to one Place, and fetch 'em back swift as the Wind, should the Enchantéd have fled to some other Region. Lastly, as a most convincing Argument

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for his Release, he urg'd, that unless they would free him, or get farther off, he would be necessitated to offend their Sense of Smelling. They guess'd his meaning presently, and gave him his Liberty; and the first use he made of it, was to stretch his benumb'd Limbs three or four times; then marching up to *Rozinante*, he flap'd him twice or thrice on the Buttocks: I trust in Heaven, thou Flower and Glory of Horse-flesh, said he, that we shall soon be restor'd to our former Circumstances; I, mounted on thy Back, and thou between my Legs, while I exercise the Function for which Heaven has bestow'd me on the World. Then walking a little aside with *Sancho*, he return'd, after a convenient Stay, much lighter in Body and Mind, and very full of his Squire's Project.

The Canon gaz'd on him, admiring his unparalleled fort of Madnefs, the rather because in all his Words and Answers he display'd an excellent Judgment; and, as we have already observ'd, he only rav'd when the Discourse fell upon Knight-Errantry: Which moving the Canon to Compassion, when they had all seated themselves on the Grass, expecting the coming up of his Sumpter-Mule; Is it possible, Sir, said he, addressing himself to *Don Quixote*, that the unhappy reading of Books of Knight-Errantry should have such an Influence over you as to destroy your Reason, making you believe you are now enchanted, and many other such Extravagancies, as remote from Truth, as Truth it self is from Falshood? How is it possible that humane Sense should conceive there ever were in the World such multitudes of famous Knights-Errant, so many Emperors of *Trebizond*, so many *Amadis's*, *Felixmartes* of *Hircania*, Palfreys, rambling Damsels, Serpents, Monsters, Giants,



Giants, unheard of Adventures, so many sorts of Enchantments, so many Battles, terrible Encounters, pompous Habits and Tournaments, amorous Princesses, Earls, Squires and jesting Dwarfs, so many Love-Letters and Gallantries, so many *Amazonian* Ladies, and, in short, such an incredible Number of extravagant Passages, as are contain'd in Books of Knight-Errantry? As for my own Particular, I confess, that while I read 'em, and do not reflect that they are nothing but Falshood and Folly, they give me some Satisfaction; but I no sooner remember what they are, but I cast the best of them from me, and wou'd deliver them up to the Flames if I had a Fire near me; as well deserving that Fate, like false Impostors that act contrary to the common Course of Nature; and Inventors of new Sects, and a new manner of Living, that seduce the ignorant Vulgar to give Credit to all their Absurdities: Nay, they presume to disturb the Brains of ingenious and well-bred Gentlemen, as appears by the Effect they have wrought on your Judgment, having reduc'd you to such a Condition, that it is necessary to shut you up in a Cage, and carry you on a Cart drawn by Oxen, like some Lion or Tiger that is carry'd about from Town to Town to be shown. Have Pity on your self, good Don *Quixote*, retrieve your lost Judgment, and make use of those Abilities Heav'n has bless'd you with, applying your excellent Talent to some other Study, which may be safer for your Conscience, and more for your Honour: But if led away by your natural Inclination, you will read Books of Chivalry and great Exploits, read in the Holy Scripture the Book of *Judges*, where you will find wonderful Truths and glorious Actions not to be question'd. *Lusitania* had a *Viriatus*, *Rome* a *Cæsar*, *Carthage* an *Han-*

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nibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernon Gonzalez, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Peredez, Xerez a Garcia Perez de Vergas, Toledo a Garcilasso, and Sevil Don Manuel de Leon; the reading of whose brave Actions diverts, instructs, pleases, and surprizes the most judicious Readers. This will be a Study worthy your Talent, and by which you will become well read in History, in love with Virtue, knowing in Goodness, improv'd in Manners, brave without Rashness, and cautious without Cowardice; all which will redound to the Glory of God, your own Advancement, and the Honour of the Province of *La Mancha*, whence I understand you derive your Original. Don Quixote listen'd with great Attention to the Canon's Discourse, and perceiving he had done, after he had fix'd his Eyes on him for a considerable Space; Sir, said he, all your Discourse, I find, tends to signify to me, there never were any Knight-Er-rants, that all the Books of Knight-Errantry are false, fabulous, useles, and prejudicial to the publick; that I have done ill in reading, err'd in believing, and been much to blame in imitating them, by taking upon me the most painful Profession of Chivalry. And you deny that ever there were any *Amadis's* of *Gaul* or *Greece*, or any of those Knights mention'd in those Books. Even as you have said, Sir, said the Canon. You also were pleas'd to add, continu'd Don Quixote, that those Books had been very hurtful to me, having depriv'd me of my Reason, and reduc'd me to be carry'd in a Cage; that therefore it would be for my Advantage to take up in Time, and apply myself to the reading of other Books, where I might find more Truth, more Pleasure, and better Instruction. You are in the right, said the Canon. Then

Then I am satisfy'd, reply'd Don *Quixote*, you your self are the Man that raves and is enchanted, since you have thus boldly blasphem'd against a Truth so universally receiv'd, that whosoever presumes to contradict it, as you have done, deserves the Punishment you would inflict on the Books, when in reading them they offend you. For it were as easy to persuade the World that the Sun does not enlighten, the Frost cool, and the Earth bear us, as that there never was an *Amadis*, or any of the other adventurous Knights, whose Actions are the Subjects of so many Histories. What Mortal can persuade another, that there is no Truth in what is recorded of the Princess *Floripes*, and *Guy of Burgundy*, and *Fierabras* at the Bridge of *Martible* in the Reign of *Charlemaign*? which Passages, I dare swear, are as true as that now it is Day. But if this be false, you may as well say there was no *Hector*, nor *Achilles*, nor a *Trojan War*, nor *Twelve Peers of France*, nor a King *Arthur of Britain*, who is now converted into a Crow, and hourly expected in his Kingdom. Some also may presume to say, that the History of *Guerino Meschino*, and that of the Search after the *Sangrial* are both false; that the Amours of Sir *Tristan* and Queen *Iseo* are Apocryphal, as well as those of Queen *Guinever* and Sir *Lancelot du Lake*; and yet there are People living who can almost remember they have seen the old Lady *Quintanona*, who had the best Hand at filling a Glass of Wine of any Woman in all *Britain*. This I am so well assur'd of, that I can remember my Grandmother by my Father's Side, whenever she saw an old Governant in her long Gown, us'd to tell me, Look yonder, Grandson, there's an old Woman looks like Dame *Quintanona*; whence I infer, she knew her, or at least had seen her Picture. Now,

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who can deny the Veracity of the History of *Pierres* and the lovely *Malagona*, when to this Day the Pin, with which the brave *Pierres* turn'd his wooden Horse that carry'd him through the Air, is to be seen in the King's Armory? which Pin is somewhat bigger than the Pole of a Coach, by the same Token it stands just by *Babieca's* Saddle. At *Roncesvalles* they keep *Orlando's* Horn, this is as big as a great Beam; whence it follows, that there were Twelve Peers, that there were such Men as *Pierres*, and the famous *Cid*, besides many other adventurous Knights, whose Names are in the Mouths of all People. You may as well tell me, that the brave *Portuguese*, *John de Merlo*, was no Knight-Errant; that he did not go into *Burgundy*, where, in the City of *Ras*, he fought the famous *Moses Pierre*, Lord of *Chargny*, and in the City of *Basil*, *Moses Henry de Ramestan*, coming off in both Places victorious, and loaded with Honour. You may deny the Adventures and Combats of the two heroick *Spaniards*, *Pedro Barba* and *Gutierrez Quixada* (from whose Male Line I am lineally descended) who in *Burgundy* overcame the Sons of the Earl of *St. Paul*. You may tell me that *Don Ferdinand de Guevara* never went into *Germany* to seek Adventures, where he fought Sir *George*, a Knight of the Duke of *Austria's* Court. You may say the Tilting of *Suero de Quinones del Passo*, and the Exploits of *Moses Lewis de Falses*, against *Don Gonzalo de Guzman* a *Castilian* Knight, are meer Fables; and so of many other brave Actions perform'd by Christian Knights, as well *Spaniards* as Foreigners; which are so authentick and true, that I say it over again, he who denies them has neither Sense nor Reason. The Canon was astonish'd at the Medley *Don Quixote* made of Truths and Fables, and no less to see how well read he was.



was in all things relating to the Atchievements of Knights-Errant; and therefore I cannot deny Sir, answer'd he, but that there is some Truth in what you have said, especially in what relates to the *Spanish* Knights-Errant; and I will grant there were Twelve Peers of *France*, yet I will not believe they perform'd all those Actions Archbishop *Turpin* ascribes to them: I rather imagine they were brave Gentlemen made Choice of by the Kings of *France*, and call'd Peers, as being all equal in Valour and Quality; or if they were not, at least they ought to have been so; and these compos'd a sort of military Order, like those of *Saint Jago*, or *Calatrava* among us, into which all that are admitted, are suppos'd, or ought to be, Gentlemen of Birth and known Valour. And as now we say a Knight of *St. John*, or of *Alcantara*, so in those Times they said, A Knight who is one of the Twelve Peers, because they were but Twelve of this military Order. Nor is it to be doubted but that there were such Men as *Bernardo del Carpio* and the *Cid*, yet we have Reason to question whether ever they perform'd those great Exploits that are ascrib'd to them. As to the Pin, Count *Pierres's* Pin which you spoke of, and which you say stands by *Babieca's* Saddle, I own my Ignorance, and confess I am so short-sighted, that tho' I saw the Saddle, yet I did not perceive the Pin, which is somewhat strange, if it be so large as you describ'd it. 'Tis there without doubt, reply'd Don *Quixote*, by the same Token they say it is kept in a Leathern Case to keep it from rusting. That may very well be, said the Canon, but upon the Word of a Priest I do not remember I ever saw it: Yet grant it were there, that does not enforce the Belief of so many *Amadis's*, nor of such a Multitude of Knights-Errant as the World talks

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of; nor is there any Reason so worthy a Person, so judicious, and so well qualify'd as you are, shou'd imagine there is any Truth in the wild Extravagancies contain'd in all the fabulous nonsensical Books of Knight-Errantry.

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C H A P. XXIII.

*The notable Dispute between the Canon and Don Quixote; with other Matters.*

VERY well, cry'd Don Quixote, then all those Books must be Fabulous, tho' licens'd by Kings, approv'd by the Examiners, read with general Satisfaction, and applauded by the better Sort and the Meaner, Rich and Poor, Learned and Unlearned, Gentry and Commonalty; and, in short, by all Sorts of Persons of what State and Condition soever; and tho' they carry such an appearance of Truth, setting down the Father, Mother, Country, Kindred, Age, Place and Actions to a tittle, and Day by Day, of the Knight and Knights of whom they treat? For shame, Sir, continu'd he, forbear uttering such Blasphemies; and believe me, I advise you to behave yourself as becomes a Man of Sense, or else read them and see what Satisfaction you will receive. As for Instance, pray tell me, can there be any thing more delightful, than to read a lively Description, which, as it were, brings before your Eyes the following Adventure? A vast Lake of boiling Pitch, in which an infinite Multitude of Serpents, Snakes, Crocodiles, and other Sorts of fierce and terrible Creatures, are swimming and traversing backwards and forwards, appears to a Knight-Errant's Sight. Then from the midst of the

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the Lake a most doleful Voice is heard to say these Words: O Knight, whoever thou art, who gazeſt on the dreadful Lake, if thou wilt purchaſe the Blifs conceal'd under theſe diſmal Waters, make known thy Valour, by caſting thy ſelf into the miſt of theſe black burning Surges; for unleſs thou doſt ſo, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty Wonders enclos'd in the ſeven Caſtles of the Seven Fairies, that are ſeated under theſe gloomy Waves. And no ſooner have the laſt Accents of the Voice reach'd the Knight's Ear, but he, without making any further Reflexion, or conſidering the Danger to which he expoſes himſelf and even without laying aſide his ponderous Armour; only recommending himſelf to Heaven and to his Lady, plunges himſelf into the middle of the burning Lake; and when leaſt he imagines it, or can gueſs where he ſhall ſtop, he finds himſelf on a ſudden in the miſt of verdant Fields, to which the *Elyſian* bear no Compariſon. There the Sky appears to him more transparent, and the Sun ſeems to ſhine with a redoubl'd Brightneſs. Next he diſcovers a moſt delightful Grove made up of beautiful ſhady Trees, whoſe Verdure and Variety regale his Sight, while his Ears are raviſh'd with the wild and yet melodious Notes of an infinite Number of pretty painted Birds, that hop and bill and ſport themſelves on the twining Boughs. Here he ſpies a pleaſant Rivulet, which, through its flow'ry Banks, glides along over the brighteſt Sand, and remurmurs over the whiteſt Pebbles that bedimple its ſmooth Surface, while that, through its liquid Chryſtal, feaſts the Eye with a Proſpect of Gold and Orient Pearl. There he perceives an artificial Fountain, form'd of party colour'd Jasper and poliſh'd Marble; and hard by another, contriv'd in Groteſque, where the  
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small Cockle-shells, plac'd in orderly Confusion among the white and yellow Shells, and mix'd with pieces of bright Chrystal and counterfeit Emeralds, yield an agreeable Sight; so that Art imitating Nature, seems here to out-do her. At a distance, on a sudden, he casts his Eyes upon a strong Castle, or stately Palace, whose Walls are of massy Gold, the Battlements of Diamonds, and the Gates of Hyacinths; in short, its Structure is so wonderful, that tho' all the Materials are no other than Diamonds, Carbuncles, Rubies, Pearls, Gold and Emeralds, yet the Workmanship exceeds them in Value. But having seen all this, can any thing be so charming as to behold a numerous Train of beautiful Damsels come out of the Castle in such glorious and costly Apparel, as would be endless for me to describe, were I to relate these things as they are to be found in History? Then to see the Beauty that seems the chief of all the Damsels, take the bold Knight, who cast himself into the burning Lake, by the Hand, and without speaking one Word, lead him into the sumptuous Palace, where he is caused to strip as naked as he was born, then put into a delicious Bath, and perfum'd with precious Essences and odoriferous Oils; after which he puts on a fine Shirt, deliciously scented; and this done another Damsel throws over his Shoulders a magnificent Robe, worth at least a whole City, if not more. What a Sight is it, when in the next Place they lead him into another Room of State, where he finds the Tables so orderly cover'd, that he is surpriz'd and astonish'd? There they pour over his Hands, Water distill'd from Amber and odoriferous Flowers: He is seated in an Ivory Chair; and while all the Damsels that attend him observe a profound Silence, such variety of Dainties is serv'd

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up, and all so incomparably dress'd, that Appetite is at a stand, doubting on which to satisfy its Desire; at the same time his Ears are sweetly entertain'd with Variety of excellent Musick, none perceiving who makes it, or from whence it comes. But above all, what shall we say to see, after the Dinner is ended, and Tables taken away, the Knight left leaning back in his Chair, perhaps picking his Teeth, as is usual; and then another Damself, much more beautiful than any of the former, comes unexpectedly into the Room, and sitting down by the Knight, begins to inform him what Castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it; with many other Particulars, which surprize the Knight, and astonish those that read his History. I will enlarge no more upon this Matter, since from what has been said, it may sufficiently be infer'd, that the reading of any Passage in any History of Knight-Errantry, must be very delightful and surprizing to the Reader. And do you, good Sir, believe me, and as I said to you before, read these Books, which you may find will banish all Melancholy, if you are troubled with it, and sweeten your Disposition if it be harsh. This I can say for my self, that since my being a Knight-Errant, I am brave, courteous, bountiful, well-bred, generous, civil, bold, affable, patient, a Sufferer of Hardships, Imprisonment and Inchantments: And tho' I have so lately been shut up in a Cage, like a Madman, I expect, through the Valour of my Arm, Heaven favouring, and Fortune not opposing my Designs, to be a King within the compass of very few Days, that so I may give Proofs of my innate Gratitude and Liberality. For on my Word Sir, a poor Man is incapable of exerting his Liberality, tho' he be naturally never so well inclined. Now that Gratitude which

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of the Renown'd Don Quixote. 279

only consists in Wishes, may be said to be dead, as Faith without good Works is dead. Therefore it is, I wish Fortune would soon offer some Opportunity for me to become an Emperor, that I might give Proofs of my Generosity, by advancing my Friends, but especially this poor *Sancho Panza* my Squire, who is the harmleſſeſt Fellow in the World; and I would willingly give him an Earldom, which I have long ſince promis'd him, but that I fear he has not Judgment enough to govern his Eſtate.

*Sancho* hearing his Maſter's laſt Words; Well, well, Sir, ſaid he, never do you trouble your Head about that Matter; all you have to do is to get me this ſame Earldom, and let me alone to govern it: I can do as my Betters have done before me, I can put in a Deputy or a Servant, that ſhall take all the Trouble off my Hands, while I, as a great Man ſhould, loſt at my Eaſe, receive my Rents, mind no Buſineſs, live merrily, and ſo let the World rub for *Sancho*. As to the Management of your Revenue, ſaid the Canon, a Deputy or Steward may do well, Friend: but the Lord himſelf is obliged to ſtir in the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, to which there is not only a Sufficiency to govern requir'd, but a judicious Head alſo to diſtinguiſh nicely, conclude juſtly, and chuſe wiſely; for if this be wanting in the Principal, all will be wrong in the Medium and End. I don't underſtand your Philoſophy, quoth *Sancho*; all I ſaid, and I'll ſay it again, is, That I wiſh I had as good an Earldom as I could govern; for I have as great a Soul as another Man, and as great a Body as moſt Men: And the firſt thing I wou'd do in my Government, I wou'd have no Body to controul me, I wou'd be abſolute; and who but I; Now, ſaid that's abſolute, can do what he likes; he that can

can do what he likes, can take his Pleasure; he that can take his Pleasure, can be content; and he that can be content, has no more to desire; so the Matter's over, and come what will come I'm satisfied: If an Island, welcome; if no Island, fare it well; we shall see our selves in no worse a Condition, as one blind Man said to another. This is no ill reasoning of yours, Friend, said the Canon, tho' there is much more to be said upon this Topick of Earldoms, than you imagine. Undoubtedly, said Don *Quixote*, but I suit my Actions to the Example of *Amadis de Gaul*, who made his Squire *Gandalin* Earl of the Firm-Island; which is a fair Precedent for preferring *Sancho* to the same Dignity, to which his Merit also lays an unquestionable Claim. The Canon stood amaz'd at Don *Quixote*'s methodical and orderly Madnefs, in describing the Adventure of the Knight of the Lake, and the Impression made on him by the fabulous Conceits of the Books he had read; as likewise at *Sancho*'s Simplicity in so eagerly contending for his Earldom, which made the whole Company very good Sport.

By this Time the Canon's Servants had brought the Provision, and spreading a Carpet on the Grass under the shady Trees, they sat down to Dinner; when presently they heard the Tinkling of a little Bell among the Copses close by them, and immediately afterwards they saw bolt out of the Thicket a very pretty She Goat, speckled all over with black, white and brown Spots, and a Goat-herd running after it; who, in his familiar Dialect, call'd to it to stay and return to the Fold; but the Fugitive ran towards the Company frightened and panting, and stopt close by them, as if it had beg'd their Protection. The Goat-herd overtaking it, caught it by the Horns, and in a chiding way, as if the Goat understood his Resentments, you

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little wanton Nanny, said he, you spotted Elf, what has made you trip so much of late? What Wolf has scar'd you thus, Huzzy? Tell me, little Fool, what is the matter? but the Cause is plain; thou art a Female, and therefore never canst be quiet: Curse on your freakish Humours, and all theirs whom you so much resemble; turn back, my Love, turn back, and tho' thou canst not be content with thy Fold, yet there you may be safe among the rest of your Fellows; for if you, that should guide and direct the Flock, love wandering thus, what must they do, what will become of them? The Goatherd's Talk to his Goat was entertaining enough to the Company, especially to the Canon, who calling to him, Pr'ythee, honest Fellow, said he, have a little Patience, and let your Goat take its Liberty a while; for since it is a Female, as you say, she will follow her natural Inclination the more you would confine it: Come then, and take a Bit, and a Glass of Wine with us, you may be better-humour'd after that. He then reach'd him the Leg of a cold Rabbet, and ordering him a Glass of Wine; the Goatherd drank it off, and returning Thanks, was pacify'd. Gentlemen, said he, I wou'd not have you think me a Fool, because I talk so seriously to this senseless Animal, for my Words bear a mysterious Meaning; I am indeed, as you see, Rustick and Unpolish'd; tho' not so ignorant, but that I can converse with Men, as well as Brutes. That is no Miracle, said the Curate, for I have known the Woods breed learned Men, and simple Sheep-cottes contain Philosophers. At least, said the Goatherd, they harbour Men that have some Knowledge of the World: and to make good this Truth, if I thought not the Offer impertinent, or



my Company troubleſom, you ſhou'd hear an Accident which but too well confirms what you have ſaid. For my part, answer'd Don *Quixote*, I will hear you attentively, becauſe, methinks, your coming has ſomething in it that looks like an Adventure of Knight-Errantry; and I dare answer, the whole Company will not ſo much bring their Parts in queſtion, as to reſuſe to hear a Story ſo pleaſing, ſurprizing and amuſing, as I fancy yours will prove. Then pr'ythee Friend begin, for we will all give you our Attention. You muſt excuſe me for one, ſaid *Sancho*, I muſt have a Word or two in private with this ſame Paſty at yon little Brook; for I deſign to fill my Belly for to morrow and next Day; having often heard my Maſter Don *Quixote* ſay, that whenever a Knight Errant Squire finds good Belly-timber, he muſt fall to and feed till his Sides are ready to burſt, becauſe they may happen to be bewilder'd in a thick Wood for five or ſix Days together; ſo that if a Man has not his Belly full beforehand, or his Wallet well provided, he may chance to be Crows meat himſelf, as many Times it falls out. You're in the right, *Sancho*, ſaid the Knight; but I have, for my part, ſatisfy'd my bodily Appetite, and now want only Reſreſhment for my Mind, which I hope this honeſt Fellow's Story will afford me. All the Company agreed with Don *Quixote*: the Goatherd then ſtroaking his pretty Goat once or twice; Lie down thou ſpeckl'd Fool, ſaid he, by me here; for we ſhall have time enough to return home. The Creature ſeem'd to underſtand him, for as ſoon as her Maſter ſat down, ſhe ſtretch'd her ſelf quietly by his Side, and look'd up in his Face, as if ſhe wou'd let him know that ſhe minded what he ſaid; and then he began thus

C H A P. XXIV.

*The Goatherd's Tale.*

ABOUT three Leagues from this Valley, there is a Village, which, though small, yet is one of the richest hereabouts. In it there lives a Farmer in very great Esteem; and tho' it's common for the Rich to be respected, yet is this Person more consider'd for his Virtue, than for the Wealth he possesses. But what he accounted himself happiest in, was a Daughter of such extraordinary Beauty, Prudence, Wit and Virtue, that all who knew or beheld her, cou'd not but admire to see how Heaven and Nature had done their utmost to embellish her. When she was but little she was handsom, till at the Age of Sixteen she was most compleatly beautiful. The Fame of her Beauty began to extend to the neighbouring Villages; but why say I neighbouring Villages? it extended to the remotest Cities, and enter'd the Palaces of Kings, and the Ears of all manner of Persons, who from all Parts flock'd to see her, as something rare, or as a sort of Prodigy. Her Father was strictly careful of her, nor was she less careful of herself; for there are no Guards, Bolts or Locks, which preserve a young Woman like her own Care and Caution—— The Father's Riches, and the Daughter's Beauty, drew a great many, as well Strangers as Inhabitants of that Country, to sue for her in Marriage; but such was the vast number of the Pretenders, as did but the more confound and divide the old Man in his

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Choice, upon whom to bestow so valuable a Treasure. Among the Crowd of her Admirers, was I; and good Reason I had to hope for Success, from the Knowledge her Father had of me, being a Native of the same Place, of a good Family, and in the Flower of my Years, of a considerable Estate, and not to be despis'd for my Understanding. With the very same Advantages, there was another Person of our Village who made Court to her at the same time. This seem'd to hold all Inclination of the Father in suspense, till his Daughter should declare in favour of one of us: To bring this Affair therefore to the speedier Issue, he resolv'd to acquaint *Leandra*, for so was this Fair one call'd, that since we were Equals in all things, he left her entirely free to chuse, which of us was most agreeable to herself. An Example worthy of being imitated by all Parents, who have any Regard for their Children. I don't mean that they should be allow'd to chuse in things ill or mischievous; but only that proposing to 'em ever those things which are good, they should be allow'd in them to gratify their Inclination. I don't know how *Leandra* approv'd this Proposal; this I only know, that her Father put us both off, with the Excuse of his Daughter's being too young to be yet dispos'd of; and that he treated us both in such general Terms, as neither could well please nor displease us—— My Rival's Name is *Anselmo*, mine *Eugenio*, for 'tis necessary you shou'd know the Names of the Persons concern'd in this Tragedy, the Conclusion of which, tho' depending yet, may easily be perceiv'd likely to be unfortunate. About that time there came to our Village one *Vincent de la Rosa*, the Son of a poor labouring Man of the Neighbourhood. This *Vincent*

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came out of *Italy*, having been a Soldier there, and in foreign Parts. He was but a Boy of twelve Years old, when a Captain, that happen'd to pass by here, with his Company, took him out of this Country, and at the end of other twelve Years he return'd hither, habited like a Soldier, all gay and glorious, in a thousand various Colours, bedeck'd with a thousand Toys of Chrystal, and Chains of Steel. To day he put on one piece of Finery, to morrow another; but all false, counterfeit and worthless. The Country People, who by Nature are malicious, and who living in Idleness are still more inclin'd to Malice, observ'd this presently, and counting all his fine things, they found that indeed he had but three Suits of Cloaths, which were of a different Colour with the Stockings and Garters belonging to 'em; yet did he manage 'em with so many Tricks and Inventions, that if one had not counted 'em, one wou'd have sworn he had above ten Suits, and above twenty Plumes of Feathers.— Let it not seem impertinent that I mention this Particular of his Cloaths and Habit, since so much of the Story depends upon it. Seating himself upon a Bench, under a large spreading Alder-tree, which grows in our Street, he us'd to entertain us all with his Exploits, while we stood gaping and listning at the Wonders he recounted: There was not that Country, as he said, upon the Face of the Earth, which he had not seen, nor Battle which he had not been engag'd in; he had kill'd more *Moors*, for his own Share, than either *Tunis* or *Algier* cou'd hold; and had fought more Duels than *Granite*, *Luna*, *Diego Gartia de Peredez*, or a thousand others that he nam'd, yet in all of 'em had the better, and never got a Scratch, or lost a



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Drop of Blood. Then again he pretended to shew us the Scars of Wounds he had receiv'd, which tho' they were not to be perceiv'd, yet he gave us to understand they were so many Musket-shots, which he had got in several Skirmishes and Rencounters. In short, he treated all his Equals with an unparallel'd Arrogance; and even to those who knew the Meanness of his Birth, he did not stick to affirm, after his manner, that his own Arm was his Father, his Atchievements were his Pedigree; and that except as to his being a Soldier, he ow'd no part of his Quality to the King himself.

Besides all these Accomplishments, he was a piece of a Musician, and cou'd thrum a little upon the Guittar; but what his Excellency chiefly lay in was Poetry; and so fond was he of shewing his Parts that way, that upon every trifling Occasion, he was sure to make a Copy of Verses a League and a half long. This Soldier whom I have describ'd, this *Vincent de la Rosa*, this Hero, this Gallant, this Musician, this Poet, was often seen and view'd by *Leandra*, from a Window of her House which look'd into the Street; she was struck with the Tinsel of his Dress; she was charm'd with his Verses, of which he took care to disperse a great many Copies; her Ears were pleas'd with the Exploits he related of himself; and in short, as the Devil wou'd have it, she fell in Love with him, before ever he had the Confidence to make his Addresses to her: And, as in all Affairs of Love, that is the most easily manag'd, where the Lady's Affection is pre-engag'd; so was it here no hard thing for *Leandra* and *Vincent* to have frequent Meetings to concert their Matters; and before ever any one of her many Suiters had the

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least Surmise of her Inclination, she had gratify'd it; and leaving her Father's House (for she had no Mother) had run away with this Soldier, who came off with greater Triumph in this Enterprize, than in any of the rest he made his Boasts of. The whole Village was surpriz'd at this Accident, as was every one that heard it. I was amaz'd, *Anselmo* distracted, her Father in Tears, her Relations outrageous, Justice is demanded; a Party with Officers is sent out, who traverse the Roads, search every Wood, and, at the end of three Days, find the poor fond *Leandra* in a Cave of one of the Mountains, naked to her Shift, despoil'd of all the Money and rich Jewels which she took from Home. They bring and present her to her Father; upon enquiry made into the Cause of her Misfortune, she confess'd ingenuously, that *Vincent de la Rosa* had deceiv'd her, and upon promise of Marriage had prevail'd with her to leave her Father's House, with the Assurance of carrying her to the richest and most delicious City of the World, which was *Naples*; that she foolishly had given credit to him, and robbing her Father, had deliver'd the Treasure into his Hands the first Night; that he carry'd her up a steep Mountain, and there confin'd her in that Cave where she was found. In fine, she said, that tho' he had rifl'd her of all she had, yet he had never attempted her Honour; but leaving her in that manner, he fled. It was no easy matter to make any of us entertain a good Opinion of the Soldier's Continence; but she affirm'd it with so many repeated Asseverations, that in some measure it serv'd to comfort her Father in his Affliction, who valu'd nothing so much as his Daughter's Reputation. The very same Day that *Leandra* appear'd again, she also

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disappear'd from us, for her Father, immediately clapp'd her up in a Monastery, in a Town not far off, in hopes that Time might wear away something of her Disgrace. Those who were not interested in *Leandra*, excus'd her upon the account of her Youth. But those who were acquainted with her Wit and Sense, did not attribute her Miscarriage to her Ignorance, but to the Levity and Vanity of Mind, natural to Woman-kind. Since the Confinement of *Leandra*, *Anselmo's* Eyes cou'd never meet with an Object which cou'd give him either Ease or Pleasure; I too cou'd find nothing but what look'd sad and gloomy to me in the absence of *Leandra*. Our Melancholy increas'd, as our Patience decreas'd: We curst a thousand times the Soldier's Finery and Trinkets, and rail'd at the Father's want of Precaution: At last we agreed, *Anselmo* and I, to leave the Village, and to retire to this Valley, where he feeding a large Flock of Sheep, and I as large a Herd of Goats, all our own, we pass our time under the Trees, giving vent to our Passions, singing in Confort the Praises or Reproaches of the beauteous *Leandra*, or else sighing alone, make our Complaints to Heaven on our Misfortune. In imitation of us, a great many more of *Leandra's* Lovers have come hither into these steep and craggy Mountains, and are alike employ'd; and so many there are of 'em, that the Place seems to be turn'd to the old *Arcadia* we read of. By the top of that Hill there is a number of the Shepherds and their Cottages; there is not a part of it in which is not to be heard the Name of *Leandra*. This Man curses and calls her Wanton and Lascivious, another calls her Light and Fickle; one acquits and forgives her, another arraigns and condemns her; one celebrates her Beauty,

Beauty, another rails at her ill Qualities; in short, all blame, but all adore her: Nay, so far does this Extravagance prevail, that here are those who complain of her Disdain who never spoke to her: and others who are jealous of Favours which she never granted to any; for as I intimated before, her Inclination was not known before her Disgrace. There is not a hollow Place of a Rock, a Bank of a Brook, or a shady Grove, where there is not some or other of these amorous Shepherds telling their doleful Stories to the Air and Winds. Echo has learnt to repeat the Name of *Leandra*, *Leandra* all the Hills resound, the Brooks murmur *Leandra*, and 'tis *Leandra* that holds us all Incharmed, hoping without Hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Of all these foolish People, the Person who shews the least, and yet has the most Sense, is my Rival *Anselmo*, who forgetting all other Causes of Complaint, complains only of her Absence; and to his Lute, which he touches to Admiration, he joins his Voice in Verses of his own composing, which declare the Greatness of his Genius. For my part, I take another Course, I think a better, I'm sure an easier, which is to say all the ill things I can of Womens Levity; Inconstancy, their broken Vows and Promises, of their Fondness of Show and Disregard of Merit: This, Gentlemen, was the Occasion of those Words, which, at my coming hither, I address to this Goat; for being a *she*, I hate her, tho' she is the best of my Herd. This is the Story which I promis'd to tell you; if you have thought it too long, I shall endeavour to requite your Patience in any thing I can serve you. Hard by is my Cottage, where I have some good fresh Milk and excellent Cheese, with several sorts



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of Fruits, which I hope you will find agreeable both to the Sight and Taite.

### C H A P. XXV.

*Of the Combat between Don Quixote and the Goatherd: With the rare Adventure of the Penitents, which the Knight happily accomplish'd with the Sweat of his Brows.*

THE Goatherd's Story was mightily lik'd by the whole Company, especially by the Canon, who particularly minded the manner of his relating it, that had more of a Scholar and Gentleman, than of a rude Goatherd; which made him conclude the Curate had reason to say, that even the Mountains bred Scholars and Men of Sense. They all made large Proffers of their Friendship and Service to *Eugenio*, but Don *Quixote* exceeded 'em all, and addressing himself to him. Were I, said he, at this time in a capacity of undertaking any Adventure, I would certainly begin from this very Moment to serve you; I wou'd soon release *Leandra* out of the Nunnery, where undoubtedly she is detain'd against her Will; and in spite of all the Opposition cou'd be made by the Lady Abbess and all her Adherents, I wou'd return her to your Hands, that you might have the sole disposal of her, so far, I mean, as is consistent with the Laws of Knighthood, which expressly forbid that any Man shou'd offer the least Violence to a Damself; yet (I trust in Heaven) that the Power of a friendly Magician will pre-

vail against the force of a malicious Inchanter; and whenever this shall happen, you may assure yourself of my Favour and Assistance, to which I am oblig'd by my Profession, that enjoins me to relieve the Oppress'd.

The Goatherd, who till then had not taken the least notice of Don *Quixote* in particular, now looking earnestly on him, and finding his dismal Countenance and wretched Habit were no great Encouragement for him to expect a Performance of such mighty Matters, whisper'd the Barber who sat next him. Pray, Sir, said he, who is this Man that talks so extravagantly? For I protest I never saw so strange a Figure in all my Life. Whom can you imagine it shou'd be, reply'd the Barber, but the famous Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, the Establisher of Justice, the Avenger of Injuries, the Protector of Damsels, the Terroure of Giants, and the Invincible in Combats? The Account you give of this Person, return'd the Goatherd, is much like what we read in *Romances* and Books of Chivalry of those doughty Dons, who, for their mighty Prowess and Atchievements, were call'd Knight-Errants; and therefore I dare say you do but jest, and that this Gentleman's Brains have deserted their Quarters.

Thou art an impudent insolent Varlet, cry'd Don *Quixote*, 'tis thy Paper-scul is full of empty Rooms; I have more Brains than the Prostitute thy Mother had about her when she carry'd thy Lump of Nonsense in her Womb. With that, snatching up a Loaf that was near him, he struck the Goatherd so furious a Blow with it, that he almost levell'd his Nose with his Face. T'other, not accusom'd to such Salutations, no sooner perceiv'd how scurvily he was treated, but without  
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any Respect to the Table-cloth, Napkins, or to those who were eating, he leap'd furiously on Don *Quixote*, and taking hold on his Collar with both his Hands, had certainly strangl'd him, had not *Sancho Pança* come in that very nick of Time, and griping him fast behind, thrown him back on the Table, bruising Dishes, breaking Glasses, spilling and overturning all that lay upon it. Don *Quixote* seeing himself freed, fell violently again upon the Goatherd, who, all besmear'd with Blood, and tramp'd to pieces under *Sancho's* Feet, grop'd here and there for some Knife or Fork to take a fatal Revenge; but the Canon and Curate took care to prevent his Purpose, and in the mean while, by the Barber's Assistance, the Goatherd got Don *Quixote* under him, on whom he let fall such a Tempest of Blows, as caus'd as great a Shower of Blood to pour from the poor Knight's Face as had stream'd from his own. The Canon and Curate were ready to burst with laughing, the Officers danc'd and jump'd at the Sport, every one cry'd Halloo! as Men use to do when two Dogs are snarling or fighting; *Sancho Pança* alone was vex'd, and rav'd because he cou'd not quit himself from the strict Embraces of one of the Canon's Serving-men, who kept him from assisting his Master. In short, all were exceedingly merry, except the bloody Combatants, who had maul'd one another most miserably, when on a sudden they heard the Sound of a Trumpet so doleful, that it made 'em turn to listen towards that Part from whence it seem'd to come: But he who was most troubl'd at this dismal Alarm, was Don *Quixote*; therefore, tho' he lay under the Goatherd, full sore against his Will, and was most lamentably bruise'd and batter'd, Friend Devil, cry'd he to him (for sure nothing

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less cou'd have so much Valour and Strength as to subdue my Forces) let us have a Cessation of Arms but for a single Hour; for the dolorous Sound of that Trumpet strikes my Soul with more Horrour, than thy hard Fists do my Ears with Pain, and methinks excite me to some new Adventure. With that the Goatherd, who was as weary of beating, as of being beaten, immediately gave him a Truce; and the Knight once more getting on his Feet, directed his then not hasty Steps to the Place whence the mournful Sound seem'd to come, and presently saw a number of Men all in White, like Penitents, descending from a rising Ground. The real Matter was this: The People had wanted Rain for a whole Year together, wherefore they appointed Rogations, Processions and Disciplines throughout all that Country, to implore Heaven to open its Treasury, and show'r down Plenty upon 'em; and to this End, the Inhabitants of a Village near that Place came in Procession to a devout Hermitage built on one of the Hills which surrounded that Valley.

Don *Quixote* taking notice of the strange Habit of the Penitents, and never reminding himself that he had often seen the like before, fancy'd immediately it was some new Adventure, and he alone was to engage in it, as he was oblig'd by the Laws of Knight-Errantry; and that which the more increas'd his Frenzy, was his mistaking an Image which they carry'd (all cover'd with Black) for some great Lady, whom these miscreant and discourteous Knights, he thought, were carrying away against her Will. As soon as this Whimsy took him in the Head, he mov'd with what Expedition he cou'd towards *Roxinante*, who was feeding up and down upon the Plains, and dismounting;



ting his Bridle from the Pommel, and his Target which hung on that, he bridl'd him in an Instant; then taking his Sword from *Sancho*, he got in a Trice on *Rozinante's* Back; where embracing his Target, and addressing himself aloud to all there present, O valorous Company, cry'd he, you shall now perceive of how great Importance it is to Mankind, that such illustrious Persons as those who profess the Order of Knight-Errantry shou'd exist in the World; now, I say, you shall see by my freeing that noble Lady, who is there basely and barbarously carry'd away Captive, that Knights Adventurers ought to be held in the highest and greatest Estimation. So saying, he struck *Rozinante*, with his Heels for want of Spurs; and forcing him to a Hand-gallop (for 'twas never read in any part of this true History that *Rozinante* did ever run full speed) he posted to encounter the Penitents, in spite of all the Curate, Canon and Barber cou'd do to hinder him; much less cou'd *Sancho Pança's* Outcries detain him, Master! Sir! Don *Quixote*! baul'd out the poor Squire, whither are you posting? are you bewitch'd? does the Devil drive and set you on, thus to run against the Church? Ah Wretch that I am! ——— See, Sir? That is a Procession of Penitents, and the Lady they carry is the Image of the immaculate Virgin, our blessed Lady. Take heed what you do, for at this Time it may be certainly said you are out of your Wits. ——— But *Sancho* might as well have kept his Breath, for another use, for the Knight was urg'd with so vehement a Desire to encounter the white Men, and release the mourning Lady, that he heard not a Syllable of it, or if he had he wou'd not have turn'd back, even at the King's exprefs Command. At last being come near the  
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Proceſſion, and ſtopping *Rozinante*, that already had a great Deſire to reſt a little, in a diſmal Tone, and with a hoarſe Voice, Ho! cry'd he, you there, who cover your Faces, perhaps becauſe you are aſham'd of your ſelves, and of the Crime you are now committing, give Heed and Attention to what I have to ſay! ——— The firſt who ſtop'd at this Alarm, were thoſe who carry'd the Image; when one of the four Prieſts that ſung the Litanies, ſeeing the ſtrange Figure that Don *Quixote* made, and the Leanneſs of *Rozinante*, with other Circumſtances which he obſerv'd in the Knight ſufficient to have forc'd Laughter, preſently made him this Answer; Good Sir! if you have any thing to ſay to us ſpeak it quickly; for theſe poor Men whom you ſee are very much tir'd, therefore we neither can, nor is it reaſonable we ſhou'd, ſtand thus in Pain to hear any thing that can't be deliver'd in two Words. I will ſay it in one, reply'd Don *Quixote*, which is this; I charge you immediately to releaſe that beautiful Lady, whoſe Tears and Looks full of Sorrow evidently ſhew you carry her away by Violence, and have done her ſome unheard of Injury. This do, or I, who was born to puniſh ſuch Outrages, will not ſuffer you to advance one Step with her, till ſhe is entirely poſſeſs'd of that Liberty ſhe ſo earneſtly deſires, and ſo juſtly deſerves. This laſt Speech made 'em all conclude that the Knight was certainly diſtracted, and cauſ'd a general Laughter: But this prov'd like Oil to Fire, and ſo inflam'd Don *Quixote*, that laying his Hand on his Sword, without more Words, he preſently aſſaulted thoſe who carry'd the Image. At the ſame time one of them quitted his Poſt, came to encounter our Hero with a wooden Fork, on which he ſupported the Bier

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Bier whenever they made a Stand, and warding with it a weighty Blow which Don *Quixote* design'd and discharg'd at him, the Fork was cleft in two; but he who had the remaining Piece in his Hand, return'd the Knight such a Thwack on his left Shoulder, that his Target not being able to resist such rustick Force, the poor unfortunate Don *Quixote* was struck to the Ground and miserably bruis'd.

*Sancho Pança*, who had follow'd him as fast as his Breath and Legs wou'd permit, seeing him fall, cry'd out to his Adversary to forbear striking him, urging that he was a poor enchanted Knight, and one who in his whole Life had never done any Man Harm. But 'twas not *Sancho's* Arguments that held the Country Fellow's Hands, the only Motive was, that he fear'd he had kill'd him, since he cou'd not perceive he stir'd either Hand or Foot; wherefore tucking his Coat up to his Girdle with all possible Expedition, he scour'd over the Fields like a Greyhound. Mean while Don *Quixote's* Companions hasten'd to the Place where he lay, and those of the Procession, who saw him come running towards them, attended by the Officers of the *Holy Brotherhood* with their Cross-bows, began to have Apprehensions of some ill Design against 'em from the approaching Party, wherefore drawing up in a Body about the Image, the Discipulants lifting up their Hoods, and grasping fast their Whips, as the Priest did their Tapers, they expected the Assault with the greatest Bravery, resolving to defend themselves and offend their Enemy as long and as much as possible: But Providence had order'd the Matter much better than they cou'd hope; for while *Sancho*, who had thrown himself on his Master's Body, was lamenting

*of the Renown'd Don Quixote.* 297

ting his Loss, and the suppos'd Death of so noble and generous a Lord, in the most ridiculous manner that e'er was heard, the Curate of the Knight's Party was come up with the other who came in the Procession, and was immediately known by him, so that their Acquaintance put an End to the Fears which both Sides were in of an Engagement. Don *Quixote's* Curate in few Words acquainted the other with the Knight's Circumstances; whereupon he and the whole Squadron of Penitents went over to see whether the unfortunate Knight were living or dead, and heard *Sancho Pança* with Tears in his Eyes bewailing over his Master; O Flower of Knighthood, cry'd he, that with one single Perilous Knock art cometo an untimely End! Thou Honour of thy Family, and Glory of all *La Mancha*! nay, and of the whole varsal World beside; which, now it has lost thee, will be over-run by Miscreants and Outlaws, who will no longer be afraid to be maul'd for their Misdeeds. O bountiful above all the *Alexanders* in the World! thou who hast rewarded me but for poor eight Months Service with the best Island that is wash'd by Salt Water! Thou who wert humble to the Proud and haughty to the Humble! Thou who durst undertake Perils, and patiently endure Affronts! Thou who wert in love, no Body knows why! True Pattern of Good Men, and Scourge of the Wicked, sworn Foe to all Reprobates! and to say all at once that Man can say, thou Knight-Errant!

The woful Accents of the Squire's Voice at last recall'd Don *Quixote* to himself; when after a deep Sigh, the first thing he thought of was his absent *Dulcinea*. O charming *Dulcinea*, cry'd he, the Wretch that lingers banish'd from your Sight, endures



endures far greater Miseries than this! And then looking on his faithful Squire, Good *Sancho*, said he, help me once more into the Incharied Chariot: for I am not in a Condition to press the Back of *Rozinante*: This Shoulder is all broke to pieces. With all my Heart, my good Lord, reply'd *Sancho*, and pray let me advise you to go back to our Village with those Gentlemen who are your special Friends. At home we may think of some other Journey that may be more profitable and honourable than this. With reason hast thou spoken, *Sancho*, reply'd Don *Quixote*: It will become our Wisdom to be unactive, till the malevolent Aspects of the Planets, which now reign, be over. This grave Resolution was highly commended by the Canon, Curate, and Barber, who had been sufficiently diverted by *Sancho Pança's* ridiculous Lamentation. Don *Quixote* was plac'd in the Waggon as before, the Processioners recover'd their former Order, and past on about their Business. The Goatherd took his Leave of the whole Company. The Curate satisfy'd the Officers for their Attendance, since they would stir no farther. The Canon desir'd the Curate to send him an Account of Don *Quixote's* Condition from that time forward, having a mind to know whether his Frenzy abated or increas'd; and then took his leave to continue his Journey. Thus the Curate, the Barber, Don *Quixote*, and *Sancho Pança* were left together; as also the good *Rozinante*, that bore all these Passages as patiently as his Master. The Waggoner then yolk'd his Oxen, and having set Don *Quixote* on a Truss of Hay, jog'd on after his slow accustom'd Pace that way the Curate had directed. In six Days time they reach'd the Knight's Village. 'Twas about Noon when they enter'd the Town;

Town; and as this happen'd to be on a *Sunday*, all the People were in the Market place, thro' the middle of which Don *Quixote's* Cart must of necessity pass. Every Body was curious to know what was in it; and the People were strangely surpriz'd when they saw and knew their Townsman. While they were gaping and wondering, a little Boy ran to the Knight's House, and gave Intelligence to the House-keeper and Niece, that their Master and Uncle was return'd, and very lean, pale and frightful as a Ghost, stretch'd out at length on a Bundle of Hay, in a Waggon, and drawn along by a Team of Oxen.

'Twas a piteous Sight to hear the Wailings of those two poor Creatures; the Blows too which they gave themselves, with the Curses and Execrations they thunder'd out against all Books of Chivalry, were almost as numerous as their Sighs and Tears: But the height of their lamenting was when Don *Quixote* enter'd the Door. Upon the Noise of his Arrival *Sancho Panza's* Wife made haste thither to enquire after her good Man, who, she was inform'd, went a Squiring with the Knight. As soon as ever she set Eyes on him, the Question she ask'd him was this: Is the Ass in Health, or no? *Sancho* answer'd, he was come back in better Health than his Master. Well, said she, Heaven be prais'd for the good News. But hark you, my Friend, continu'd she, what have you got by this new Squireship? Have you brought me home e'er a Gown or Petticoat, or Shoes for my little Boys? In troth, sweet Wife, reply'd *Sancho*, I have brought thee none of these things; I am loaded with better things. Ay, said his Wife, that's well. Pr'ythee let me see some of them fine things; for I vow I've a hugeous Mind to see 'em; the Sight of 'em will comfort my poor Heart,

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Heart, which has been like to burst with Sorrow and Grief ever since you went away. I'll shew 'em thee when we come Home, return'd *Sancho*; in the mean time rest satisfy'd; for if Heaven see good that we shall once again come abroad in search of other Adventures, within a little time after, at my return, thou shalt find me some Earl, or the Governor of some Island; ay, of one of the very best in the whole World. I wish with all my Heart this may come to pass, reply'd the good Wife; for, by my troth Husband, we want it sorely. But what do you mean by that same Word Island? for believe me I don't understand it. All in good time Wife, said *Sancho*; Honey is not made for an Ass's Mouth: I'll tell thee what 'tis hereafter. Thou wilt be amaz'd to hear all thy Servants and Vassals ne'er speak a Word to thee without, an't please you Madam, an't like your Ladyship, and your Honour. What dost thou mean, *Sancho*, by Ladyship, Islands and Vassals? ask'd *Joan Panza*, for so she was call'd, tho' her Husband and she were nothing a-kin, only 'tis a Custom in *La Mancha* that the Wives are there call'd by their Husbands Sir-names. Pr'ythee *Joan*, said *Sancho*, don't trouble thy Head to know these Matters all at once, and in a heap, as a Body may say. Yet, by the way, one thing I will assure thee, That nothing in the varfal World is better for an honest Man, than to be Squire to a Knight-Errant while he's hunting of Adventures. 'Tis true, most Adventures he goes about do not answer a Man's Expectation so much as he cou'd wish; for of a Hundred that are met with, Ninety and Nine are wont to be crabbed and unlucky ones. This I know to my cost: I my self have got well kick'd and toss'd in some of 'em, and soundly drub'd and

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belabour'd in others; yet, for all that, 'tis rare Sport to be a watching for strange Chances, to cross Forests, to search and beat up and down in Woods, to scramble over Rocks, to visit Castles, and take up Quarters in an Inn at pleasure, and all the while the Devil a Cross to pay.

These were the Discourses with which *Sancho Panza* and his Wife *Joan* entertained one another, while the House-keeper and Niece undrest *Don Quixote* and put him into his Bed; where he lay looking very earnestly on 'em, but cou'd not imagine where he was. The Curate charg'd the Niece to be very careful and tender of her Uncle, and to be very watchful, lest he shou'd make a third Sally; telling 'em what Difficulty he had to get him home again. Here the Women began their Out-cries again: Here the Books of Knight-Erantry were again execrated and damn'd to the bottomless Pit. Here they begg'd those cursed bewitching *Chimeras* and Lies might be thrown down into the very Centre, to the hellish Father of 'em: For, they were still almost distracted with the Fear of losing their Master and Uncle afresh, immediately upon his Recovery; which indeed succeeded according to their Fear. But tho' the Author of this History has been very curious and diligent in his Inquiry after *Don Quixote's* Achievements in his third Expedition in quest of Adventures, yet he cou'd never learn a perfect Account of 'em, at least from any Author of Credit: Fame and Tradition alone have preserv'd some particulars of 'em, in the Memoirs of several Inhabitants of *La Mancha*; as, that after the Knight's third Sally, he was present at certain famous Tilts and Tournaments made in the City of *Saragosa*, where he met with Occasions worthy  
the



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the Exercise of his Sense and Valour: But how the Knight dy'd, our Author, neither cou'd nor ever shou'd have learn'd, if by good Fortune he had not met with an antient Phylician, who had a leaden Box in his Possession, which, as he assured me, was found in the Ruins of an old Hermitage, as it was rebuilding. In this Box were certain Scrolls of Parchment written in *Gothic* Characters, but containing Verses in the *Spanish* Tongue, in which many of his noble Acts were sung, and *Dulcinea del Toboso's* Beauty celebrated, *Rozinante's* Figure describ'd, and *Sancho Panza's* Fidelity applauded. They likewise gave an Account of Don *Quixote's* Sepulchre, with several Epitaphs and Elogies on his Life and Manners. Those that cou'd be throughly read and transcrib'd, are here added by the faithful Author of this new and incomparable History; desiring no other Recompense or Reward of the Readers, for all his Labour and Pains, in searching all the large and old Records of *La Mancha* to perfect this matchless Piece, but that they will be pleas'd to give it as much Credit as judicious Men use to give to Books of Knight-Erantry, which are now-a-days so generally taking. This is the utmost of his Ambition, and will be his Satisfaction, and will likewise encourage him to furnish 'em with other matter of Entertainment; which, tho' possibly not altogether so true as this, yet it may be as fanciful and diverting. The first Words in the Parchment found in the Leaden Box are these:



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Cachidiablo, Academick of Argamasilla, on  
Don Quixote's Monument.

E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE lies a doughty Knight,  
Who bruis'd, and ill in plight,  
Jog'd over many a Track  
On Rozinante's Back.

Close by him Sancho's laid  
Whereat let none admire:

He was a Clown'tis said,  
But ne'er the worse a Squire.

Tiſtoc, Academick of Argamasilla, on Dul-  
cinea del Toboso's Monument.

E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE DULCINEA lies,  
Once brawny, plump and lusty;  
But now to Death a Prize,

And somewhat lean and musty;  
For her the Country Fry,  
Like Quixote, long stood steady.

Well might ſhe carry't high;  
Far leſs has made a Lady.

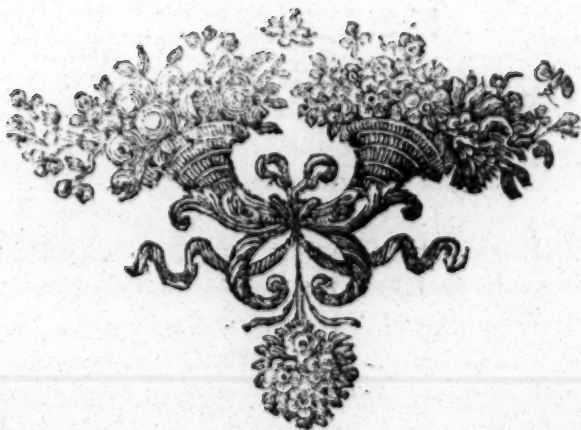
These were the Verses that cou'd be read: As  
for the rest, the Characters being defac'd, and al-  
most eaten away, they were deliver'd to a Univer-  
sity Student, in order that he might give us his  
Con-

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Conjectures concerning their Meaning. And we are inform'd, that after many Lucubrations, and much Pains, he has effected the Work; and intends to oblige the World with it, giving us at the same time some hopes of Don *Quixote's* third Sally.

*Per si altro cantera con miglior pletro.*

*The End of the First Part, and of the  
Second Volume.*



7C.

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